Collier's
TEN CENTS
MAY 19, 1945
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INJUSTICE IN THE COURTROOM

By Attorney General Biddle

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAY O'REILLY

May 19-1945

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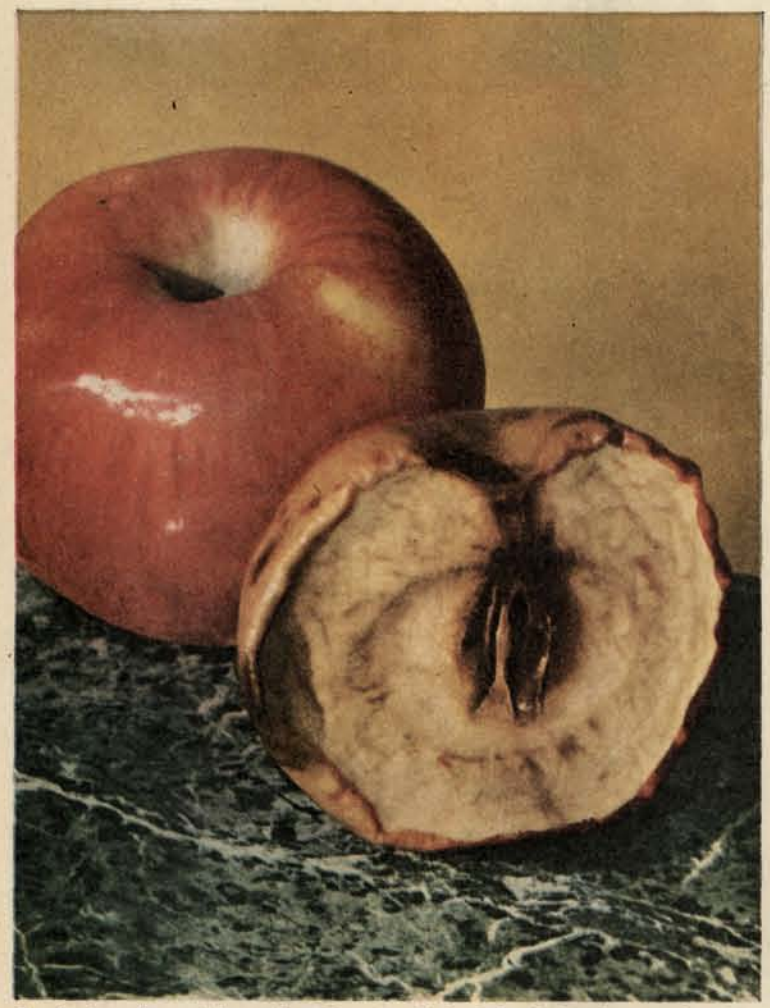
OVEN-FRESH IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING



Fresh air makes stale apples. Your teeth find the flesh of an apple crisp, white, and juicy, *as long as* the apple skin is whole, can seal air *out*. But once you let air *in*, and break Nature's own, airtight "vacuum-pack," most foods, as you know, go *pfft!* And fast! For oxygen, though friend to man, is one of food's worst foes; thief of flavor, freshness, and goodness.

Coffee
VACUUM-PACKED

"Fresh air stales coffee, too," reminds Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, wife of America's famous baritone. "I guess everybody's had the experience of tasting coffee that's been left lying around in a loose package—and finding it flat and tasteless. But we like good coffee far too much to let *that* happen! That's why I buy coffee in glass—always. Then I know it's roaster-fresh when I buy it—because coffee in Duraglas jars is always *vacuum-packed*." That means air's sealed out—flavor's sealed in!

THIS COFFEE JAR HAS BEEN OPENED THEN RE-SEALED

Coffee STAYS fresher—when you buy it in this Duraglas jar that re-seals airtight. Try this. Open a Duraglas coffee jar. Re-seal it. Stick it in a big bowl of water! *See for yourself* how not a drop seeps in. Remember—moisture can't get in and air can't either! You can *see* how safe your coffee's flavor is under this metal re-seal cap! Right to the last cup, your coffee's protected from flavor-killing air—tastes fresher, livelier. *Cost? No more than any other vacuum container!* So buy your coffee in glass! Enjoy better coffee flavor from the first sip to the last.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . TOLEDO 1, OHIO—makers of containers that give a "lift to living."

Coffee
VACUUM-PACKED
Duraglas

Duraglas

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NAME THAT HELPS YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

Famous MODEL...Smart MOTHER

"Smiles are important business in our family"... says top-flight model, Margaret Johnson

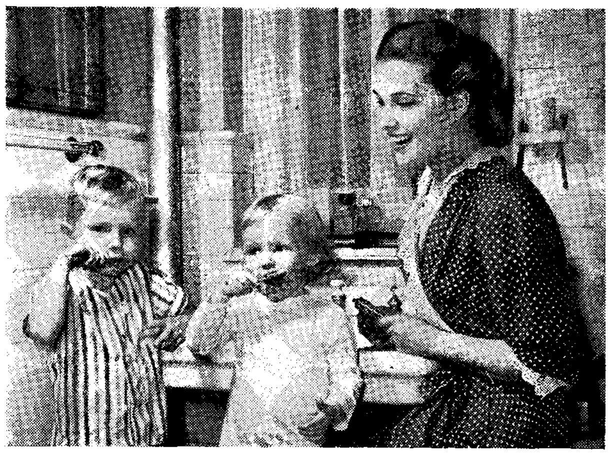
One of Manhattan's most fabulous mothers is Texas-born Margaret Johnson, who has found time for a modelling and a radio career... while bringing up two beautiful children.

Not least among this career mother's concerns is the care of her youngsters' teeth and gums. For no one knows better than a "cover girl" how important a smile can be. So 6-year old Hank and even 2-year old "Miss Blue" are already embarked on the dental routine with which Mother safeguards her own famous smile: *regular brushing followed by gum massage with Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Thousands of schools and dentists all over the country are teaching this dental truth today: that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth ...and that firm, healthy gums are vital aids to sound, sparkling teeth.

Sing for your supper is the rule of the house at the musical Johnsons'. The same close harmony prevails in the care of teeth and gums. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is especially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

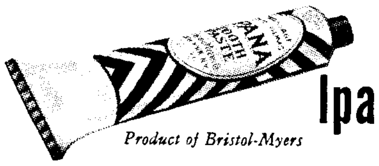
High time for bed time often comes when radio-singing father Travis is still at rehearsal. He knows, however, that the nightly Ipana workout on teeth and gums will not be missed. First, because the youngsters love this clean-tasting dentifrice. And, second, because Mother will see to it that teeth are cleaned and gums massaged to speed up needed circulation.



Just like Mother. After some earnest tooth-brushing, Hank and little "Miss Blue" massage with Ipana, too, to guard against tender gums. Among adults, sensitive gums often signal their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist right away.* He may merely suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

What parents don't know about the importance of gum massage is common knowledge to many children. For the proper care of teeth and gums is being taught in classrooms all over America today. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, as shown in a nationwide survey. More, survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*

Firmer Gums— Brighter Teeth with



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Collier's
FOR MAY 19, 1945

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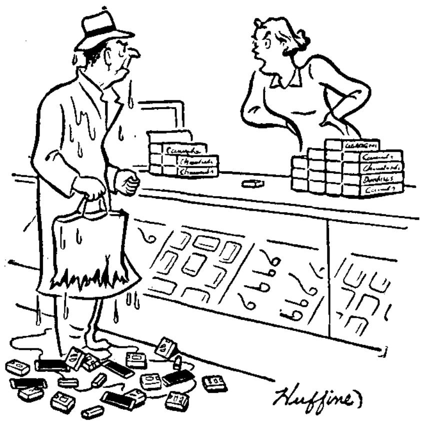
COVER By *GRAY-O'REILLY*

any week

YOU letter writers will have to be funnier, or anyway, more cheerful. Mr. Frank Harwood writes from Keyport, New Jersey, that one of our recent columns gave him great comfort and encouragement because it was so punk. Made all his failures seem like successes, he said. And here we sit with a handful of communications that contain nothing but woe.

FOR instance, Cartoonist Dave Gerard, who has just been inducted into the Army, says he was standing on an Indianapolis street corner recently next to a couple of very glum soldiers. "Time goes awful slow, don't it?" one remarked, gazing off into space. "Not with me," said the other. "I just keep lookin' forward to the things I dread."

THEN we have this gink who was in a cigarette line somewhere in New Jersey. He was carrying a bulging paper shopping bag. It was raining. By the time he'd got into the store and the head of the line and had popped his pack of cigarettes into the bag, it had become so wet it disintegrated. Onto the floor cascaded a shower of smokes, chocolate bars and chewing gum. The woman behind the counter stared open-mouthed at the guy, then screamed: "You unpatriotic bum! You hoarder! You . . ." He drew himself up with dignity. "Madam," he shouted in return, "I am *not* a hoarder. I am a black marketeer!"



THE laundry tribulations we're all having reminds Mrs. Dorcas Hawkins, of Ossining, New York, that a local laundryman ran into a boggle when he decided his premises needed refurbishing. Being unable either to read or write English, he commissioned a sign painter to rig up a notice that the laundry would be Closed for Alterations. The sign painter, patently a dreamy individual, produced a neat placard proclaiming that the laundry was Going Out of Business. The laundryman

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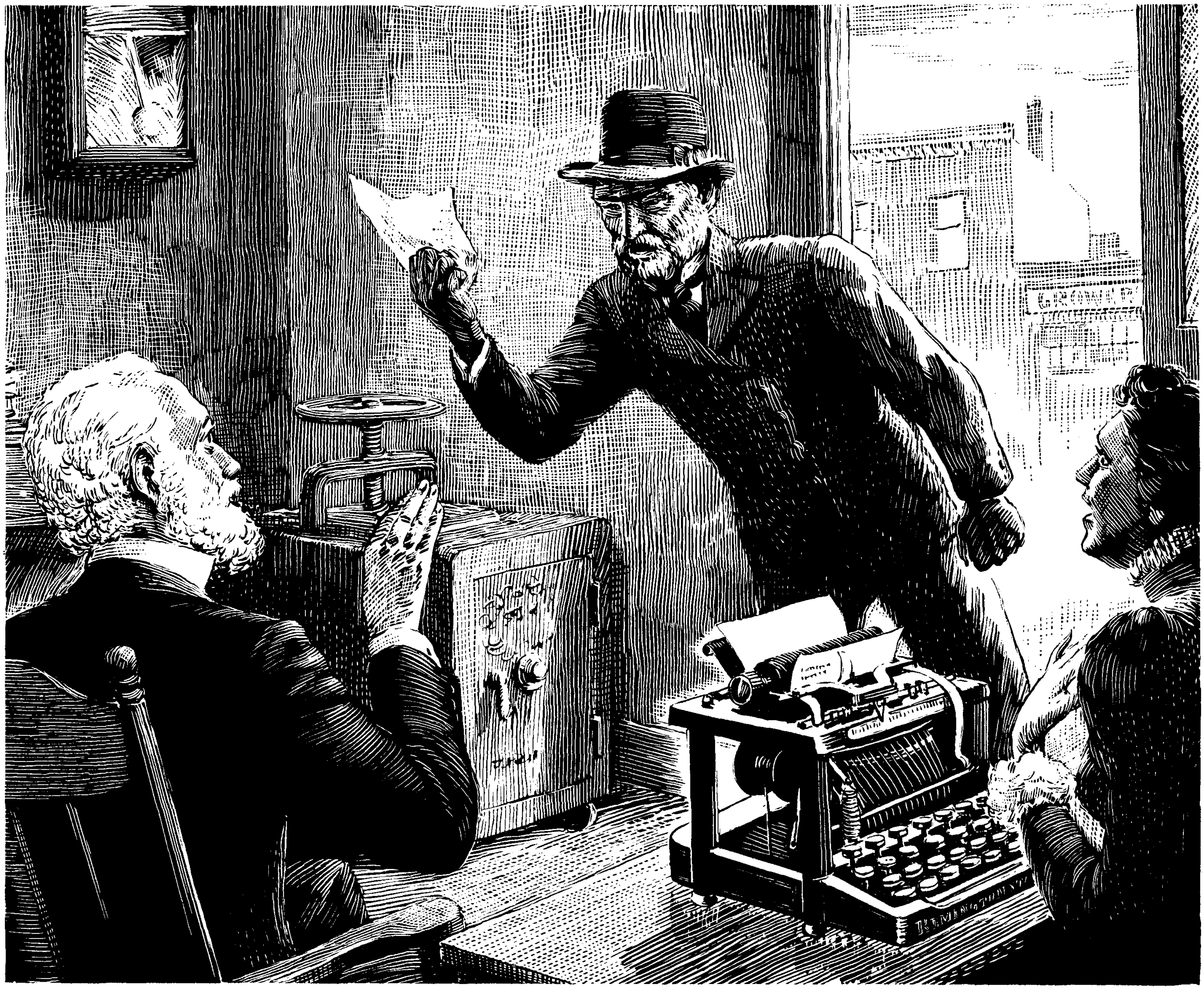


"You don't need to print no letters for me; I kin read writin'!"

● Angry and offended indeed was many a man in the early 1880's. For how else would you consider a letter that was *printed*, except as a slur upon your education?

Anger always turned swiftly to amazement, however, with the first glimpse of the curious contrivance which had produced the letter . . . a "type-writer", recently introduced by E. Remington & Sons, and presided over by—of all things!—a young lady. Machines to write letters! Women in business offices! What would business come to next?

What came next was world-wide adoption of the typewriter, with Remington from that day to this the standard of the industry: leaders in engineering, in production, in distribution. *Of course*, more Remingtons have been bought than any other make.

What's ahead? A brand-new Remington, which is already proving itself, under the toughest conditions, in the Armed Forces, war plants, essential industries . . . a typewriter that will give totally new meaning to words like smooth, swift, silent.

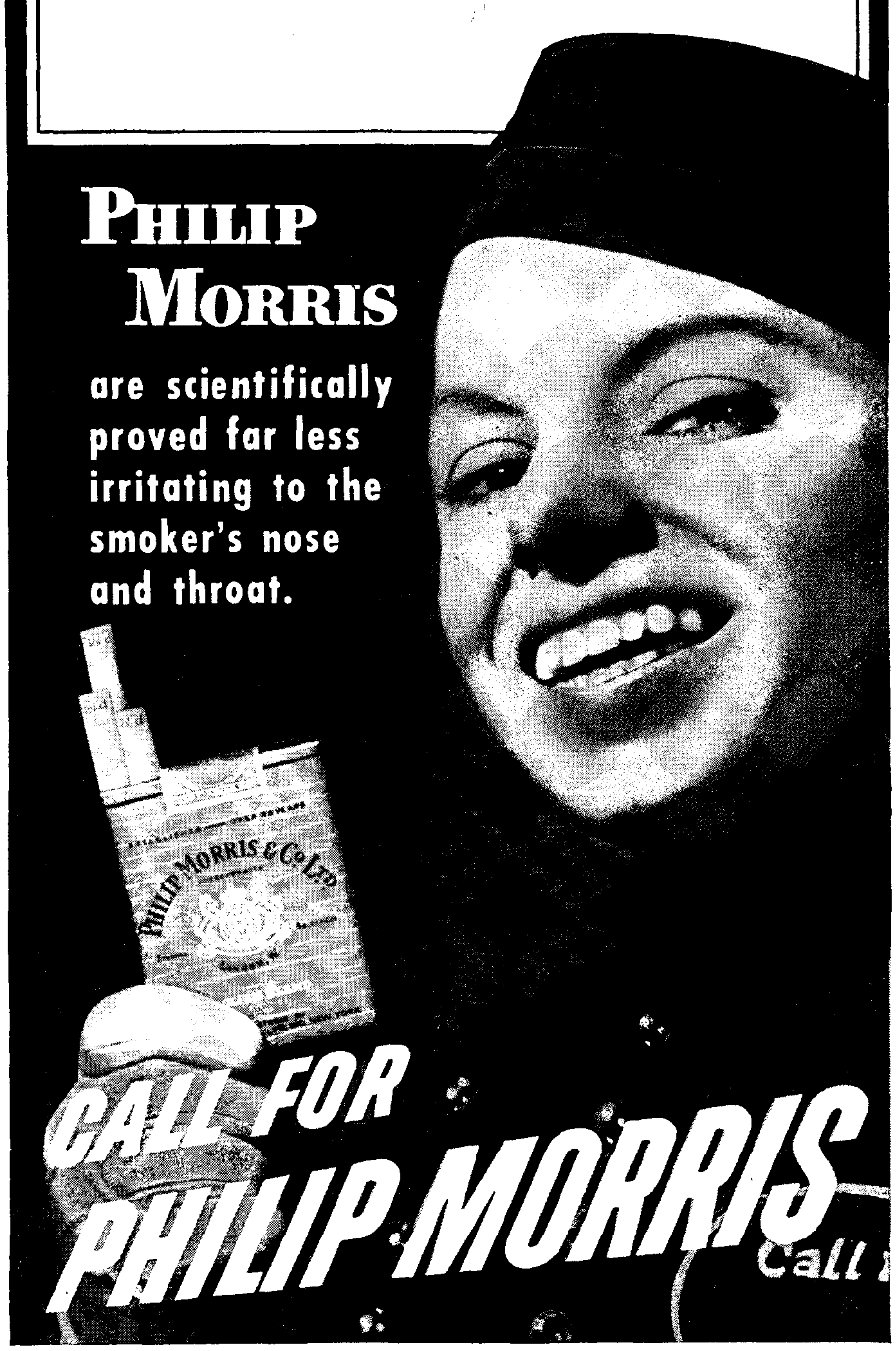
The *new* Remington is well worth waiting for!

Remington Rand

THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . *but*

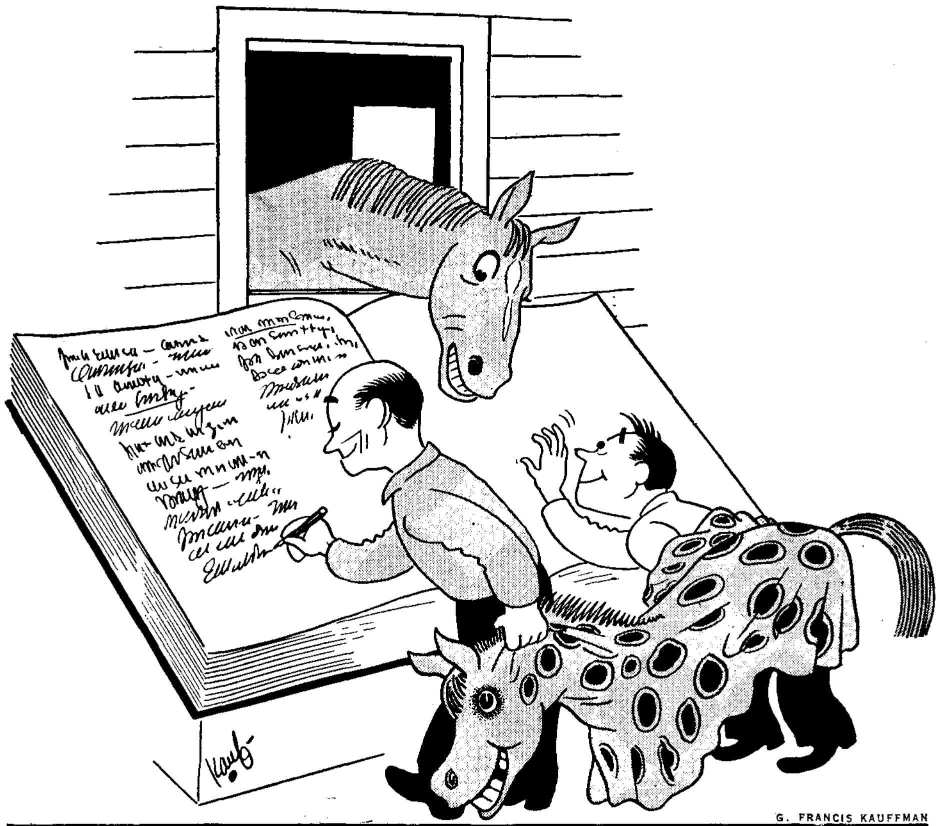
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!



PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION



G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Probably the largest personal guest book in history belongs today to Man o' War. It contains names of more than 2,000,000 persons who have visited this famous race horse during the twenty-four years he has been in retirement on Faraway Farms near Lexington, Kentucky.

Of 425,000 species of insects known to scientists of the world, 81,000 are found in the United States. Of these, more than 60,000 are neither harmful nor helpful to mankind. Of the remaining species, about 10,000 are injurious, as they carry disease to humans and domestic animals or destroy crops, while the other 10,000 are beneficial, as they prey on destructive insects, cause cross-pollination of plants or produce useful substances such as dyestuffs, lac, honey and silk.

Unlike our heavy antiaircraft projectiles that are timed to burst near their target, our 37-mm. and 40-mm. shells explode only when striking an object. However, those that miss the plane do not fall back to the earth and endanger the lives of soldiers. In seven seconds, or just after such a shell has expended its force, it is destroyed by the tracer element burning through into the explosive.

As a new Pope of the Roman Catholic Church must be robed in white vestments immediately after his election, robes in three sizes are made in advance so one of them will fit the man chosen.

Although Broadway theaters could not supply the demand for seats in 1944, only 14 shows produced during the year were hits, while the 65 others lost money. Among these "turkeys," the more expensive were: Allah Be Praised, which cost about $200,000 and ran for 20 performances; Dream With Music, which cost approximately $225,000 and closed after 28 performances; and Rhapsody, which cost more than $300,000 and lasted for only 14 performances.

Treaties are held in the U.S. Senate until they are accepted or rejected by a two-thirds vote, ordered returned to the President or withdrawn. There are 25 such documents pending in the Senate today, one of which was submitted to it in 1923.

All nations belonging to the International Red Cross Society employ the standard Red Cross flag, with the exception of eight Moslem countries in which exists an old and deep prejudice against the use of a cross in any way. So the emblem employed by Iran is the Lion and Sun from its own national flag, while the crescent is used by the seven others which include Egypt, Iraq and Turkey. Each national organization using the crescent calls itself the Red Crescent Society.—*By Pvt. John M. Wilkins, North Camp Hood, Texas.*

Germany made a profit of about $2,000,000,000 out of the first World War. Although the Allies eventually reduced their reparations bill from $55,000,000,000 to $11,000,000,000, Germany paid only $4,450,000,000. In the meantime, she had received $6,450,000,000 in foreign loans and investments.

Since 1892, in Paddington Station, London, a mongrel dog named Tim has collected nearly $10,000 for the widows' and orphans' fund of a British railroad. For 11 years, Tim met all trains and begged for coins to be dropped in the tin box fastened to his collar. When Tim died of old age in 1902, his body was mounted and placed in a glass case in the station, where he still continues his work, collecting coins through a slot in his stand.

America now has 37 transcontinental highways, eight running from coast to coast and 29 from border to border. Of the east-west roads, the longest is U.S. 6, extending from Provincetown, Mass., to Long Beach, Cal., a distance of 3,652 miles. Of the north-south routes, longest is U.S. 1, from Fort Kent, Me., to Key West, Fla., a distance of 2,262 miles.

One of the world's largest holders of private property is the National Trust of England, which owns and preserves there more than 400 historic buildings, one being Knole, the 365-room castle that once belonged to Queen Elizabeth. Besides small membership dues, it is supported by donations, one American foundation having given $1,400,000.

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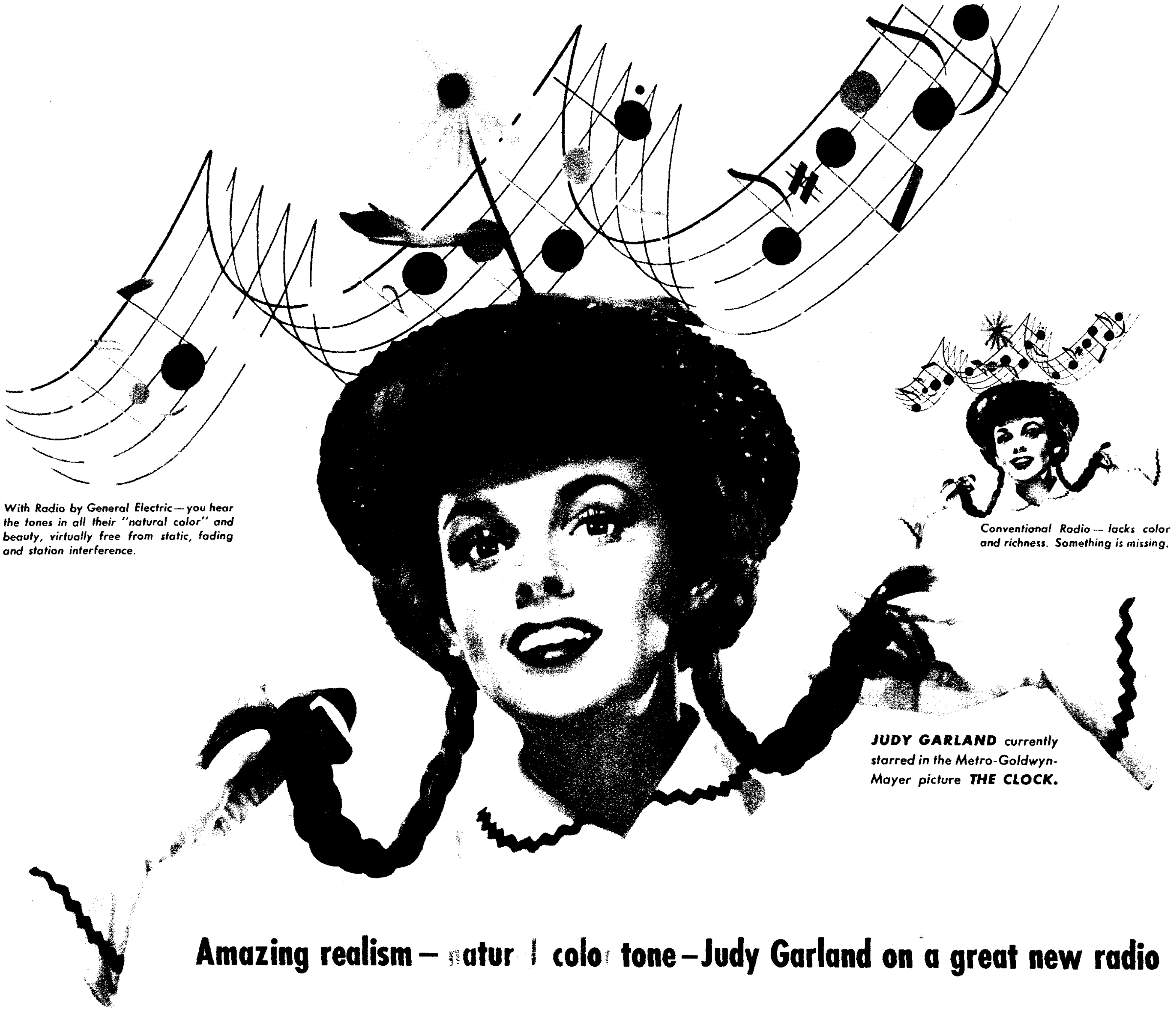


With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

JUDY GARLAND currently starred in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture **THE CLOCK.**

Amazing realism—natural color tone—Judy Garland on a great new radio

REFRESHING and colorful—Judy Garland's songs will come to you like a breath of Spring when you hear her in glorious "natural color" on the new General Electric radios.

Unmarred Natural Color Tone

These revolutionary *Frequency Modulation* radios reproduce the thrilling tones and overtones of voice and instrument against a background of velvety silence . . . unbelievably free from static, fading, and station interference.

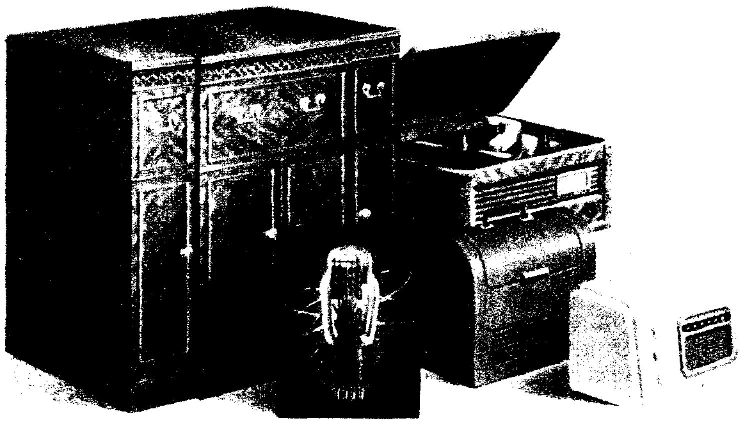
Everything in Radio and Television

This newest kind of radio is only one of the amazing models General Electric will offer at popular prices after the war. There also will be standard radios, radio-phonographs with a startling new system of tone reproduction, and the new revolutionary self-charging portable.

General Electric television receivers, too, with their large clear pictures, will set an entirely new standard in home entertainment.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages—handsomely illustrated in full color. A forecast of what radios—radio-phonographs and television receivers will be like after the war. For your free copy mail a postcard with the title, "YOUR COMING RADIO" and your name and address to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., EWT, CBS.*



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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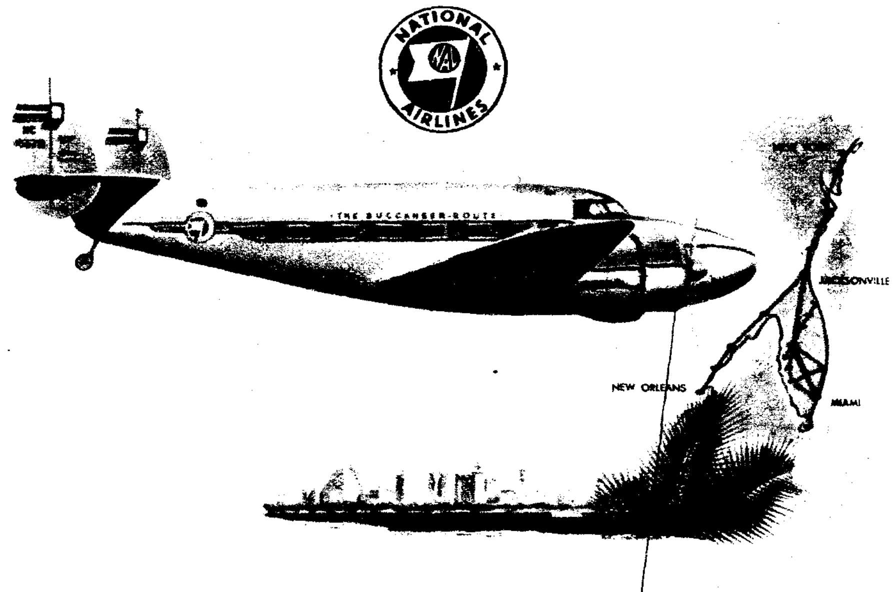
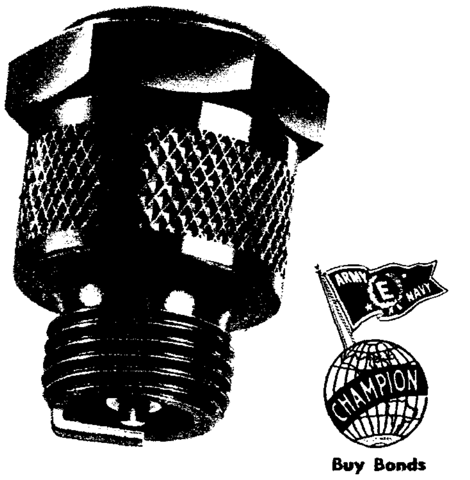


FROM THE SKYWAYS . . . TO THE HIGHWAYS
BETTER SPARK PLUGS FOR YOUR CAR

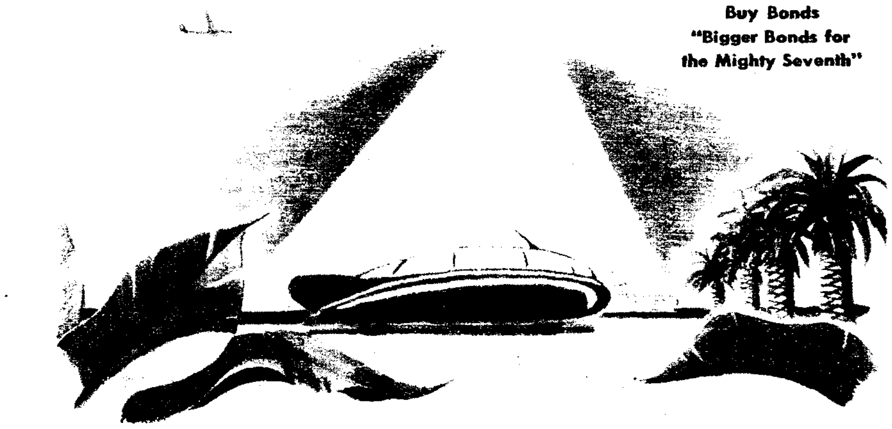
Champion Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs are used exclusively by National Airlines because "they are dependable, efficient and completely satisfactory." National operating its fleet of Lockheed Lodestars from New York through to the Southeastern Atlantic and Gulf states has compiled an enviable record for speed and service carrying vital war cargoes and priority passengers on unusually fast schedules. They strongly emphasize maintenance to insure dependability.

CHAMPION
PATENTED

Thus once again the prestige and efficiency of Champion Spark Plugs for every engine is confirmed by their use by a leading airline—just as it has been so dramatically demonstrated in the most powerful bombers and combat planes. The Champions you buy for your present car benefit from the same research, basic materials, engineering and precision manufacture. Naturally they will insure an extra measure of performance, economy and dependability. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



Buy Bonds
"Bigger Bonds for the Mighty Seventh"



DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Lt. C. E. Harris demonstrates a maneuver for a few of his men. "You have to kick hell out of your plane," he says

CECIL ELWOOD HARRIS, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, makes you think of homing pigeons and Joe DiMaggio. He goes about his business of killing Japs on the wing in the loose, relaxed, efficient way Joe DiMaggio used to go about his business of getting base hits. And when the night and the rain blot from his sight everything but the blurred nose of his Hellcat fighter, the nearest familiar thing on this earth to Cecil Harris is a homing pigeon.

When planes of a big carrier task force made a strike on Manila, Harris went along with Fighting Squadron 18 and other planes of his carrier's air group. Before the planes could return, the commander of the force turned his ships into a storm to conceal his movements from the enemy. The plan had been to run out of the storm before the planes were taken aboard, but the weather moved faster than the ships.

No one is more sensible of the homing-pigeon instincts of Harris or of the nerveless quality of his flying than his wingman, Lieutenant (jg) Franklin Norfolk Burley of Monterey, Louisiana, who was aboard the Essex-class carrier that day with a damaged plane. When he heard instructions had gone out that the air group was to go down in the water rather than risk a deck landing in the storm, he bet ten dollars that if anyone came back, it would be Harris.

It was night. A 60-knot wind scoured the flight deck with a deluge of rain. Visibility was zero. Sky and sea were indistinguishable. Ninety miles away, the carrier's planes were circling the fringes of the weather front. Lieutenant Commander Clarence Blouin of the fighters heard the torpedo-plane commander tell his men they would land in the water. "Find a good place and we'll come down with you," said Blouin.

HARRIS called to Blouin on his radio and said he thought he could find the ship. With that, he flew away and picked up the beam. He tore into the storm and flew low, so it wasn't too rough. His altimeter read 100 feet. Presently, he saw the dim lights of a battleship and he was able to identify her. Just how he recognized her he has never been able to explain, yet in that automatic way of his he did, and then he knew, in relation to her, where he would find his own carrier.

It takes about three seconds for a Hellcat to fly 500 feet. Harris guessed he was about that far away when he saw the carrier's island. He was headed straight for it—three seconds away from eternity. So he kicked her over a little bit and missed.

Now on occasions like this, an ordinary mortal would have felt a little cold sweat on his forehead, or moisture in his palms, or a bounce in his heart. And he would have remembered how he felt. But Harris doesn't remember how he felt.

He called the ship, and they said they would turn her into the wind and for him to come aboard if he could. He made a landing by instruments and instinct.

First he reported to the admiral. There was no criticism of his failure to land in the water as instructed. The admiral merely wanted to say he was sorry about the storm. The fighters and some other planes were still in the air, although most of the bombers had landed in the water. (Their crews were rescued next day from their rubber boats.)

THEN Harris called up the fighters. He told them to quit wasting time out there and come on in, and he gave them the compass bearing and distance. As nearly as he can remember, about twenty planes flew to the carrier that night, and the landing signal officer got them all aboard without smashing up anything except a dive bomber from another ship.

Cecil, twenty-eight, destroyed 24 Japanese planes in 82 days for a Navy score (at this writing) second only to that of Commander David McCampbell of Los Angeles, who has 34. Harris' Hellcat is a virgin. After 44 combat missions, he has yet to bring home a plane with a bullet hole in it. Never, in hundreds of take-offs and landings under all conditions has he damaged a single plane.

It's no secret that Fighting 18—a very good squadron—is what Harris has made it; that he trained every pilot in it. Ten men in the outfit outranked him. But the Navy sometimes waives rank for experience. Harris was made third in command as flight officer.

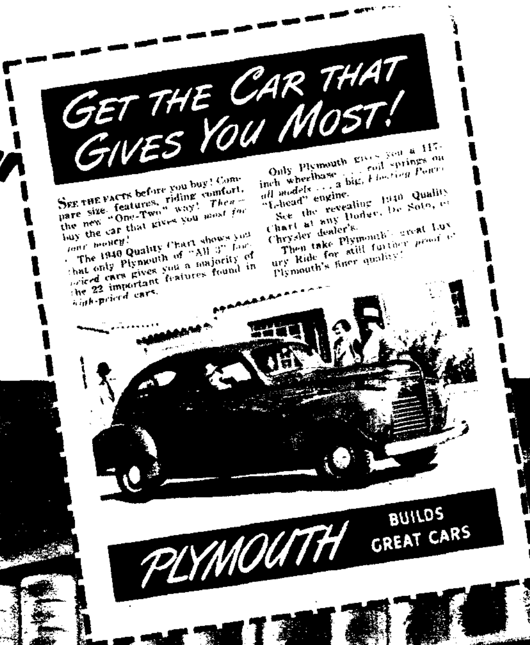
The air war in the Pacific has changed. It used to be defensive—bomber and ship protection. Now the job is to destroy the enemy's air, knock down as many of his planes as you can. Fighter tactics have changed a lot, too. They used to fight on a horizontal plane. Now they fight vertically. For example:

A Jap gets on your tail. You don't turn in a dive to gain speed the way you had to in our slower Wildcats. You lift the nose of your Hellcat up to slow down, so you can make a real tight turn. You start making that turn as you pull up, then, suddenly, you roll over the other way, nose down, picking up speed; but not so much that you can't make another tight turn that puts you on the Jap's tail and makes him "it."

"You've got to kick hell out of your airplane to do it," Harris said, as though that explained everything. "Most guys don't kick hell out of their planes." ROBERT DE VORE

Five years ago, we said—

"Get the car that gives you most!"



GET THE CAR THAT GIVES YOU MOST!

SEE THE FACTS before you buy! Compare size, features, riding comfort, the new "One-Two" way! *Then*— buy the car that gives you *most for your money!*

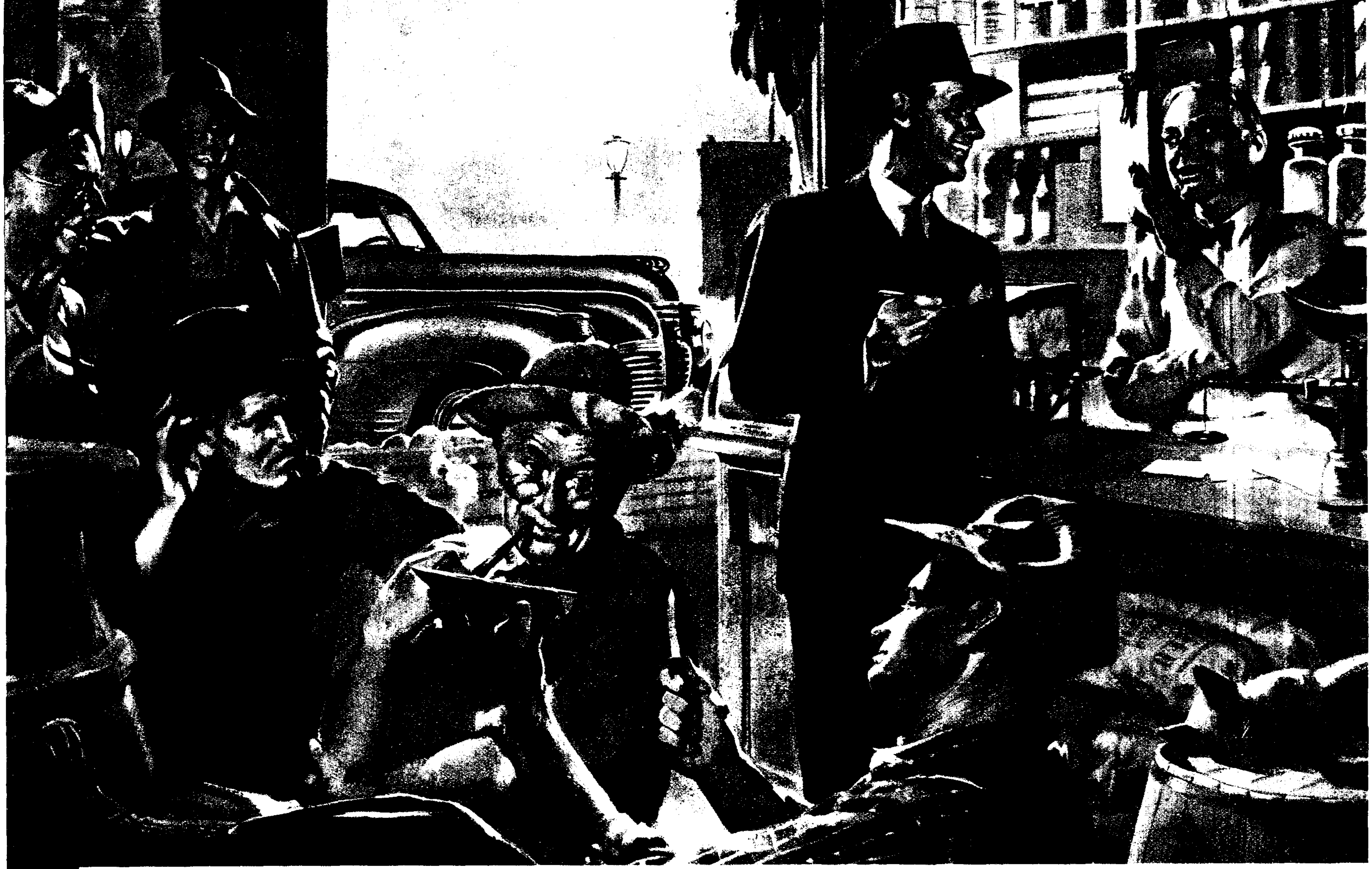
The 1940 Quality Chart shows you that only Plymouth of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you a majority of the 22 important features found in high-priced cars.

Only Plymouth gives you a 117-inch wheelbase ... coil springs on all models ... a big, *Floating Power* "L-head" engine.

See the revealing 1940 Quality Chart at any Dodge, De Soto, or Chrysler dealer's.

Then take Plymouth's great Luxury Ride for still further proof of Plymouth's finer quality!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



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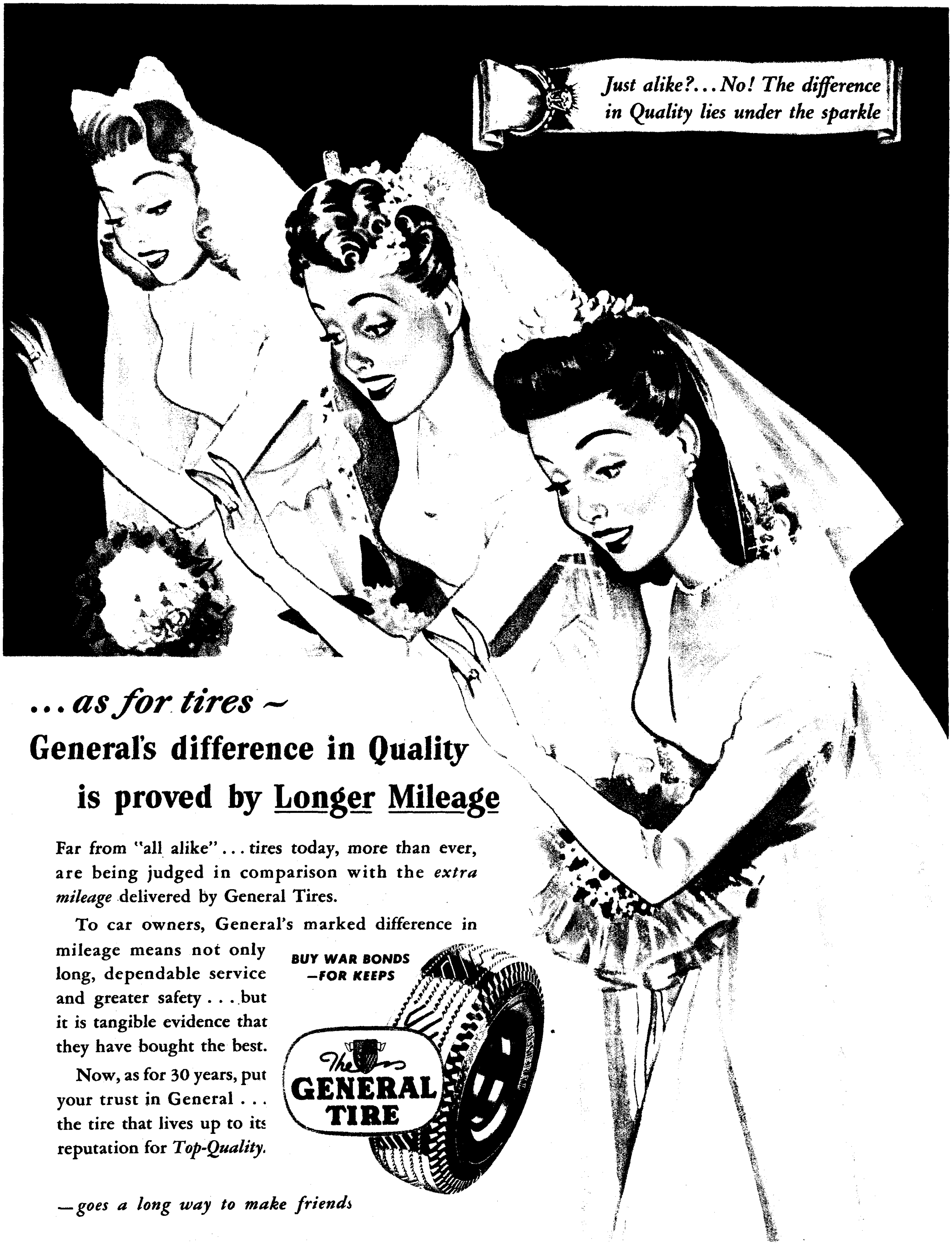
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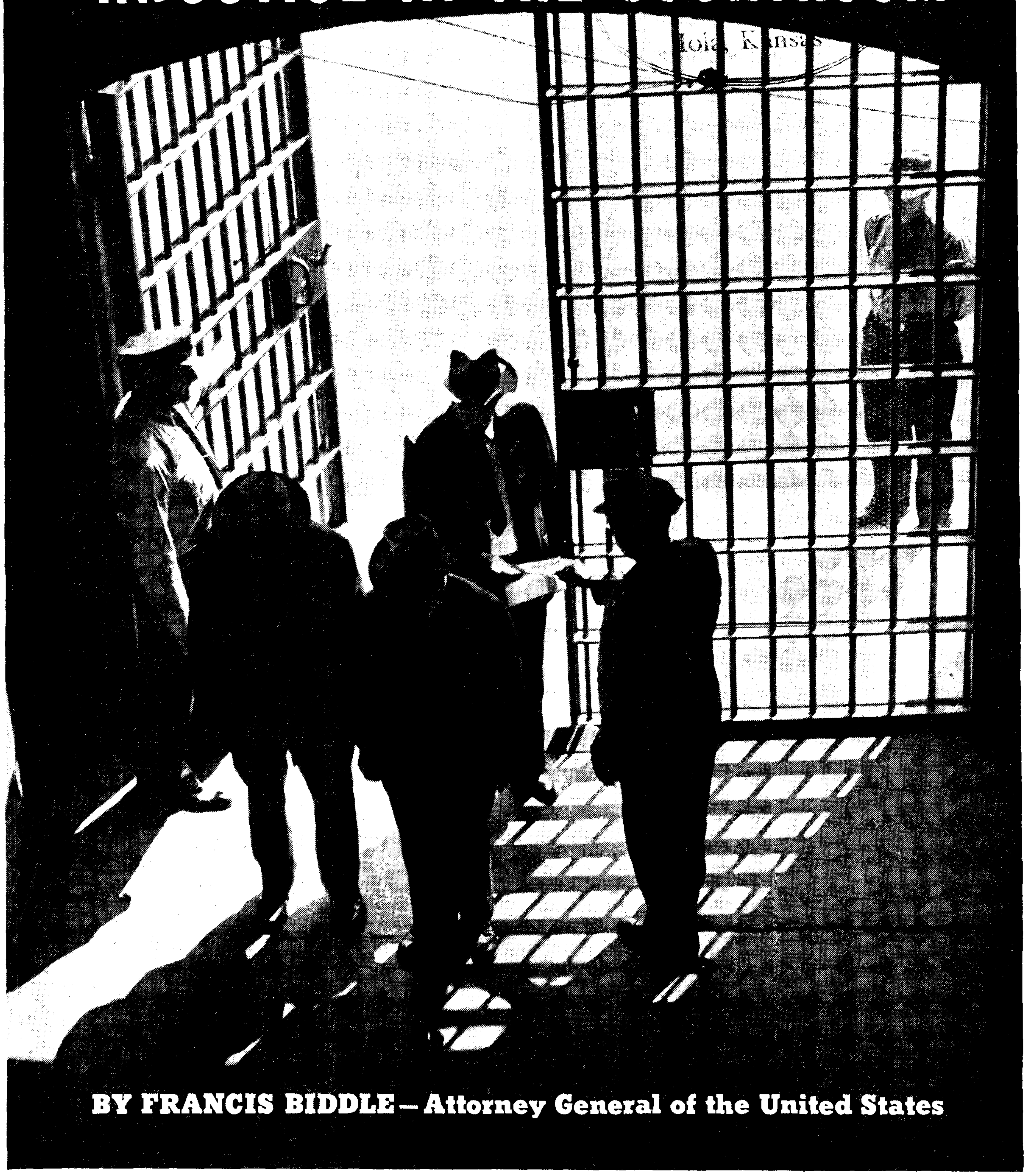
—goes a long way to make friends

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 19, 1945

INJUSTICE IN THE COURTROOM

Before the war we had a daily average of 30 murders and over 700 rapes and robberies. Crime will increase unless we stop revenging ourselves on criminals and start the job of curing them



BY FRANCIS BIDDLE—Attorney General of the United States

Will the sentence these prisoners are about to serve reform them or make them into hopeless crime repeaters?

JOSEPH SMITH was a taxi driver who, while on WPA, stole from an apartment-house mailbox some letters containing $1,000 in checks. He was caught by postal inspectors and pleaded guilty. An older accomplice was tried with him and sentenced to five years. Smith, a first offender, was sentenced to fifteen years. Stunned, he exclaimed to the judge, "I hope you're here when I get out." The judge called him back and raised the sentence to twenty years.

This sort of thing obviously does not square with the motto carved above the entrance to the Supreme Court of the United States: "Equal Justice Under Law." It illustrates a basic shortcoming in our handling of offenders, and it fosters crime.

As the Cabinet member in charge of the Department of Justice, I am responsible for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which apprehends law violators, and the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which looks after them.

Thus a large part of my business is concerned with crime. Just now it is urgent that we prepare for what has been the inevitable aftermath of every war: a widespread resurgence of criminal activity. What makes the task doubly important is the fact that some of the fighting men to whom we owe so much will be involved. After you have killed Japs and Germans and seen them kill your buddies, you cannot come back unchanged. Some of the men who have lived for months under the incredible strains of battle, who have dealt daily in death, will not adjust easily to the humdrum pace of civilian living. Add to all this the dislocations and upheavals that have taken place on the home front, and the outlook becomes serious.

A Crime Wave After the War?

But I have enough faith in the good sense of the American people to believe that a large-scale postwar crime wave is not necessarily inevitable. If we solve the basic problem of providing jobs after the war; if the returning veteran is aided over his difficult readjustment period, by understanding, by necessary schooling for new work, by loans to buy a farm or a gas station; if the purposes and aims of the G.I. Bill of Rights are realized; and if we plan our reconversion intelligently, we can go a long way toward avoiding a crime epidemic.

But even if we are resourceful enough to forestall war-brought lawlessness, we shall still have on our hands the rising tide of peacetime crime in America. For crime has been increasing steadily, and we haven't yet learned how to cope with it. Between 1920 and 1940, the number of persons convicted increased several times faster than the growth in population. In New York State back in 1920, only one of every 1,550 persons ran afoul of the law and was committed to a penal institution. By 1940, however, it was one out of every 740 persons. Any normal day, before the war, was mathematically certain to find 30 persons murdered, 27 raped and 729 robbed. Each year 580,000 persons were committed to our prisons and jails.

All this argues that something is wrong with the way we handle crime and criminals. But there is no single answer. I do not suggest that I have any expert or unusual knowledge to bring to bear. Like most people who have studied the matter, I have come to the conclusion that it must be attacked from many angles. We must, of course, wipe out those bad economic and social conditions which breed crime. We must have better housing, better schools, more recreational opportunities and a strengthening of the sense of moral responsibility in the home and in the community.

Progress toward these will be made slowly. But there is something which we can do now. We can change our methods of treating offenders. No one who has visited a penal institution and talked to judges, wardens, parole officers and the offenders themselves (as I have done frequently during these last three or four years) can fail to be conscious of confusion in the way we handle offenders. There are several ways this confusion can be eliminated.

We must, as a first step, revise and modernize our system of sentencing. A few cases will indicate why.

Three youths of seventeen hired a taxi, robbed the driver of about $8 after placing a soda-pop bottle against his back. They then tied him up, crossed a state line, and after spending the night in the woods with the driver, returned his cab and some of the money to him. Arrested later, they were sentenced to thirty years in the El Reno (Oklahoma) reformatory, for technical violation of the Lindbergh kidnaping law. The sentence was later reduced to fifteen years. I have recommended that a further reduction be made.

In contrast, Bill ———, 25, a repeater who had already served a sentence for automobile theft, kidnaped a taxi driver, robbed him, and left him bound and gagged on the bank of a canal. He was given only eight years—by a different court.

In the recent uprising at the Atlanta penitentiary, some prisoners barricaded themselves in a wing and threatened to kill the four officers whom they were holding as hostages, unless their demands were met. One of the leaders was a man with a lifelong record of serious crimes, who was wanted in another state for armed robbery, and in still another for murder. He was serving a sentence of only *two years* in Atlanta for stealing and transporting securities valued at $100,000!

As I see it, there are four main weaknesses in our present sentencing system. They are lack of uniformity, which carries a sense of unequal justice; failure to co-ordinate sentencing policies with the prison program, parole and probation; incomplete information in the hands of the judge at the time of

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN-PIX

THESE ARE AMERICANS

By Quentin Reynolds

There are no more patriotic citizens than the liberated natives of Guam. After 32 months of Jap bestiality, they know for sure what it is worth to be Americans

One of the two native priests permitted by the Japs to stay on Guam was tortured to death; he knew where the radioman Tweed was hidden and gave his own life to protect the American sailor. Only 29-year-old Father Calvo (above) remained to administer spiritual guidance to the stricken islanders, which he accomplished in spite of Jap interference

IN AGAÑA, which is the capital of Guam, there are two cemeteries, one very old and the other very new. They lie adjacent just back of the shore and they are separated only by the remains of what was once a church. On the crumbling tombstones in the old cemetery are carved such names as Maria Perez, Josefa Duenas, Jesus Martinez, and Don Thomas Anderson Calvo. Here for generations native people of Guam have been buried.

The new cemetery does not have stones—merely white crosses. There are about one thousand of them aligned in neat rows, and they bear such names as Smith, Sullivan, Olsen, Levine and Tremaine. Here for ten months, Marines, soldiers and sailors have been buried.

It is a strangely peaceful setting—strangely because on all sides there is nothing but destruction. Before our Marines landed on Guam last July, the Navy first hurled a bombardment at the old city of Agaña, and when that was over, not a single house stood intact. The town was rubble, and even the palm trees which fringed the shore were broken, their tops cut off by shells as cleanly as though giant machetes had been wielded. But now, after ten months, the people of Guam are forgetting the horror of thirty-two months of Jap occupation; time is dulling the memory of nights of terror and of watching old friends die at the hands of Jap executioners. In Guam now, people who had almost forgotten how to smile are laughing again. And every Sunday they gather in the church that separates the two cemeteries and they kneel on the cement and listen to the sermons of gentle Father Oscar L. Calvo, who ministered to their spiritual wants as well as he could during the occupation.

A People Worth Knowing

Now because the people of Guam consider themselves to be strong and patriotic Americans and because they proved this in no uncertain terms when the Japs were on Guam, it might be interesting and profitable to meet them. The fact that they are one of the most honest, decent, attractive peoples on earth is an added reason for getting better acquainted with them. Thousands of Marines, soldiers and naval personnel are getting to know and respect them, many marry them, and a great many more swear that they will return to this green friendly island in the central Pacific when the war is over.

Meet them on Sunday after Mass (98 per cent of the 23,000 natives are devout Catholics) as they stop and talk with their priest and with their neighbors. First there is 29-year-old Father Calvo, good-looking and filled with such holy zeal that hard-boiled Marines say in awe, "The guy is a saint."

Before the war came to the quiet, proud people of this island, they had six churches and twelve chapels where services were held by Capuchin missionaries and two native priests. The Japs permitted only the two native priests to remain. One of them, Father

Jesus Basa Duenas, was beheaded by the Japs for withholding information. Father Duenas knew where the radioman Tweed was hidden, but Japanese torture could not open his mouth. And so he died for his Americanism, and that left Father Calvo alone.

Ten days after the occupation (December 17, 1941) the Japs called all the people of Agaña together, and they came with Father Calvo at their head. Now they would know their fate. They assembled in the green plaza in front of the cathedral, and Father Calvo mounted the steps. By unspoken yet unanimous consent, he would represent them. The Jap officer in charge barked out an order. When the priest failed to answer, he struck him savagely across the mouth. There was a horrified gasp from the crowd, and a thin trickle of blood ran down the priest's face.

An interpreter was brought and again the officer gave his order: "Tell them to tear down the cross from the cathedral."

This time Father Calvo understood. To oppose the order meant death, not only for him but for his people. He wasn't afraid to die. But had he a right to take their lives? And how could he help them if he died now?

His anguished soul cried out for guidance, and then his words came softly, "Tear down the cross." And it was done, for the people had faith in their priest.

Administering to Martyrs

That was the beginning of a reign of horror for Father Calvo. He rode all over the island giving spiritual consolation, telling his people, "One day the Americans will come." He had a great many sick calls during these thirty-two months. Young Pedro Alverez, just seventeen, was brought to the Jap prison for questioning. Three days later he stumbled to his father's home back in the bush, bleeding from a dozen wounds. Pedro's father summoned Doctor Ramon Sablan, who shook his head and said quietly, "Get Father Calvo."

The priest mounted a two-wheel cart drawn by plodding carabaos and went out into the night. He arrived in time to administer the Last Sacrament to the dying boy. He learned soon that these sick calls always occurred after someone had been taken to the prison for "questioning."

When George Tweed escaped, five other American seamen went with him. They were caught. They were made to dig their own graves. One of them asked for a priest. The Japs laughed and swung their knives against the necks of the men. Only once did they permit Father Calvo to give solace to a man who was about to be executed.

"After I had given the man what comfort I could," the priest told me sadly, "the executioner swung a heavy blade. His body fell into the grave, and the Jap kicked the head in after it."

Father Calvo was questioned, for they suspected that he had hidden Tweed in his home (they were correct, too), but he was finally permitted to go free—that is, as free as one could be. But time passed somehow, and the Americans did come finally, and now Father Calvo stands outside the church between the cemeteries and smilingly chats with old friends and a great many of his new friends of the Marines.

The natives of Agaña do not talk of the past much; they talk of the future when their six cities will be rebuilt under the supervision of the American military government; of the time when all wounds will be healed and the island will be theirs again. Even such a one as trim, smiling-eyed Agueda Johnston waved aside the past and asked me to come and visit her school.

"It is in the ruins of the old school," she said apologetically, "and it has no roof. But we have built a small annex, a tent with partitions but no sides, and we find it all right."

Mrs. Johnston is 52, though it is hard to believe, and one day, no doubt, the people of Guam will erect a statue of her in front of the school as an inspiration to the children of the future. It was she who collected food and sent it to Tweed. But the Japs caught on and they brought the rather frail, cultured woman to the prison for questioning. They

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"B.J." Bordallo's ten taxicabs helped evacuate the entire civilian population of Agaña to the safety of the hills

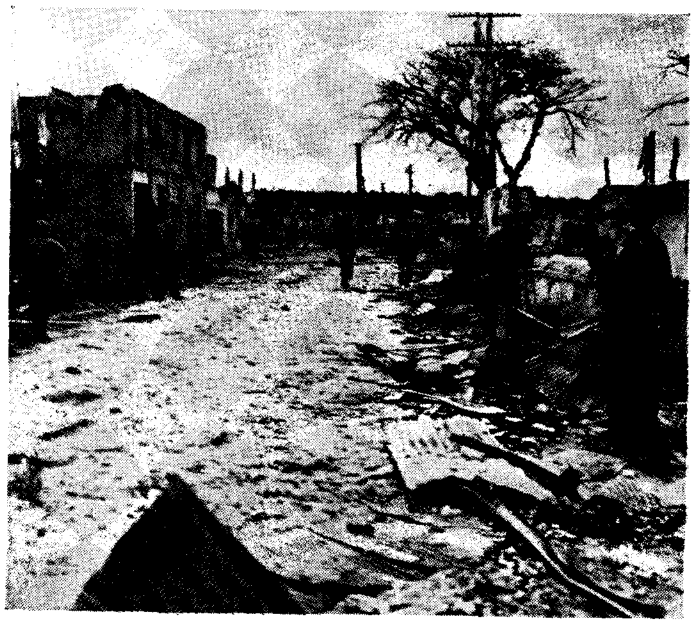
Servicemen are captivated by the Guamians. Especially, like this Navy petty officer, are they pushovers for kids

These are Americans; typical young natives of Guam, whose patriotism would put many a U.S. citizen to shame

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Schools opened two months after invasion. At center, Mrs. Agueda Johnston, beloved principal of Agaña High School

Dolores, 12, known as Little Mother of Guam, looked after her sisters and brother after Japs killed her mother



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

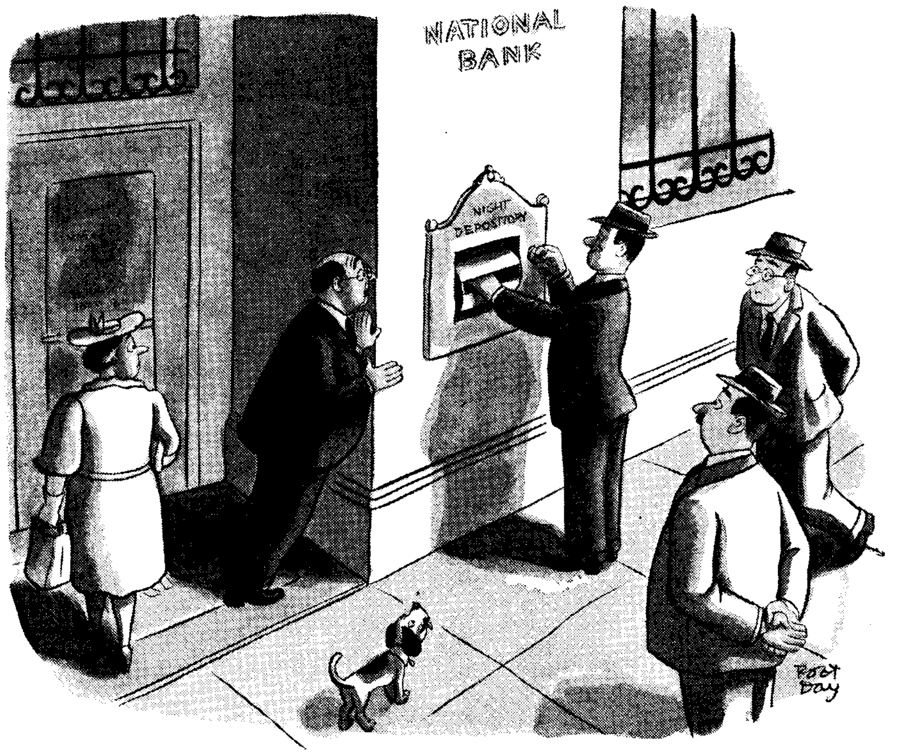
Agaña, capital of Guam, was totally wrecked from U.S. Naval bombardment and land mines left by retreating Japs

WANNA PICK A LOCK?

BY THE GREAT ZADMA
as told to JULE MANNIX

Mannix's article is a lot of fun. But it is no password to a paying profession. Modern crime detection makes lock-picking too hazardous. The amateur cracksman must first flee the scene—against electric eyes and two-way radio scout cars. Next, he faces sifting, in modern laboratories, of the clues left behind: prints, threads, bits of metal. The risks are endless. Then he must dispose of the loot—where he runs into pitfalls human and scientific. His confederates may betray him. He may trip on his own boasts. His chances of one success are thin. And every repetition raises the odds—rapidly. Even should he succeed for a time, he has to live with his worries. So the place for the skillful is the stage—or Collier's.

—Timothy Peter Ansberry
Assistant U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia



"I noticed the most beautiful, brand-new lock on the night deposit box of the local bank, and had the luck to get it open in less than a minute"

This may teach you how to pick a lock for your own amusement, but don't think you'll learn enough to make a career of lock-picking

I FIRST became seriously interested in lock-picking when some friends locked me in a mailbag and dropped me into the Saranac River. They did it to draw a crowd. But the stunt was only partially successful because when I didn't come up, the crowd got tired of waiting and drifted away.

The local hardware dealer who had loaned us the bag was particularly annoyed. He told everybody that this was the last time he'd ever loan anything to traveling magicians. We had gathered by the river that afternoon surrounded by the type of crowd that usually turns out for a lynching. I was fastened into the sack by a local boy we had secretly bribed to substitute a chain with a faked link for the real chain that came with the bag. As our assistant, with the help of two hefty farm hands, heaved me into the drink, he put his mouth close to the bag and whispered, "I'm powerful sorry, but I never got no chance to switch the chains."

The chain and the padlock acted as weights, so I went down head foremost and stuck in the mud. Everybody stood around waiting for me to come up, and, when I didn't, the crowd went back to town. My friends were getting ready to leave, too, when one of them saw the bag stranded in some rapids downstream. They started down to get me, but meanwhile I got a knife out of my pocket and cut myself free. It was a pretty embarrassing experience, and, after that, I determined to brush up on my lock-picking.

After the bag business, my friends and I had a little natural misunderstanding and we broke up. My next job was with a talented old-time showman named Knute Krinko. Knute had a very unusual act. He'd drink a bottle of any kind of ink handed him. He was billed as the Human Inkwell, and the ink never seemed to do him any harm except to make his teeth fall out. But in later years he began to turn dull green and that worried him, so he gave up the act. As he was very clever at picking open locks, he became an escape artist.

Knute could get into more places with a set of lock picks than most people could with a flame thrower. He made the picks himself and always carried a set with him in a little chamois bag, in case of unforeseen emergencies. He used to sell a set of these picks to interested parties for $25 but he always made sure first that his customers weren't crooks. He invariably asked them, "Do you intend to use these picks for any dishonest purpose?" His customers always said that they didn't.

Knute was the only man I've ever seen who could consistently pick open pin-tumbler locks. Pin tumblers are the toughest locks of all to open. They are made by the big companies for especially important places like front doors, ignition switches on cars, strongboxes and cash drawers. Anyone who hopes to make a living from lock-picking will find that 80 per cent of his work is with pin tumblers. You had better practice on a number before trying one commercially.

Pin tumblers all work on the same basic principle. Inside the lock are a number of little cylinders, usually six or eight, that slide down into the keyhole. These cylinders or tumblers are each cut through at a different place, and all these cuts must be perfectly lined up for the lock to open. When the key is put into the lock, it forces up all these tumblers which then drop down again against the notched edge of the key. The key has been designed so that each bump on it pushes up its pin just the right distance for the pins to line up correctly. With the pins all in line, the key can turn and open the lock.

Because you cannot tell when all the tumblers have been lined up properly, you must use a tension tool. This tool looks somewhat like a tiny niblick. Put in the tension tool and turn it so that a pressure is constantly kept on the lock. Then as soon as the tumblers are lined up, the lock will turn.

With the tension tool in place, you begin to adjust the tumblers with a little pick that looks like a dentist's instrument. A very handy gadget here is a lipstick-sized flashlight such as women carry in their purses. You can hold it in your teeth and operate it by pressing the base with your tongue. A little cone of paper around the flash keeps you from getting anything but a pinpoint of light right in the keyhole. Just a flash of light occasionally is all you need to work by.

By sliding the tumblers up and down in their sockets, you can feel the little catch each one gives as it falls into the right place. If the lock is well made, this catch is almost imperceptible. If the lock is cheap or badly

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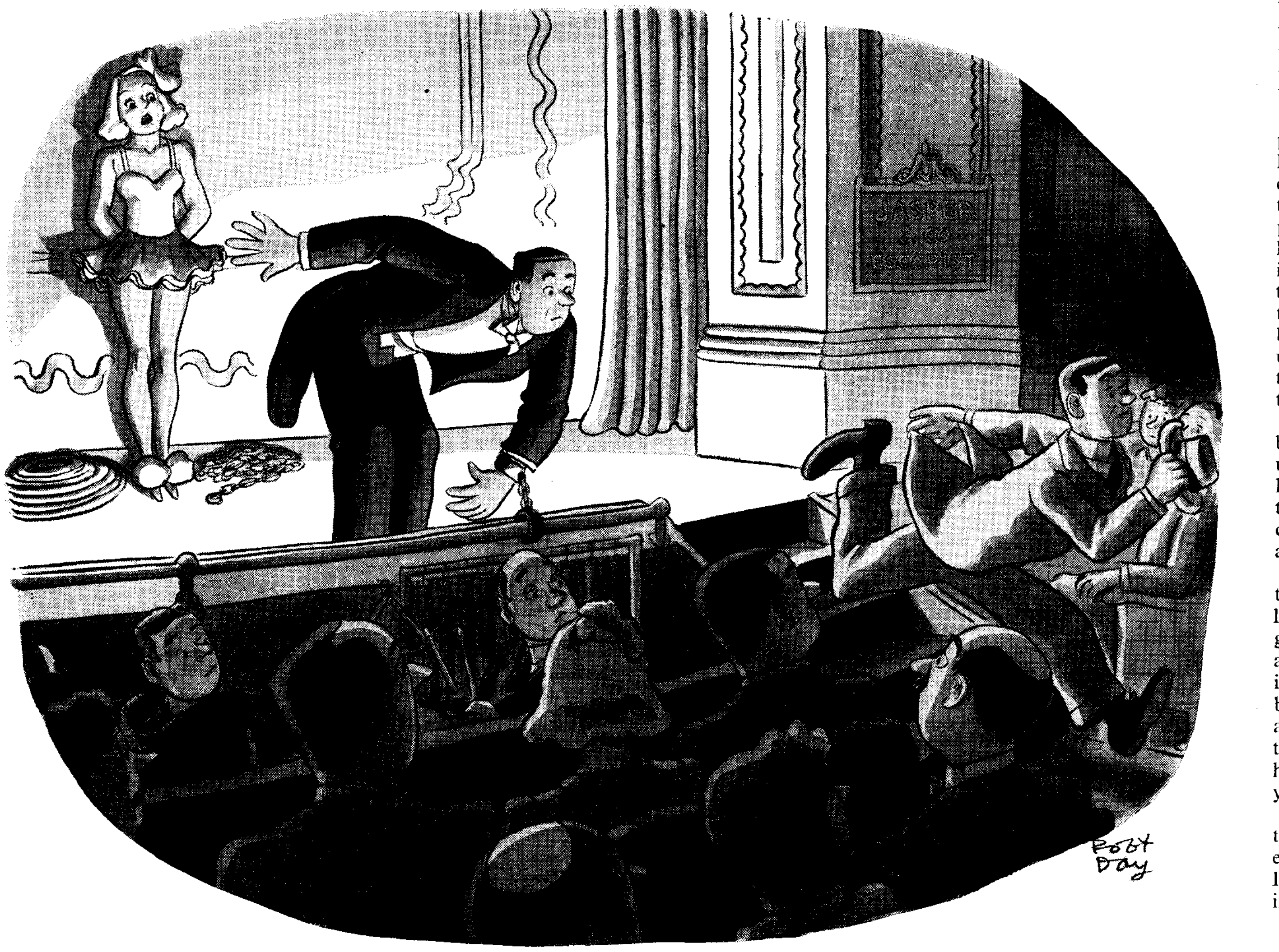
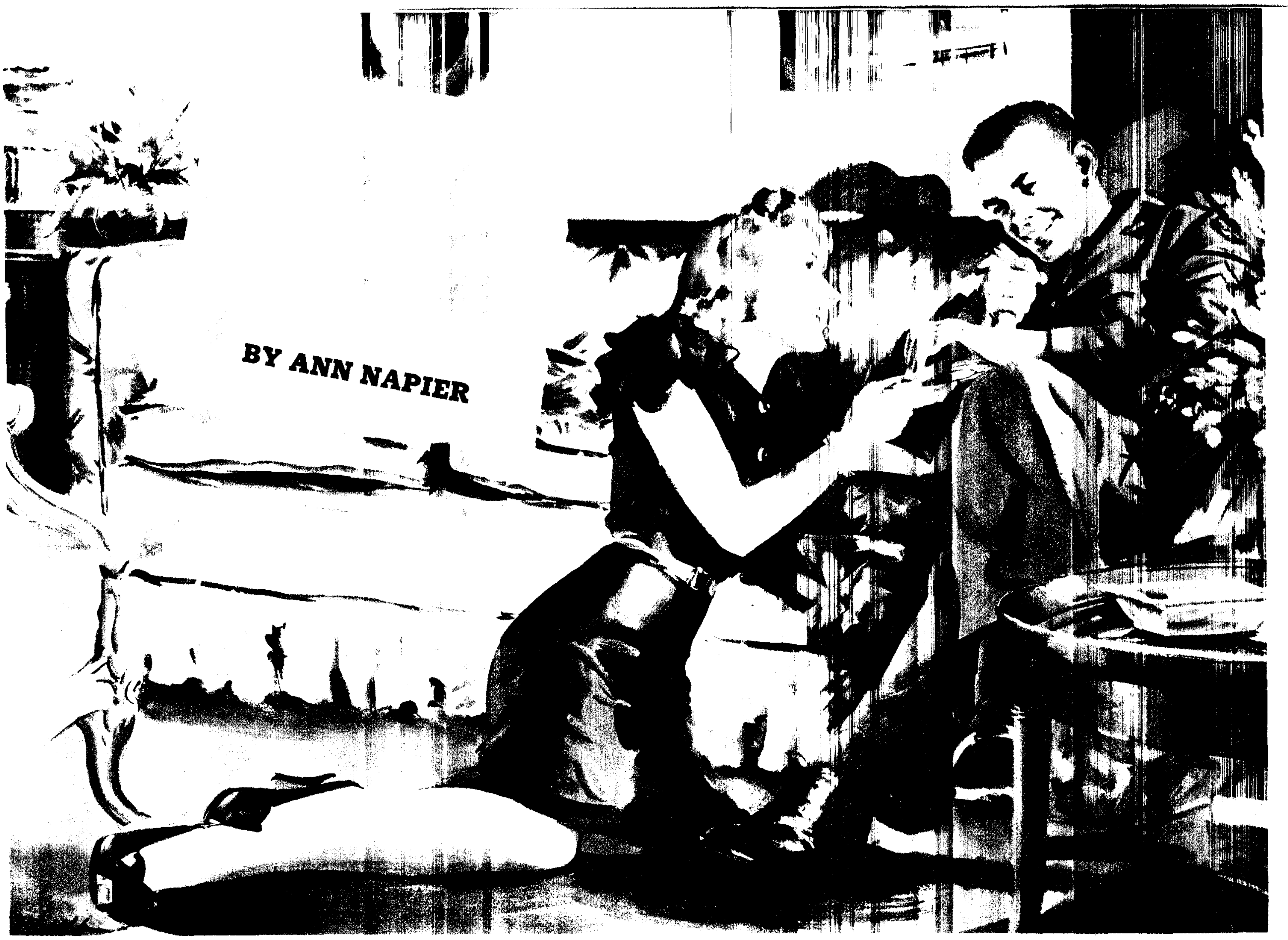


The magician was chained to the footlights, in full view of the audience, throughout the rest of the show

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT DAY



BY ANN NAPIER

Perhaps now Jim would be asking her to marry him. How beautiful to think of the coming victorious years stretching into the future

Love might have passed Miss Mott by, but for a spinster, she certainly did make an amazing stand-in for Cupid!

MISS AGNES MOTT pushed the red ration stamp and the tokens across the marble top of the counter and waited. Back against the wall, Frank, the butcher, was trimming up her order of steak. Miss Mott tightened the fur tippet around her neck, settled her hat on her graying hair and tucked her purse firmly beneath her arm.

"I am very grateful to you, Frank," she said and she smiled, her pale lips curving, her eyes growing narrow; and her lined face lost its tired look.

Frank smiled, too, and slid her package toward her. "Why, Miss Mott," he said, "whenever the first of the month comes along, I think of your little party." He put his hands on the glass side of the icebox and leaned toward her, "I wouldn't fail *you*, Miss Mott."

"Thank you, Frank," she said. She picked up her package gently, while Frank swept the coupons to one side. And she turned on the sawdust-strewn floor and crossed to the other part of the shop and began a systematic search along the fruit and vegetable shelves.

"Hullo, Miss Mott," said Mr. Secker. "We were expecting you. What shall it be today?" He smiled at her, he had known her so long.

"I have a new recipe," she confided to him. "It calls for small mushrooms—" She looked up questioningly, for Mr. Secker was the manager. "I rely on you, Mr. Secker," said Miss Mott.

Mr. Secker was writing the date on his sales pad. "Whenever the first of the month comes round," he said, "I say to myself, 'Now, what will Miss Mott have in mind this time?' Every month a little party," said Mr. Secker. "Romantic, I call it."

Miss Mott twitched at her fur and presently her shopping was over. She had her hand on the door, when Mr. Secker called, "How about some nice cup cakes—or a pie, Miss Mott?"

"Certainly not," she answered and she turned round from the door and fixed Mr. Secker with a firm glance over her packages. "I do my own baking," she said.

Mr. Secker was laughing. "I always like to hear you say that, Miss Mott."

"I believe," she said, "you tease me purposely." She laughed a little smug laugh and went out happily into the street.

Far above the houses, the cold blue of the early spring sky stretched, flecked with small clouds. Miss Mott walked up the side street, with her head a little bent to the wind. Her mind was busy with her new recipe, preparing, arranging and almost tasting the delicious concoction that would materialize by seven o'clock in the evening for Thomas Bingle, her guest.

"Why, Agnes," he'd say, sitting back on his chair, his plate as clean as a plate can be. "Why, Agnes, that was even better than the duck—" She knew how he'd look—heavier than he had once looked, older though his hair stayed dark, a little large for her neat room, his big face wreathed in satisfaction—and he'd speak for a while of the duck, that he still remembered after six years as the high light of all the dinner parties they had had together—first Wednesdays in each month.

When she came to the house where she lived, she went up the brownstone steps and put her key in the lock. Then, with the door closed behind her, she crossed the hall and began the ascent of the staircase.

She had just got her own door opened—the back apartment on the third floor—when she heard the crash.

It came quite clearly through the wall—not simply a thud or a clattering noise, but a crash of something going all to pieces. She thought immediately, glass—it must have been glass. She paused for a moment, staring at the wall, seeing in her mind the kitchen of the front apartment; for one does not live in a house for years without knowing the layout of one's neighbor's home—even if one has never crossed the threshold.

And Miss Mott had never visited with Aline Marsh.

On the stairs they had exchanged brief smiles, but nothing more. Aline's wide mouth, improbably scarlet, curved in a heart-shaped face; yellow hair, slicked smooth and silky, confined by a broad ribbon; Aline, young and eager, taking the stairs two at a time. And Miss Mott, tall and a little severe, with a mouth trained more for courtesy than for eagerness, who treated the stairs to a measured tread.

Well, she thought, Aline Marsh has broken something this time. It didn't surprise her greatly, for Aline moved always with more swiftness than decorum. She had just put down her parcels and was taking off her hat and coat when the shrill of the bell made her turn hastily and, smoothing away the folds of her dark dress, she went toward the door.

Aline said, "Oh, Miss Mott—it slipped right onto the floor—" suddenly, with no polite prelude. "My best glass plate," she said; "it's all in pieces." She stood in the hallway, in a sea-green sweater and a checked skirt, and her eyes were wide and blue, and she threw out her hands and said, "Miss Mott, whatever shall I do?"

Miss Mott said, "You'd better come inside a moment," and as Aline moved past her, she closed the door.

Over Aline's shoulder she could see her own living room, where the sofa and the rocking chair and the little bureau all set neatly and with order in their places. The curtains, freshly laundered, looped and bunched carefully, framed the windows. The little azalea was in its saucer on the coffee table. Yet the room, for all its freshness, looked dull and insipid. And she saw the light, back of Aline's blue eyes, and she thought: It's because of her, because she's all aglow, sparkling with something, that my room looks dull—like gingerbread with the gilt gone.

Aline, back against the bookcase, with her hair like honey, was saying, "But I wanted it specially for tonight—for the canapés. A dinner plate won't do. They won't look extra on a dinner plate."

So Miss Mott put her hand on Aline's arm and led her out, away from the living room. "If it's a glass plate that you want," she said, "I can lend you one," and she brought her into the hygienic whiteness of the kitchen.

"Oh," breathed Aline, "are you sure—? Are you sure you don't need it?"

Miss Mott said, "Quite sure."

All her dishes, china and glass, were set out in beautiful apple-pie order. She hoped Aline was aware of it. She reached up and lifted a glass plate off the top shelf.

She said, "Personally, I don't care much for cold stuff." And she looked a little smugly at her own preparations for the evening meal.

Aline uncurled from her own private

(Continued on page 76)

ILLUSTRATION BY WENDELL KLING

WHY YOU CAN'T GET MEAT

BY W. B. COURTNEY

This is prime beef. It probably has no greater value to you than its equivalent in 24-carat diamonds. This lot is going to servicemen overseas. The man is boning it. That operation reduces shipping space by thirty per cent

THE live weight of the present total beef cattle population of the United States probably figures out about 65 *billion* pounds more than the weight of our total human population. There are today more than 600 pounds of beef cattle grazing on the ranch lands or chomping in the feedlots and stockyards, for every man, woman and child in this nation. This comes to about 78,000,000,000 pounds on the hoof. From them all, 9 billion pounds of dressed beef meat should be produced this year.

When you read things like that; when you hear that the number of beef cattle in America in this time of meat-shortage alarums is more than 80 millions; when you read OWI's "expectation" that the amount of all meats produced in this country in 1945 will be 5 billion pounds greater than it was in 1939; and that your prorated civilian share, after Lend-Lease, armed forces and other commitments are fulfilled, should be at the very least more than two pounds a week—you are justifiably puzzled when you can't buy any meat at all for home cooking. The trouble is: We can't eat statistics.

The meat situation, as far as you are concerned, is bad. It will get worse. The causes are here, in the second of two articles on the meat crisis

Housewives in many places told me they have gone three weeks or longer without being able to carry home a chicken or small ham, let alone a steak or roast or even stew cuts. These are honest mothers and wives who shop for their families within the law and their ration books. In the current meat shortage, however, the law-abiding shopper is getting left. That this should be, in America, the "breadbasket" of the modern world, is fantastic.

Whose fault is it? In a large measure, it is ours.

There are a dozen major and a host of minor reasons for the present confusion in meat. Some were discussed in various Congressional inquiries this spring; as a result, certain adjustments are under way. But these just add patch to patch, without mending the unspoken problems.

The reasons mainly noted are:

Armed forces: They not only take a large share of our beef; they feed millions of persons, besides our fighting men—and they waste a lot, too.

The black markets: While not in quite the same hands, the meateasies and meatleggers are even more numerous and snide than the speakeasies and bootleggers of prohibition.

Geography: The continental size and structure of our meat industry. The average piece of all meats that reaches your plate has traveled 1,100 miles from the producer. Of beef alone, the average is probably more than 2,000 miles.

Subsidies: Paid, as a packer told me, at the wrong end, to the packers instead of to the producers.

There are other factors:

Dogs: Hundreds of thousands of Americans buy hundreds of thousands of pounds of good beef weekly for their dogs and cats.

Starvation: The imminence of desperate hunger in Europe.

Rationing: Theoretically a device to insure that everyone gets a fair share of restricted commodities. But there is widespread feeling in the United States that rationing is a scheme to deprive us; and, therefore, something to be outwitted.

"Sirloin pocketbooks:" All over the country now, even in malnutrition areas where they used to be only "chitlin pocketbooks," there is a higher level of income, well able to afford steak. And this means families who never had a diet of good beef before.

Fixers: The readiness of some Americans to say, "To hell with the guy next door, so long as I get mine!"

The last is not the least in the general pattern of breakdown in meat supply and distribution. You do not get the two pounds a week that statistics indicate you are entitled to, because somebody else gets four or six or eight pounds or more.

Accustomed to a comfortable and complacent way of life, and to lax, good-natured, co-operative local politicos, we often have a tendency to resist or ignore rules that disturb our little routines. This frequently leads to "fixing" or evasion of the responsibilities of citizenship. In prohibition, many of us felt like social lepers if we didn't know a bootlegger.

So, due to this habit of thought, we may tend to snatch our meat if we know how, from below the legitimate flow. No black market could exist without customers—and the customers, no matter how justifiable their resentment of the failure or decline of normal supply, are as guilty as the black marketeers. In meat we have corrupted a whole class of retailers.

The butchers of America have been assailed *en masse* by fixers. Some resist; a few have gone out of business in protest. Others indulge in petty irregularities in order to take care of old customers. Many contrive meatlegging.

There are 1,600 packers, large and small, in the United States. In addition, some 20,000 local permits for slaughter have been issued. About six million ranchers and farmers, in all our states, and of all sizes of operation, produce livestock for meat. There are more than a quarter of a million retail stores in which meat is sold in millions of daily transactions. It is impossible adequately to police a setup like that. Federally inspected slaughter is now probably less than 50% of the whole, although in normal times it was a known 67%.

A "Kill" That Can't Be Counted

There is no way of gauging the total of the roadside, the black-market van, the secret farm kill. Even the dairy country is affected. In New England alone, it is believed that thousands of milk-herd calves have been sold off the farms to customers in automobiles. Some estimates of the present farm slaughter of meat cattle, both recorded and unknown, run as high as 30%; normally it is 11%.

Three general points about meatlegging are worth noting. First: Little of the "criminal" or gangster element has entered it. Second: Many of those engaged in it are completely unconscious or unmindful of wrongdoing. Third: Except on farms, there is far less eating at home nowadays. This is not due alone to shortage of domestic help; in some zones, it is a desire to conserve home fuel, in all sections to a wish to save ration points. Restaurants are thriving—and restaurant owners everywhere told me that meat dishes,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

These carcasses are cooled at 33 degrees to kill animal heat. The meat as been inspected and the worker is rolling a blue vegetable-dye stamp over the rumps. When h is through, meat will be cut in halves for boning. He wears helmet because it's possible to sustain juries from falling beef

Kill THE BLACK MARKET
MID-QUEENS CONSUMER COUNCIL
KEEP PRIC DOWN!
MID-QUEENS CONSUMERS COUNCI

EDWARD LYNCH

The man in the top photo uses clippers in his business. His purpose is identity. He's cutting hair to find a brand mark. Below, New York women and children protest the black market

as long as they last, are demanded to exclusion of other items. Diners neither know nor care whether the meat on their plates is black market or not.

In the opinion of enforcement officials and industry experts, meatlegging is not to an important degree handled by professional criminals; certainly not to the extent bootlegging was. There is some hijacking of meat loads by strong-arm goons who work for black-market slaughterers. And in many areas cattle "rustling," or stealing, just as in the bad old days of the Wild West, is back—this time, by far- and fast-roving gangsters in motor trucks, copying, in a sense, the tactics of mechanized army spearheads. Yet the very complexity of the meat business, the need for expert knowledge, saves it from criminals. Meat handlers must know their stuff, their markets, the limitations of perishability, or they'd lose their shirts in a week. There have been outbreaks of counterfeit ration coupons. But federal agents have the experience and means for quickly dealing with counterfeiters.

I know a butcher who has a small shop on Tenth Avenue in New York City. Every morning when he goes to his wholesaler, he must take out this man and two of his assistants and buy each a couple of double Scotches. Then he gets what he needs. His sole view of the black-market situation is a bewildered: "How the hell can them guys drink Scotch so early in the morning?"

But the ways of the black market are as varied as they are numerous and there isn't space here to list a hundredth of the dodges. Perhaps the simplest retail gyp is in poundage. You pay the ceiling price and give up the proper number of red points for, say, two pounds of the cut and grade you want. But unless you watch closely (and few shoppers do) you get a few ounces short. This, in the course of a brisk day, enables the butcher to make up the extra, illegal price he paid the wholesaler. Also, it puts him ahead in ration points to cover any without-points sales he makes to known, trusted customers.

Variations of this are practiced in telephone sales, or in standing orders, where you just come in, pick up your package of maybe half a dozen items and glance at the figures toted up on the wrapper to see how much you owe. Some of this may be with the connivance of the customer, for there may be seven items listed and only six in the package; or a notation: "$1 owed from last week."

You Tip the Butcher—or Else

Another method is frank tipping. A butcher in Houston told me he received, from certain of his regular customers, from one to five dollars each in cash every week. He rates his customers, the amounts and grades they get, accordingly. "Those who *don't come across don't git!*" he said. I know one large butcher in Queens, New York, who let his customers know he wanted liquor for Christmas. He got 500 bottles.

It is a sad comment on intelligence that the customer, the man most affected, is the one who chiefly makes it impossible to wipe out the black market. In New York, when OPA and city officials ran a dragnet over retail stores, they encountered hostility from patrons therein—even to threats of physical violence, cursings, and warning to "get the hell out of here, and mind your own business!" Those customers were solely concerned with getting meat; not with what they had to pay for it. New York City gets about 30 million pounds of fresh meat per week. After the military takes what it needs, the city's 8 million inhabitants compete for about 12 million pounds a week. Possibly 3 million pounds a week get to the black market.

Beyond the retailer, the game is just as varied, with larger amounts involved. The most common one (as well as the hardest to detect) is the so-called "cash on the side." To a commission man in, say, Texas, who buys cattle from ranchers, will come the representative of a New York slaughterer. They know each other. With no witnesses present, the New Yorker will order six carloads of fat calves or good steers. Then he gives the commission man some thousands of dollars in currency. He returns to New York, and in due time his six carloads arrive, proper invoices and vouchers are made out for them at legal ceiling prices, and he sends a check for the legal amount to his Texas ally.

Hundreds of such transactions on varying scales are made daily.

Meat experts say that dog and cat owners buy several hundred thousands of pounds of meat each week for house pets. Some of the meat is "scraps," but in wartime in a hungry world, there are hardly such things as scraps. The children of the whole of Belgium or Holland or Greece would flourish on the good meat that is eaten by the dogs in the United States.

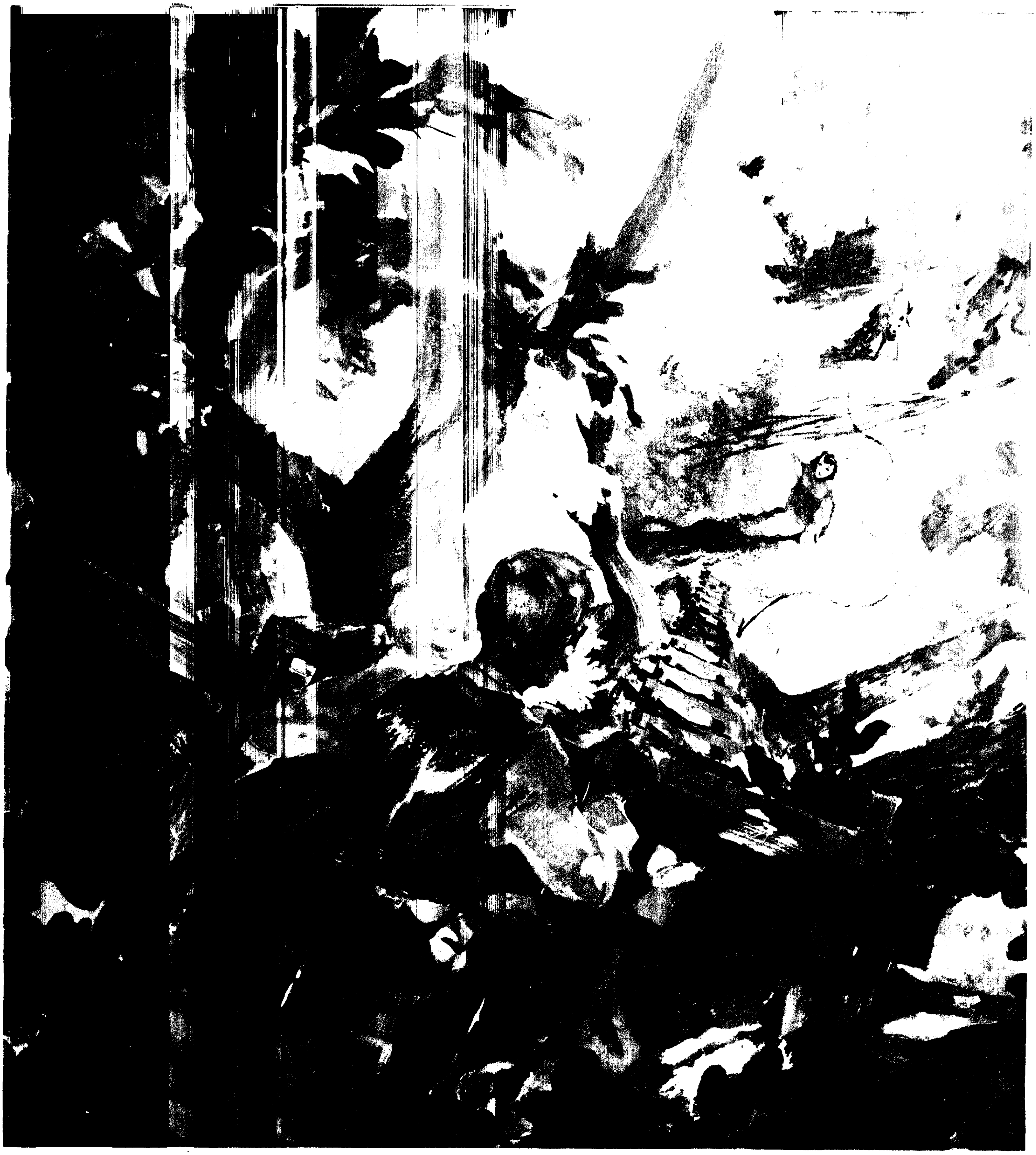
Next autumn and winter, there is going to be an unbidden guest sitting at your table. It will be a gloomy and unseen guest. It will be the specter of a starving person in Europe; and you will not be able to dismiss it from your family circle.

Efficient Nazi Food System

Of all Germany's prearrangements for this war, Allied military experts agree that her food-distribution and rationing system was best organized and most efficient. It was the last to break down. It lay at the core of her ability to hold on. Except for Greece, Poland and Holland, where she deliberately permitted starvation, Germany introduced food efficiency wherever she occupied. Now, the ravaging of farmlands by ground fighting, and the utter wrecking of numerous cities and, even more important, of Central Europe's transportation networks by air bombardment, have reduced Europe's civilian food outlook to a desperation and chaos unparalleled since the Dark Ages. The very weight of our blows has condemned the people of Europe—friends as well as enemies—to cold, disease, filth and hunger.

The United States has suffered the emotional horrors of war; death or maiming of loved ones. That does not bring civilians physically close to war. England has suffered the emotional plus the physical horrors,

(Continued on page 69)



From his tower Micajah saw Nancy tie one end of the rope to the tree and the other end to the dog's collar. "What in the name of time you doing?" he bellowed

THE EVOLUTION OF A TYRANT

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

Not everyone can be a Hitler, and when Micajah tried to dictate the course of true love he found himself up a tree

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

ON a bland June morning in the year 1912 Micajah Turpin climbed a tree. Micajah was then thirty-two years old, a wiry little whisper of a man, with blue, sunny eyes, a curly crown of sandy hair, and the thin, sensitive lips of a dreamer. He awoke that morning to a familiar tune. "Get up, you lazy thing," Elvira was chanting. "You want to sleep all day?"

Micajah dressed awkwardly in the half-light, traveled down to the barn, milked three cows. Returning, he paused to watch the red sun come tippy-toe over Shingle Ridge miles to the east. He liked to watch the sun and he would doubtless have lingered there a long while had not Elvira shouted to him to come on with the milk.

"A body'd think your feet had growed to the ground."

"A body never would think your tongue had growed to the roof of your mouth," Micajah said, with sudden spirit.

Elvira whirled on him. "You sassing me, Micajah?"

"Now, Elvira," he said wheedlingly, "now, Elvira. Not—not in front of the children."

Elvira gazed at the two children. James was a sturdy ten and Cuzzy, the girl, was seven. The anger died out of Elvira's brown eyes to be replaced by a yearning tenderness. "You're right, Micajah," she admitted generously. "It's just that you p'voke me so much."

THEY had a fine breakfast. They had fried cured ham, eggs fried on both sides, fried apples, and plenty of ham gravy in which to soak their hot biscuits. Folks used to smack their lips and demand of Micajah how he had happened to marry the best cook in the world.

Micajah sometimes wondered, too, how he had, as he expressed it, fooled Elvira. The truth was that she had married him eleven years before chiefly because he aroused in her a protective instinct that was like glory itself. Her later bossiness stemmed from the conviction that always she had to look after him, manage him, see he came to no harm.

"Micajah, you want to start laying the corn by today."

The children wandered out. Micajah stirred restlessly. He knew as well as she that he had to start laying by the corn and it angered him, as it had so many times before, that she felt called upon to point out to him something that was as plain as the nose on your face. A sudden perversity seized him, he who had never been perverse before, and he said: "I don't reckon I'll lay no corn by today. I reckon I'll catch me a bucket of minnows and go fishing."

"Yes, I reckon you will!" Elvira commented sarcastically. "I reckon you'll go climb a tree, too!"

Micajah left the table. When he came to himself he was standing on a knoll in the middle of his ten acres of newground, standing underneath the biggest white oak in the county.

Micajah liked that old oak. Little himself, he loved the tree's majestic bigness and it pleased him mightily that for miles around folks could see his white oak. Turpin's Tree, they called it.

He gazed upward through the foliage of the giant. What a tree it was! Its lowest limbs, spreading parallel to the ground and no more than three feet above his head, were larger than the trunks of many trees in that locality. And how it towered! From where he stood, it looked as if a man sitting in the very top of that tree could reach up and catch himself a handful of clouds.

Micajah backed off, got a running start, and sprang. His hands locked around the lowest limb. He hauled himself up into the leafy bosom of the tree.

Forty feet above the ground one huge limb extended horizontally toward the east and another pointed to the south. Micajah sat down on the south limb. Lord, he could see a long ways from here. A checkerboard pattern of fields and patches of woodland stretched before him. He felt suddenly like a king in his tower.

Elvira came out into the back yard, four hundred feet distant, and called him. Micajah made no answer. He slid backward along the limb until his back rested firmly and comfortably against the tremendous trunk of the ancient tree. Then he went to sleep; somehow he knew he would not fall.

An hour later he waked and, looking out over his kingdom, sighed dreamily. Far in the distance he saw his neighbor, Beauregard Sawyer, whom he disliked intensely, mending fence in his back pasture. From the white oak Cousin Beauregard took shape as hardly more than a speck, a little bug of a man as busy as Billy-be-damned at his little job. Micajah chuckled in derision.

At noon Elvira came across the newground calling him. He watched her go out to the cornfield and return. When she came back she paused in the shade of the oak and mopped her steaming face.

"Drat that man! I wonder if he really did go fishing."

"No!" Micajah said. "He's taken your advice and climbed a tree."

"Micajah!" she shrieked. "What in the name of common sense are you doing up in that tree? You come down this instant!"

"No," said Micajah. "I aim to stay here a while."

Something in his tone frightened her.

"How long you aim to sit there, Micajah?" she asked, and the uncertainty in her voice was a wondrous thing to hear.

"Maybe I won't never come down. Maybe I'll just sit here all my livelong days and watch the rest of the world go by."

"Micajah! You're out of your head, Micajah. Come down now, honey. Please!" He stared unseeingly past her, and she shrieked: "I'm going for the doctor right now! You're sick in the head!"

"I ain't sick," he told her. "But go ahead and get the doctor." He chose his words carefully, aiming for one of Elvira's most vulnerable spots. "He'll tell it all over that he found your husband roosting in a tree and you at the foot of it like a dog treeing a possum. You'll like that, Elvira. You know how much you enjoy having folks get a good laugh on you!"

For a perilous instant he feared she was going to grab a handful of stones and rock him out of the tree. But she didn't. Instead she whirled and began picking her way bewilderedly toward the house. Micajah lit his pipe.

Perhaps Elvira would have let him sweat it out, perhaps she would have won the battle at its very inception, had not the Methodist minister chosen that afternoon to call upon the Turpins. Micajah saw him turn off the county road half a mile distant. Elvira saw him, too, and came flying back across the newground.

"It's Preacher Gibbs!" she confided tearfully. "Please, Micajah, come down. What will the preacher think? You know he always comes out here to this old tree and admires it. Remember he preached a sermon about it once? Please come down."

"Let him preach another one. I'm resting comfortable."

"You can go fishing, Micajah! You can do anything you want to do. Only just please come down!"

"Anything? Is that a promise, woman?"

WHEN Micajah returned at sundown, Elvira was strangely subdued. While he milked, she cleaned his fish. Later, after the children had gone to bed, she asked, in what was a timid voice for her: "What were you doing up in that old tree, Micajah?"

He stared past her, his eyes blank for no other reason than that he was remembering the peculiar joy that had been his while he tarried in the tree.

"I was playing that I was king," Micajah said.

Elvira got hastily up from the table and busied herself with the dishes. From time to time she sneaked furtive little glances at her husband. He was sitting where she had left him, staring blissfully into space. Elvira shuddered. She had gumption enough to know that nothing was radically wrong with his mind, and yet . . . and yet . . .

Micajah did not climb his tree again for nearly two years. In that year and ten months the Turpins prospered, and were happy: Micajah at his farm work, the children at their play, Elvira at her household duties. And then Micajah climbed his tree again.

It was late April and he had just finished planting his corn and he came in from the field dog-tired, to find Elvira dashing about the house like a broken-winged wild turkey. He and the children, she gasped, would have to fix their own suppers. Cousin Sue Sawyer's baby was on the way and she, Elvira, had to run.

"The doctor's there, ain't he?" Micajah asked. "You won't be needed till later. Why—"

"There's food in the kitchen and you know how to fix it," Elvira cut him short. "This is your own kinfolks I'm going to in their hour of need. Just remember that, Micajah Turpin!"

When she returned at daylight, spent but exalted, Micajah was sleeping in the oak in the newground. Wondrous to behold, he was sleeping on a sheepskin on a platform of two-inch boards that some time in the night he had nailed to two limbs forty feet above the ground. A newly built ladder rested against the trunk of the tree.

Elvira suffered again her fright of a year and ten months before. She said quietly, earnestly: "If you'll come down out of the tree, Micajah, I promise you I'll never go out at night again—even if somebody's dying."

"It ain't that," Micajah said. "It's just—" He couldn't finish his confused, early-morning thinking. He took her at her word and came down. But later in the day he built a tower on the platform he had constructed the night before, and inside he placed a wicker rocking chair and a couch which he constructed just long enough and just wide enough to accommodate his spare frame.

Elvira watched him from a distance. Bewilderment lurked in her shadowed eyes. When at last, his task done, he descended the ladder, he smiled at her. Elvira gasped. He wasn't angry, he wasn't even sulky; he was beaming.

"Ain't it pretty?" he said. "Ain't it, though?"

That night, lying beside him, wide awake long after he had lapsed into untroubled slumber, Elvira resolved never again to cross Micajah. From now on Micajah's word would be law.

AND so a tyrant was born, because it did not take Micajah long to realize that he had something. Elvira never again crossed him. She was a changed woman. Insidiously the poison filtered through and through Micajah. He began tasting his power more and more often. He went out of his way to raise an issue. Then, with the issue raised, he would retreat in sulky splendor to his tower in the tree and remain there, sometimes a day, sometimes a day and a night, until Elvira or one of the children wheedled him back to the ground.

His son, James, ran away from home; and the next they heard of him, he was married and living in California. Cuzzy stayed on with her parents. The years passed. Then in '41 the war came and Micajah forgot himself for a while. No more did the tree know him. He took active charge of his farm again. He bought bonds. He got out and circulated around in the county and saw to it that other men bought bonds. But by the summer of '44 Micajah, then sixty-four years old, let his energy run down and became complacent.

And in the autumn of '44 he met, for the first time, his granddaughter, Nancy Turpin.

He was sitting in his tower that day, not because anything had provoked him but simply because he couldn't think of a single other way in which to pass the time. He was restless and it occurred to him that of late he had not enjoyed sitting in the tree as much as formerly. It was a shocking thought and he put it hastily aside.

Looking with listless eyes over his domain, his kingdom, he saw a car turn off the highway and invade his property. It looked like a taxi from town. Micajah climbed down. When he reached the house, the taxi was leaving, and he saw a tall, slender girl standing on the porch. Cuzzy and Elvira were hugging and kissing this stranger and laughing and crying at the same time.

"It's Nancy!" Elvira called to him. "It's James' Nancy!"

(Continued on page 63)

The Navy wanted Gene to do Anchors Aweigh before they took him. Here he is, in that picture, with his seven-year-old dancing partner, Sharon McManus

DANCING Master

By Kyle Crichton

As a producer-director-actor, Gene Kelly appears to have a bright future in Hollywood—after he leaves the Navy

BEFORE he entered the armed forces, Gene Kelly's household in Hollywood was run on the general lines of a prize-fight training camp. If you had an appointment to see him at seven at night, got there on time and rang the bell, you would find the family and most of the neighbors out in his back yard tramping down the shrubbery in a game called "kick ball." The game was usually in the eighth inning, and this occasioned some surprise because Mr. Kelly had worked at M-G-M until six, driven five miles home, gulped his dinner and was now wildly careening around the bases.

"You want to get in this or you want to wait?" Gene would yell from third base.

This was understood perfectly on both sides, meaning that if the visitor didn't want to wait, he could go; but the game was going on.

At bat on one occasion was a twelve-year-old girl with stringy blond hair and a terrific wallop in her right leg. The ball was rolled to her and she banked it up against the far garden wall, where Betsy Kelly chased it frantically among the geranium beds. Gene scored happily and exhorted the next batter, a skinny little kid of about eight, to kick it down somebody's throat. Mr. Kelly was obviously one who liked his play.

What is interesting about a motion-picture star are his achievements and his personality. Kelly has an American-baseball personality, which is not as common in Hollywood as one might imagine. With that goes a manner and a way of speech that is hard to define in words. John Garfield from the sidewalks of New York has it; Kelly from a middle-class family in Pittsburgh has it.

On the screen it reveals itself in a slow, meaningful manner that shows depth, seriousness and even a trace of menace. In a lighter way it may be pictured as hot dogs, peanuts, hot afternoons in bleachers, smoky fight clubs, pick-up games on corner lots. If you have imagination, you think of Kelly in terms of the corner drugstore, the pool room, the basketball shot from the middle of the floor that wins the game.

If you look closely, you can see this in the Gene Kelly who danced so magnificently in As Thousands Cheer and Cover Girl, and who will do it again in Ziegfeld Follies with Fred Astaire. But it is more apparent in the Kelly who has a three-way contract as actor, director and producer. Ever since he has been in show business he has worked out his own routines, and the only exception to this is in Ziegfeld Follies, when he was happy to take the advice of the great Astaire.

There was a fair chance at one time that he would never be a dancer at all. This arises from the fact that his mother had ideas of gentility and cudgeled the children into going to dancing school. Pittsburgh is a town where class lines are hopelessly mixed and dancing school meant a march through a neighborhood where dancing was considered something akin to tatting. What resulted from this was an end of the dancing lessons but an education in fortitude wide enough to take in all past and future wearers of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Things were pleasant in the Kelly household after Mrs. Kelly gave up on the dancing lessons because Mr. Kelly represented the Columbia Gramophone Company in the Pittsburgh area, and business was booming in the late twenties. Gene had gone to St. Raphael's grammar school and then to Peabody High, where he was a star halfback and played on the basketball and hockey teams. He also found out that you could be a pretty big shot with the girls around school if you got in on the school plays. They liked football heroes, but most of these gentry possessed a bovine agility on the dance floor that horrified the ladies; the actors were pretty smooth stuff.

"These slick guys took all the best dates, and we got what was left, and this was pretty silly."

He got into the school shows because he could dance, and he got the best dates because he was in the shows, and he found that acting was about the softest thing anybody ever invented. After high school, he went up to Penn State to take journalism, and things were going all right there until the depression yanked Mr. Kelly right out of Columbia Gramophone, and the family was flat on its neck.

Free-Lance Artist from the Beginning

Gene came back home, got a job teaching gymnastics at Camp Porter, a Y.M.C.A. camp near Pittsburgh, for the summer and entered the University of Pittsburgh next year. He worked as a ditchdigger, concrete mixer and carpenter's helper on the new Civic Center. He followed this with a job in a tire factory, crating boxes in the warehouse, and snagged a part-time thing with a gas station when he started going nights to Pitt.

These were the days of the early thirties, and the depression was getting deeper by the minute.

The Kellys were up against it, and Gene knew that if he got any college education, it would mean he must not only keep himself but help the family. Despite the early trouble about dancing, he had always monkeyed around with it, had watched the acts that came to town in vaudeville and practiced steps with his two brothers and two sisters. Fred was the one who first discovered that you could pick up five or ten bucks a night hoofing in little joints around town.

"We made up a couple of jokes, stole a lot more and paired up as a team," says Gene. "I really horned in on it."

They knocked off amateur contests like sitting ducks, picked up a date or two a week in honky-tonks and were keeping the family alive. The real break came when he got into Pitt's Cap and Gown shows and finally directed the show in his senior year. They considered him pretty hot potatoes around the campus, and several guys suggested that he show them some of those steps. He rigged up a spot in his cellar and started teaching at fifty cents an hour. One Sunday he substituted for the teacher at Beth Sholem Shul and so completely enraptured the students that he stayed there seven years.

"This began to look good, so we finally rented a room over an old store, put up some curtains and opened a school," says Gene. "It wouldn't have amounted to a damn if it hadn't been for Harry. She really ran it."

Harry is his mother, and she seems to have been something of an elder J. P. Morgan where finances were concerned. When the Pittsburgh school got well started, they looked around for another spot and picked on Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the famous flood town. It was seventy-five miles from Pittsburgh, and Gene went up there three days a week.

"That's a steel town and they gave me that old floppy-wave-of-the-hand-pat-on-the-wrist treatment when I showed up," says Gene. "I couldn't get around to licking everybody in town, so I played baseball and basketball every chance I got, and that convinced them I was a real guy."

Not only was he giving lessons in tap dancing, which they all wanted at first, but he took a shot at ballet. Just why he wasn't garroted when he first started that is not immediately apparent, but in no time at all he had pupils from coal-mining towns like Portage and Lilly leaping gaily through the air like Nijinsky.

(Continued on page 45)

Audition

BY DAWN POWELL

This is a story about two heels and a young girl. The girl managed to take the bounce out of one of them

IT WAS eleven o'clock and still no sign of Danny. The two men waiting in Danny's apartment were struck with the same thought, simultaneously, and pushed aside the card table.

"He did it deliberately," Syd said. " 'Be here at eight sharp,' he says. 'We'll get that second act set.' Then he never shows up. What kinda management is that? High-priced talent like us wasting time on gin rummy just because he don't show up. Unless he's got something up his sleeve."

"Whatever it is, it's no good," Eddie said gloomily.

There was a half-filled paper bag lying on the floor by the fireplace, with some empty pop bottles beside it. Eddie investigated the bag and found a couple of sandwiches left over from last night's conference. He offered half of one to Syd, who bit into it distrustfully.

"Liverwurst," he announced. "He always gets liverwurst. Ever since I said I didn't like it. Where do you suppose he went?"

He flung his sandwich into the electric logs of the fireplace.

"It's a cinch he didn't go any place that costs anything," said Eddie.

"Then he's gone back to his wife," decided Syd. "How much do you suppose he owes this hotel? Four hundred bucks didn't somebody say? Where's he gonna get that kinda money? Even if he finds a backer, how's a guy like Danny Bender gonna get his mitts on any personal cash? He ain't that smart."

"Boy, could I use money," mused Eddie. "I love money. Not for what it can buy, either. I love it just for itself."

He flopped on the davenport and lay back with his hands clasped behind his head, his feet crossed on the end table. Eddie was willing to admit that Danny's apartment was more comfortable for waiting than the little cubbyholes in the Ambrose on Forty-second Street where he and Syd stayed. But he'd seen better places. Syd, however, never having worked in Hollywood like Eddie, thought Danny's suite was just about tops in luxury. There were the gold-tasseled floor lamps, the glass coffee tables, the flowered plush davenport and easy chairs, the small Chinese red piano; and in the bedroom were the twin pink-ruffled beds, the window curtains of pink rayon and the pink carpet. There was even a canary in a cage by the window.

"Some dame must have given it to him," said Syd. "Can you picture that louse with a canary? I notice it don't sing. Here. Here you are, bird."

He rescued a morsel of the discarded sandwich and poked it through the bars of the cage. The canary ignored it.

"All right, all right," Syd exclaimed angrily. "Wait for an order of caviar! A mug like Danny should have a bird!"

Eddie had a sudden thought and sat up.

"He's probably working on that crazy dame at the Plaza," he said. "If he thinks he can get money out of her, he should have his head examined. A woman calls him up on the telephone and says she's anxious to put money in a musical. So he believes he's got a backer. Never heard of her, mind you, never clapped an eye on her. 'Well, fellas,' he says when he hangs up, 'I guess our problems are over.' He don't even know a screwball."

"I'll bet he's there, at that," said Syd, shaking his head. "Sure, he's there. The old girl's probably got him locked in now, yelling for help."

The telephone rang. It was Eddie's turn to answer it. Already five girls had telephoned for Danny and it had been the two visitors'

(Continued on page 61)

Time WITHOUT YEARS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

Here is a story few men could imagine and perhaps only one could write—the story of what happens when a ship makes its final voyage into the fantastic world at the bottom of the ocean

THE Japanese submarine in the South Pacific surfaced slowly and cautiously. A dozen bony yellow fingers rested on a dozen buttons, which, at an order, would reverse the great metal fish into a swift crash dive. Before the last salt drop had flicked from the periscope lens, a slanted eye had swept the horizon.

The order "At ease" was given, the deck hatch was thrown open, and the pallid officers and crew climbed up and out, blinking in the sunlight and feeling strangely naked in the vast expanse of blue Pacific swells after the weeks of their Jonahlike existence under sea.

Two nude officers slid down short ropes into the warm, transparent water, scrubbed themselves with one hand, and climbed back as swiftly as circus acrobats, at the cry of "Shark!" The fish nosed close, received a brace of revolver bullets without emotion, rolled partly over, sneered up at the line of slant eyes looking down from the slippery deck, and vanished.

The shadow of the periscope had lengthened considerably, and a rain squall was close when a young messboy lying flat as far aft as possible, voiced a sudden cry of fear. Well off the port side, a great curved surface heaved into view, and every pair of eyes flashed identical messages to their respective brains: Submarine? No! Whale? Yes.

A little practice would be excellent for the crew. Here was a living target ready to hand. The gun fired. The whale threshed its great flukes and sounded. Empty cartridge cases tinkled over the rounded side and eddied down through the ultramarine water, darker blue now, for evening was approaching.

When the great beast again appeared close to the submarine, it was a mortally wounded animal. There was no intention or consciousness in its actions, but, spouting blood and froth, it shot out of the water and in its agony hurled its eighty tons of blubber and bone directly across the deck. The periscope broke like the stem of a winter weed, eight men were dashed overside, and the swinging flukes tangled with the rudder, the propeller, the submerging planes, and there arose the sounds of snapping wires and clanging metal. Still alive but with its last throes spent, the whale slowly disengaged, rolling the submarine far over as it slipped down into the depths.

The small floating bit of Nippon went into confusion as wounded men were hauled aboard. A substitute periscope brought from below swung out of control and knocked a sailor flat. As if all this were not enough, out from the passing rainstorm there appeared a ship—a merchant ship, an American ship.

The moment the sub was sighted, the rudder sent the great steamer keeling over in the sharpest of starboard curves. Every binocular was brought to bear, the matter of the berserk periscope was seen, other odds and ends resolved into optical clarity and, straightening out her course, the captain ordered full speed for the submarine, as the bow gun and two antiaircrafts were swung and aimed. Battle ensued beween the Tai and the Brooklyn Belle.

The submarine could not submerge. It could not steer; the whale had attended to that. But long before the merchant vessel had straightened her foamy wake, the Japs had their gun sighted and were firing for range.

Target for Enemy Gunfire

It was not long before a shot from each vessel found a vital spot. A Japanese shell screeched through the hot Pacific air, pierced superstructure and deck and fell into the forward hold where it found inflammable cargo. When it was apparent that nothing could quench the blaze, the Brooklyn Belle's course was again changed, and this time the bow headed due east. Only the observer in the crow's nest had seen the small cover cloud which hovered over the distant atoll, but the captain knew all about it and hoped he could reach it and beach his ship in time.

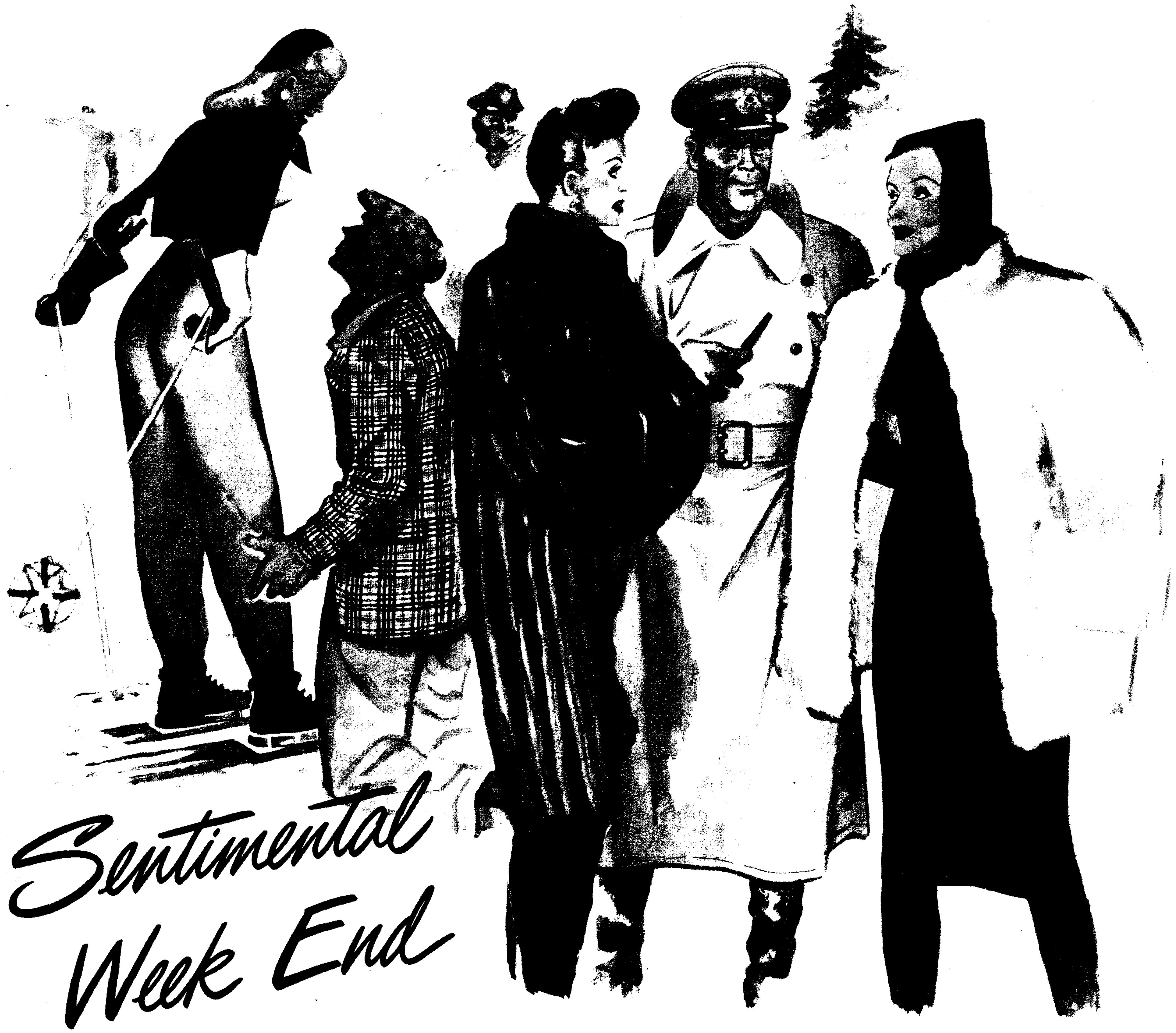
Almost the last shot of the swiveling bow gun had crashed through the submarine. Rubber boats and supplies were rushed up as the sharp bow rose slowly into the air. A crowd of little men inflated the preservers and rafts, left the wounded with their revolvers and pushed quickly off into the blackness covering the rolling swells.

My concern, in this little tale, is not with human beings. I am writing of the destinies of ships.

The old freighter plowed on, and only when her bow crunched against the outer reef of the speck of land in mid-ocean did the smoldering fire in her heart eat through her keel plates and deck. For a brief time the tropic blackness was pushed back by the scarlet glow, then like the ancient volcano in the depth of the atoll,

(Continued on page 55)

PAINTING BY FRANCIS CHASE



Sentimental Week End

The colonel said that he hadn't been on skis since he was a kid and suggested a walk in a general kind of way to no one in particular. "Yes. Let's," said Sophie instantly

BY ELIZABETH DUNN

The Story:
The housewarming at Windmill House, SYLVANUS HORNE saw belatedly, was working itself into a snarl of emotions and personalities—and no chance of escape. There was the heartbreaking problem of VALENTINE, whom he wanted to marry—she no longer loved him, accused him of being a weakling incapable of escaping feminine domination. To prove her remark she pointed out the committee set up by his domineering sister, LYDIA HERRICK, to redecorate his home, and composed of beautiful SOPHIE BURNHAM, VALENTINE and LYDIA, herself. Then there was the complication of VALENTINE'S and SOPHIE'S waspish aversion to EVA SZEKELY, a sleek Hungarian countess to whom SYLVANUS had promised the loan of Windmill House. And finally there was the arrival of two more guests, CHARLES, LYDIA'S husband, and a British colonel, HUGH LOMAS, whom SOPHIE planned to charm. Stranger yet, HUGH looked oddly apprehensive when EVA'S name was mentioned, said he had some secret plans to discuss with SYLVANUS.

II

THE snow hissed angrily against the windowpanes on the landing, as Sophie came downstairs before dinner. Damn this weather, anyway, she thought. Suppose this British creature turns out to be stuffy? But he couldn't be, not really, because Syl likes him, and Syl's taste in people is impeccable—except for this Hungarian thing that's coming.

Now what would be really nice would be to have Eva Szekely turn out to be a German spy, and the colonel a counterespionage agent and then we could all play. Only she won't be, because countesses aren't spies, in spite of all those lovely books. . . . But maybe I could be a spy! That would be one good gambit for the colonel!

At the foot of the stairs, she hesitated, giggling inwardly. I ought to practice, she thought. You can't just act like everyone else if you're a spy. And on an impulse, she paused outside the door to the little library that was Sylvanus' study and workroom. The curtains were drawn and the room was in shadow except for one light, on the desk. A marvelous place to rehearse in. . . . Sophie drew herself up and set upon her face an expression which she firmly believed to be mysterious. She glanced up and down the empty hall; and then with an undulating gait she entered the little library. Halfway to the desk she paused, and considered. There was something the matter with it: spies nowadays didn't behave like Theda Bara. They were less obvious, and more sinister.

She took out her compact and opened it. In its round mirror, she studied her expression. There—that was it—the eyes half closed, the ghost of a smile on her lips. . . . She went out into the hall and came in again, not quite so undulating this time; more perhaps of the wolfhound than the siren. Better, she thought, but not quite perfect yet. She turned toward the door, when a sudden sound behind her froze her in her tracks. A man was clearing his throat.

She turned back, slowly; and in those three or four seconds, she thought: This little room—next to the downstairs guest room—Colonel Lomas—here all the time. . . .

Standing by Syl's deep red leather chair in the darkest corner was a tall man. He moved toward the light, and Sophie saw that he held a highball glass in one hand, that his uniform was British, that . . .

Their eyes met, there was an extraordinary sensation, as though time had stopped and she were dropping through space. His eyes were hazel and he had black hair and black eyebrows and she had known, always and forever, the shape of his face.

This is it! Sophie thought. And she was conscious of nothing but a vast surprise.

Then some other Sophie took over the situation; some other Sophie spoke, whose voice was calm and natural.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am Sophie Burnham."

He bent his head a little. He said with equal simplicity, "I am Hugh Lomas." They looked at each other and smiled, not with social emptiness or stiffly, not in any way that Sophie had ever smiled before. If that smile said anything it said clearly: Welcome.

Sophie sat down. She felt quite relaxed,

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

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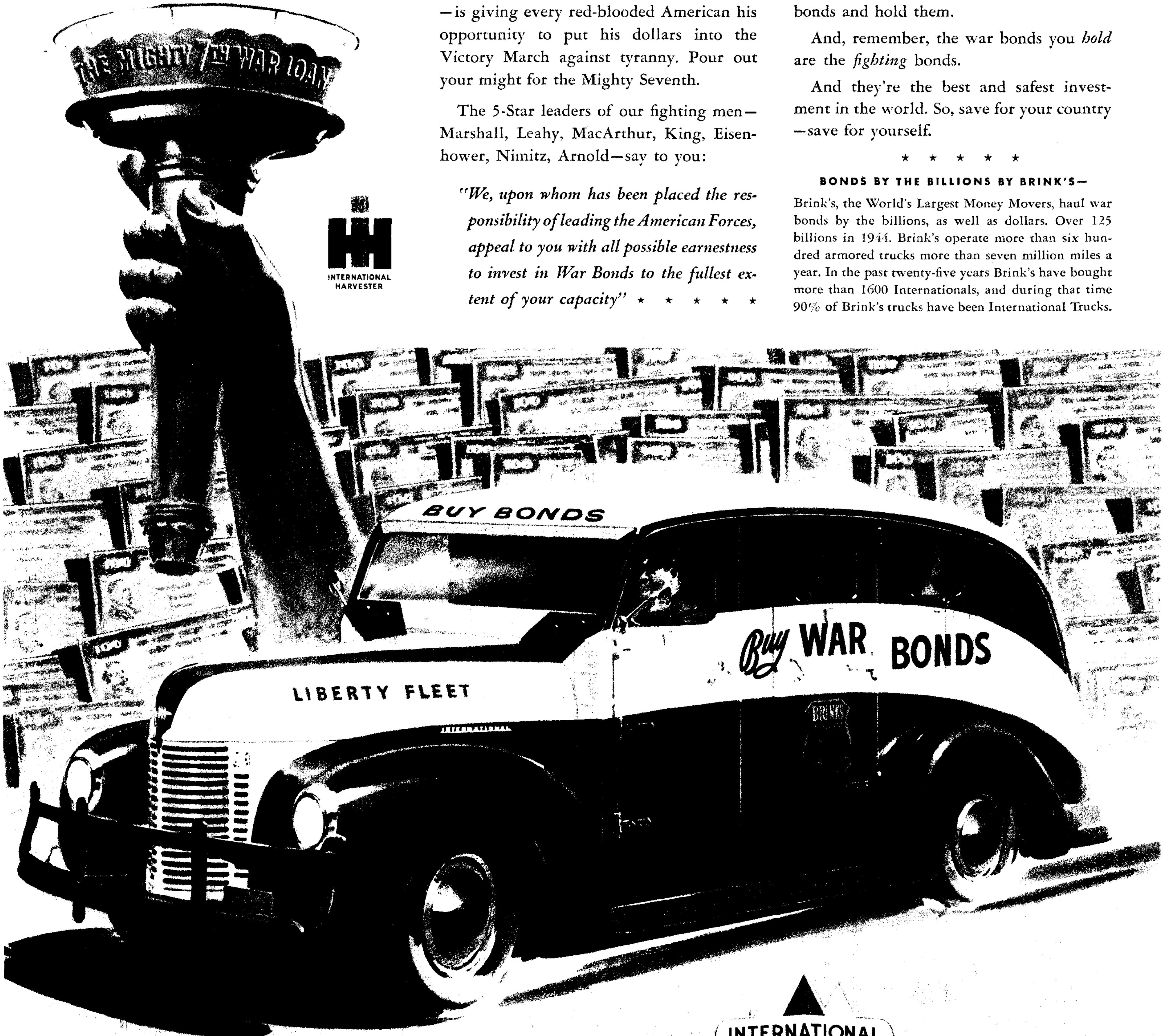
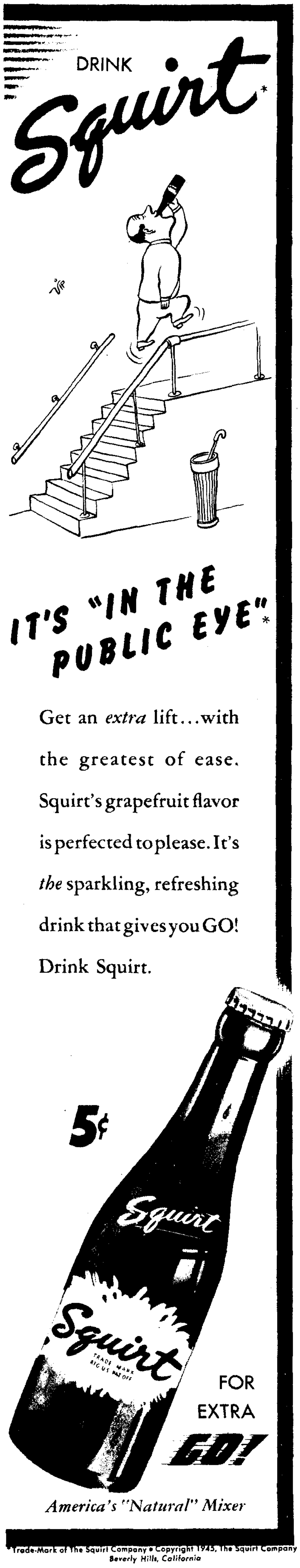


INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL Trucks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deliciously warm and happy and, somewhere far down inside her, grateful that her dress was becoming and her hair almost red and that she had such pretty feet.

She said to him: "I was practicing being a spy."

He sat down in the leather chair. "It was a very convincing performance."

"Did you think so?" She considered and frowned. "I'm afraid it was a bit overdone. When I was little, I used to think I'd make a marvelous spy. I guess I was wrong."

"When I was little," said Colonel Lomas, his hazel eyes quite matter-of-fact, "I wanted to be a veterinary."

"I'm glad you decided against it," she told him. "Veterinarians always smell so peculiarly. And it can't be much fun."

He said promptly, "Oh, it's a dog's life."

Sophie looked at him coldly. "A pun. Well, I suppose there had to be *something*."

"Have you any faults?" Colonel Lomas inquired politely.

"None," said Sophie with finality.

He looked pleased. "I thought not. I say—forgive my asking—but where were you born?"

"St. Louis. I didn't like it much. My family could never understand why not."

"They so seldom do. Was it a large family?"

"Three sisters, my parents and myself—and gobbets of kith and kin. You see, my father has a great deal of money, all made quite honestly."

"Do you like him?" Colonel Lomas asked, matter-of-factly.

"Not particularly. Do you like yours?"

"Well, as it happens, I do rather. He's a jolly decent old chap. Retired now. He used to be a doctor."

"Have you a large family?" she asked, longing for the frame to put him in.

"No. There was only my elder brother Nicky and myself."

"Nicky?" Sophie repeated.

Colonel Lomas glanced down at his drink. "He—er—he didn't get away from Dunkirk."

Sophie's eyes traveled over his face. Even if you knew him well, oh, very well, you couldn't touch his hand, or show him, because he'd hate it. She said gently: "Tell me something, will you?"

"Anything you like." He sounded cheerful.

"It's really terribly important." Sophie found that she was breathless. "I'm almost afraid to ask. . . . Did you have a nursery?" (Oh, say yes, say yes—)

"Rather. Great battered room covered with ink, on the top floor."

Sophie leaned a little forward. "Did it—did it have a fireplace?" (If it didn't have a fireplace—well, it might be all right still, but—)

"Naturally."

SOPHIE'S heart beat ridiculously. "Did the fireplace have a fender? You know, one of those wide brass ones?" (Oh, Colonel Lomas, if it had a fender—)

"With dents in it," said Lomas. "We used to put our cocoa on it to keep hot. And it was most awfully useful for drying things—mittens and scarfs and so on."

Sophie leaned back. She felt limp. "Yes, I know," she said. "All right. Thank you."

He looked at her, and asked quietly: "Why was it so important?"

For a moment she actually hovered on the edge of telling him: When I was little I once read a story about a family of English children and I used to pretend it was mine. I always said, When I grow up, this will be my family; but I never told anyone. And I never forgot. Only after a while I didn't believe it any more. It had just been something in a book. Something to tell myself about but not something that was real—

She laughed lightly. "I've no idea. It's just that I've been waiting all my life to find someone who actually had a brass fender in an English nursery when he was small. I shall have one for my children. There'll be about four of them."

Lomas looked absurdly worried. "But not necessarily two boys and two girls, do you think?"

"No, no," Sophie shook her head. "That's so obvious. Three boys and a girl."

"Quite," he said, and he sounded relieved. "Did you play cricket, too?" Sophie asked.

"I most certainly did. A beastly game."

"You mean you don't *like* cricket?" She was enchanted.

"Like it? I loathe it. No game ought to take three days to play, you know. It's nonsense. And then in the cold weather we had Rugger. Filthy business. Lot of chilly masters standing around, bleating about school spirit to herds of nasty little boys with runny noses. Horrible. Degrading. Uncivilized."

"How wonderful!" She hugged herself with delight.

"I say," Lomas said suddenly, "what was your favorite book?"

"Well, there *were* really two. Little Women, and Jane's Fighting Ships."

"But this is positively uncanny!" he beamed at her. "How did you happen to like Jane?"

"Ships are so beautiful, and so—so civilized. Even battleships. Especially battleships. . . . How did you happen to like Little Women?"

"Measles," said Lomas, comprehensively. She nodded in understanding, and he said wistfully, "I say, I wish I'd known you when you were little. You must have been rather fun."

"As a matter of fact, I was appalling. Long and black and bony with bands on my teeth. Were you a nice little boy?"

"Sub-human."

Sophie said sadly, "It does seem a pity to start so late, though, doesn't it?"

"All that time lost." He looked serious. "Just fancy—more than thirty years."

"Yes," said Sophie.

She looked up at him and found him staring at her in a kind of searching astonishment. Can this be you? his look seemed to say, and Sophie answered it bravely. I think—perhaps—it is—

There was a movement in the doorway behind her, and she turned her head sharply. Val stood there in her long white dinner dress, looking like an adolescent angel; and on her face was an expression of remorse and dismay. "Oh, I'm sorry—I thought I heard voices," she began.

The spell shattered to the floor in tiny, glittering fragments. Sophie and the colonel stood up among the pieces, two rational adults, both suddenly a little cold, a little stiff. It was the colonel who spoke first: "I beg your pardon—can't I get you a drink?"

Sophie's voice sounded to her own ears as brittle as glass. "Oh, Sylvanus will mix us a cocktail as soon as he comes down, I'm sure. I wonder where everyone is? You haven't met Miss Ashe, have you Colonel?"

"How do you do, Colonel Lomas," Valentine said. "You're our English guest, aren't you? We have a Hungarian one, too."

Sophie turned to her, "Oh, has she come?"

Valentine's eyes gleamed. "Yes, love, the countess has arrived—bag and baggage, as she is known to her intimates."

"Is she utterly unbelievable?" Sophie demanded.

"If she hadn't been right-side up, I'd have thought she was a mirage."

"I can't wait," Sophie breathed blissfully.

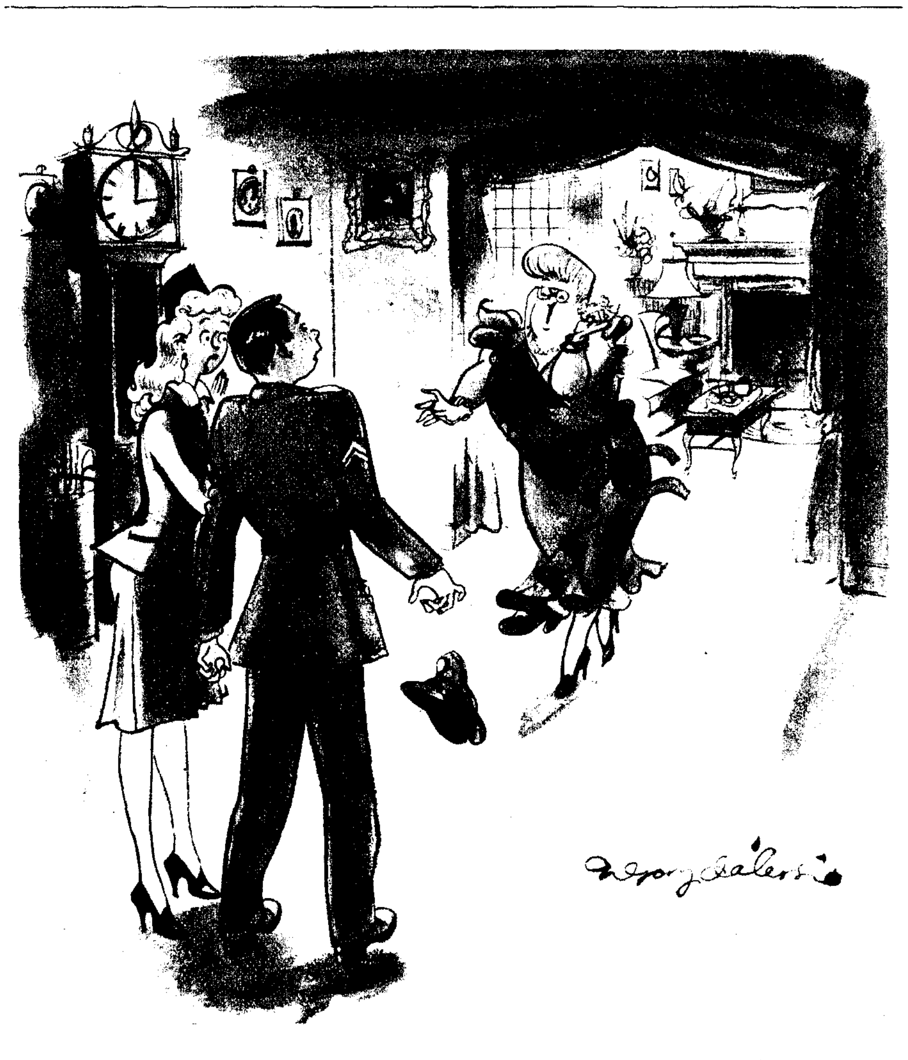
"You won't have to," Valentine told her. "She's just gone up to slip into something tight. Let's go into the living room, shall we? I hear the others coming. I'd like a cocktail myself—"

I'd like a cocktail, too, Sophie thought, with longing. I want a drink and a cigarette and people around me—because what's happened? What's happened to me? And she walked into the living room.

SYLVANUS, looking absently at his face in the mirror, brushed the collar of his dinner coat with a down-at-heel whisk broom which he had owned for sixteen years and intended to keep on owning, no matter what Lydia said. He put the whisk broom back in the small upper right-hand drawer of the bureau where it lived with a worn-out red silk dressing-gown cord. He wondered, with one tiny corner of his mind, how Charles managed to own anything useless and dear to him and still live with Lydia.

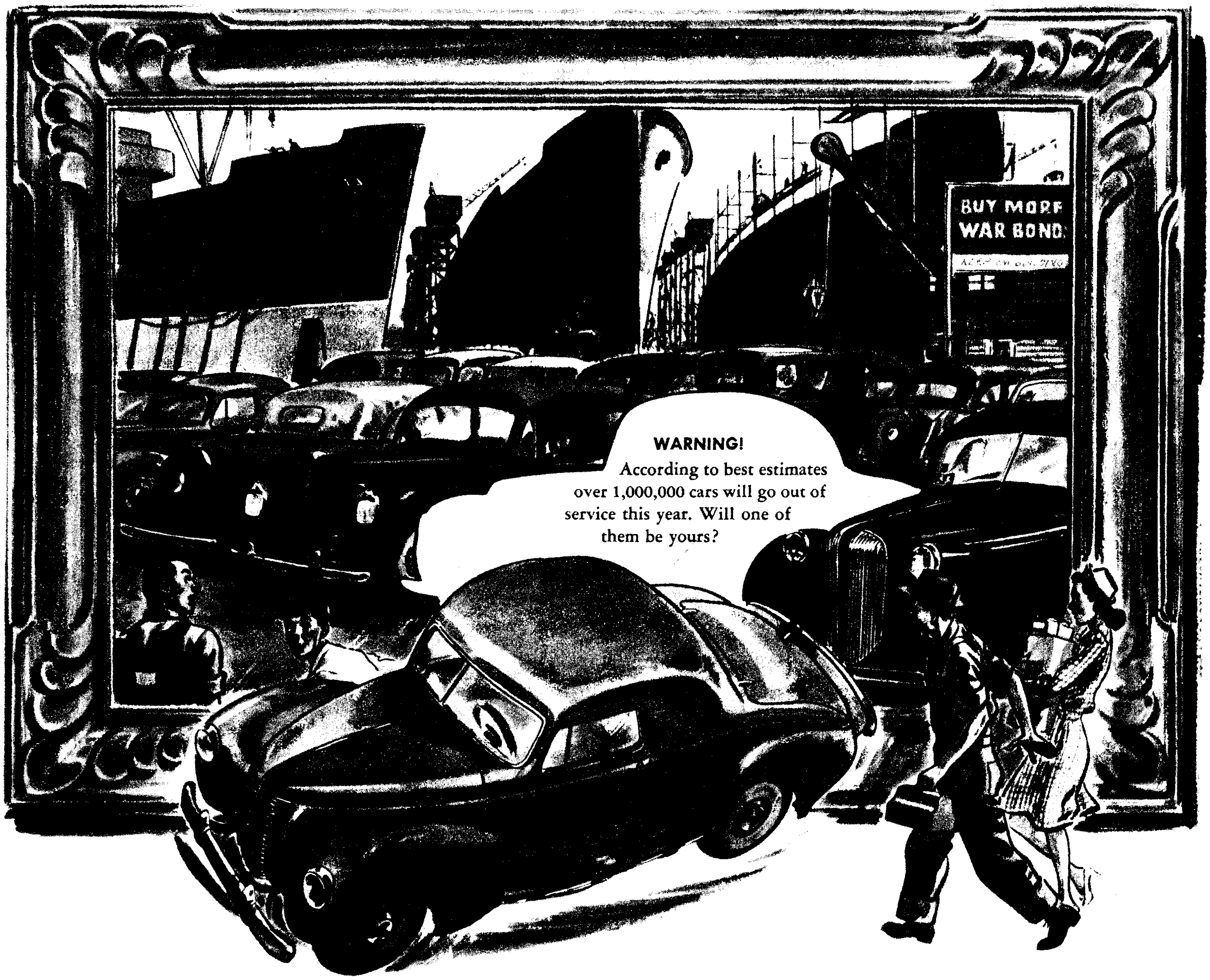
(Continued on page 28)

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"If Mother acts queerly, you must be patient, Jimmy. She's been taking a course in the psychological treatment of returned soldiers"

COLLIER'S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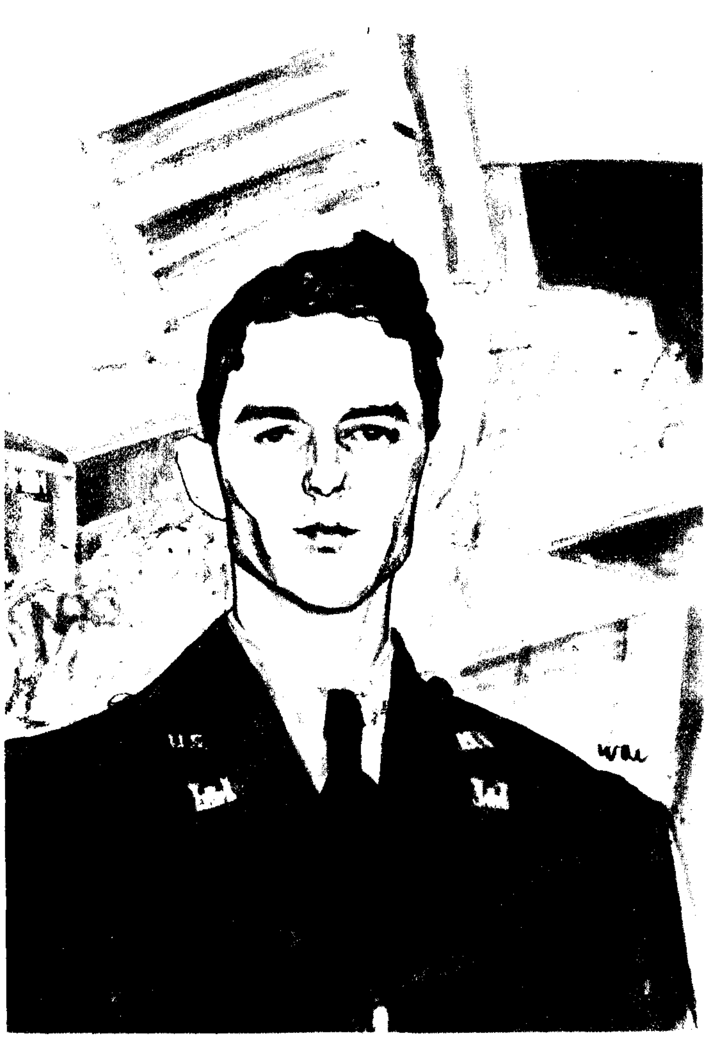

LT. COL. FREDERICK W. OKIE

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

XXX

THE TRANSPORTATION CORPS of the Army Service Forces does not figure largely in communiqués, but ask the fighting men and they will tell you that the "soldier railroaders" have had a lot to do with the victories won in Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and now in Germany. Coupling courage with rare ingenuity, working daily miracles of reconstruction, they have moved supplies to the front at top speed, careless of bombers, tanks, machine guns and land mines, and risking every danger.

None of this tremendous accomplishment was accidental. On May 14, 1942, for example, 35-year-old Fred Okie was the proud superintendent of the Birmingham division of the Southern Railway, having sweated his way up from student apprentice. One day later he was a lieutenant colonel in the Army, under orders to train a battalion for the operation of railroads, in foreign lands under battle conditions. The "schoolhouse" was a stretch of the Southern's line between Meridian and New Orleans, the colonel's fellow officers were mostly Southern Railway employees, and the majority of the soldiers that came to him were railroad men. For eight months they slept and ate in boxcars, and learned how to rebuild roadbeds, tracks, cars and even locomotives.

In December, the 727th Railway Operating Battalion sailed for North Africa and rushed from the beach to take over the 200 miles of narrow-gauge that ran from Algeria to the Allied forward base in Tunisia—a junk pile, for the Germans had done a fairly thorough job of demolition, but night and day work soon had trains moving. In those first weeks, loss of life was heavy, but Colonel Okie mounted antiaircraft guns on his cars, and fought as he rolled.

In the great January, 1943, push, the 727th raced forward in advance of patrols to seize locomotives before they could be destroyed, and during the retreat in February, they battled no less desperately to prevent equipment from falling into enemy hands. At Moulares, Colonel Okie stayed behind to bring out ammunition trains, which he took the time to blow up, when completely encircled by German troops. Then, loading his crew into trucks, he plunged down into a river bed, swung wide through the desert, and gained the safety of Tebessa. For this exploit he was awarded the Legion of Merit by General Eisenhower.

The resumption of the American advance in March again found the 727th laying new track, tinkering smashed locomotives into shape and rebuilding demolished bridges. Now the men were honored as well as their commanding officer, for Brigadier General Carl R. Gray, Jr., head of the Military Railway Service in North Africa, read out an official citation that recited their heroic achievements.

Landing in Sicily, along with the first wave of troops, the 727th found conditions even more nightmarish than in Tunisia. Demolition squads and Allied bombing had blown up bridges and tunnels, and had turned tracks, stations and yards into piles of twisted steel and masonry. General Patton gave the soldier railroaders a month to "start rolling," but within twenty-four hours, Colonel Okie had a train in operation, and before the month was up, supplies were moving from one end of Sicily to the other. At Caltanissetta, trains were running ten days before the clearing crew found time to clean the yard of enemy dead.

Equipment inevitably came to be more precious than life itself. Once fire broke out in a freight depot, threatening the loss of locomotives and trains that the 727th had sweatingly restored to use. What Colonel Okie shouted to his men was not "Go in!" but "Come on!" With flames licking the sides of cars loaded with ammunition, he led his crew in coupling, unbraking and getting up steam, and pulled every piece of equipment safely away from the blazing structure. For this General Patton gave him the Soldier's Medal, awarded only for extraordinary heroism.

In Italy there was much the same story of drudgery, hardship, danger and accomplishment, and General Mark W. Clark was no less generous in his praise than Eisenhower and Patton. In announcing the award of the Fifth Army's Plaque and Clasp, he gave the "soldier railroaders" credit for having "habitually performed the impossible" in planning, constructing and operating the rails to the Army front lines under incessant fire.

Now dawned D-Day, and from France came a loud call for Colonel Okie and the supermen of the 727th. What they did there is a military secret, but the speed of the American advance makes it a safe bet that Fred Okie and his bunch pulled off more railroading miracles. . . . GEORGE CREEL

Sentimental Week End

Continued from page 26

Most of his mind, however, was occupied with Hugh Lomas, and the talk they had just had together. He felt the same explosive excitement which he remembered experiencing years ago at school—a feeling which was connected with spring and the smell of fresh, damp earth, because it always occurred when he was about to play on the school baseball team.

After all the months of worry and restlessness, they wanted him, at last, to do a definite job—and such a job! Sylvanus loved England. He had had two years at Cambridge and many months since as a visitor. And now to go there, to live there again. . . .

He started down the stairs, thinking that he had, somehow, to take Valentine with him. He would have to change her mind, to make her see that she was wrong about him; that she had been right about him at first.

VOICES came up from below . . . Lydia's high-pitched and clear: "Oh, cocktails, Bedlow—how nice! Sophie dear, *you* must want a drink?"

Then Sophie's unmistakable tones: "There's no need to talk as though my private life were based on the principle of osmosis, Lydia. I often go without alcohol for as much as half an hour."

Sylvanus reached the bottom step and heard Charles say affectionately: "Oh, come on, Sophie, you know you're our single contact with café society."

He entered the living room. "Hello, everyone," he said. "Sorry to be late. Are you waiting for me?"

He went over to the cocktail tray, and Lydia turned to Hugh Lomas.

"Yes indeed," she said, "Sophie is our official heartbreaker. You must be *very* careful of her, Colonel Lomas. She's dangerous!"

Sophie's voice was steady: "Colonel Lomas isn't afraid of danger, are you, Colonel?"

"Well, I'm of Scottish descent, you know, and the Scots are never reckless," Lomas answered.

Sylvanus carefully measured lemon juice. Eva Szekely wasn't here yet, he saw, but Valentine was. She was looking beautiful and remote and something else; something that made him vaguely uneasy.

Charles said, "I'm going to design a crest for you, Sophie, my proud beauty: an orchid couchant, on a field argent, over the motto Love Laughs at Wedlock."

Sophie's voice was a little acid: "Has it occurred to anyone that this conversation has taken rather a *personal* turn?"

Lydia turned again to Lomas and laughed. "I've been telling Sophie for years that she'd better be careful or she'll spend a lonely old age."

"Yes, but I always comfort myself with the thought that I have my friends," said Sophie. "Nothing—I frequently tell myself—nothing can quite take the place of a friend."

"Except maybe a dog," Valentine spoke suddenly and then turned to Sylvanus, standing defenseless with a cocktail shaker in his hands. "Bubi, darling," she asked clearly, "where's the countess?"

Bubi. So she had met Eva already. Sylvanus met her eyes steadily; but his hands seemed colder than the cocktail shaker. So this was the way it was going to be; and he felt slow anger rising in him. Eva had taken enough; he would not permit her to be the victim of his sister and Sophie and Val.

"*What* did you call him, Val, dear?" Lydia asked curiously.

Valentine said with dangerous gaiety, "It's just a little Hungarian love name—isn't it, Bubi?"

Sylvanus said icily, "That's below the belt, Val. After all, the countess is a foreigner—"

Sophie giggled. "And you didn't know it was loaded. They always say that."

"And moreover, Sophie," said Sylvanus, turning on her, "she's a guest in my house, and as such entitled to—"

Sophie interrupted loudly, "You're on the air, darling!"

He stopped in mid-sentence and turned toward the door. For a moment Eva's beauty stunned him; he had forgotten she could look like that. She came directly to him and put one hand on the arm that held the shaker. "Bubi! This is lovely to see you again!"

Damn, thought Sylvanus, why did she have to say that? But he found himself smiling at her, not only because she was his guest, but because she had a paradoxical charm of her own; her black eyes could be at times, as innocently appealing as a child's. . . .

Now he was introducing Lydia . . . "And my sister Mrs. Herrick, over here. And this is—"

Eva interrupted him prettily. "Wait, wait, Bubi! I am so stupid—do not confuse me with all these names! We shall be friends soon, no?"

"Well, the rest of us can just tell you our names as we go along," Sylvanus said lightly.

Sophie bowed graciously and said insanely, "Flotsam, Jetsam, Cottontail and Peter."

Valentine giggled and Eva turned swiftly. "This is Miss Sophie Burnham, no? Everywhere I have heard of you, Miss Burnham. You are—how you say—the household word."

"Thank you so much, Countess. You are a household word, too—but of course only in the *best* houses."

Bedlow's face, appearing in the doorway looked to Sylvanus as a ship might to a marooned sailor. "Dinner," said Bedlow, "is served."

IN THE dining room, Sylvanus seated the countess on his right; she was saying to Lydia: ". . . oh, then you must explain me, please, this wonderful work you are doing for the neglected children, Mrs. Herrick—"

He turned to Sophie, on his left, "Sophie, you fiend, what's gotten into you?"

She took up her soup spoon with a small flourish. "This is bingo night. Every lady wins a set of dishes."

Sylvanus looked at her and wished it were conventional to beat one's women friends.

From the other end of the table, Charles said loudly: "Looks as though we were in for a real blizzard this time."

"What happens then?" inquired Hugh Lomas, with interest.

"Oh, we're snowed in for two or three days," Charles said lightly. "It's good fun."

"Oh, it's absolute *heaven*, Colonel," cried Sophie. "Frequently the electricity goes off for twenty-four hours at a time. You'll *adore* it."

Lomas asked gravely: "Is that so frightful—when the electricity goes off?"

"Not at all." Valentine spoke reassuringly. "It just means we have no light, heat, nor food, and very little water. But we have each other."

Eva sparkled up the table. "And this gentleman—he is British, no? And perhaps he does not know the American customs, either? I do not know your country, Colonel, but do you not drink to something, all together like this?"

"Well, one can drink a toast, of course," Lomas said calmly. He cleared his throat. "You've never been in England, Countess?"

What is this obsession of Hugh's? Sylvanus wondered irritably. *I told him Eva had come from Spain.*

Eva shook her dark head. "No. Never. Now in Hungary, when we are with friends, we drink a health. We call it *Felköscöntö.*"

"Right-o." Lomas lifted his glass. "To our host. Cheer-ho, Sylvanus!"

"Thanks, Hugh." They all drank and he went on: "I think we ought to toast our guests: Hugh, to you, and—Countess Szekely."

Eva gave him her charming smile; there was something almost wistful in it. "Oh, thank you, Bubi. You make me feel such a welcome . . ."

He leaned toward her. "You know, Eva," he said kindly, "if there's anything you want, you have only to let me know.". . .

Eva was not listening. She had suddenly tensed and, her eyes wide, asked sharply,

Tastefully Yours!

WHETHER broiled to tender perfection, or baked with spicy herb-scented dressing, or fried to a crusty golden brown, chicken is one of America's flavor favorites. And so is Seagram's 5 Crown—a whiskey that's number one on America's taste parade.

Such superiority comes from skill and experience. Today, as always, Seagram's craftsmen hold fast to their 88-year-old standards of whiskey excellence. These men choose only the finest base whiskies and blend them with pedigreed grain neutral spirits. Every drop is true pre-war quality.

Keep this in mind when you buy. Good taste always says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...for Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

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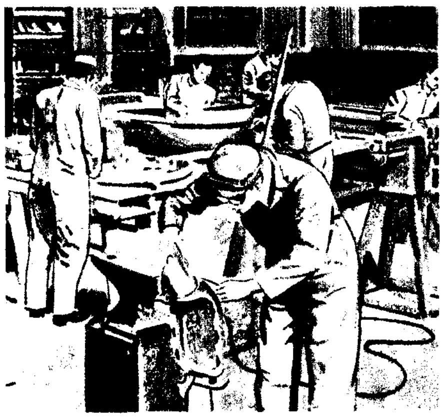
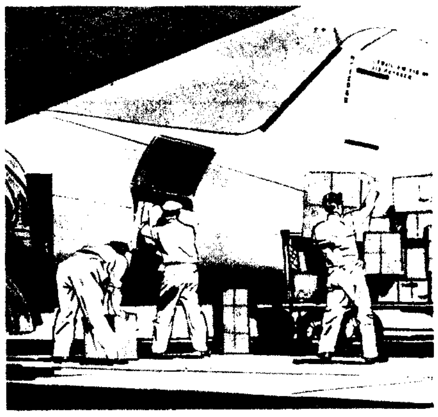
2-Ton Air Express Shipments Avert Lay-off of 600 men

SIX HUNDRED hard-to-get skilled workers are assembled for an experimental war production job. The supplier of special fasteners needed for the job can deliver only a limited number at a time. Does this mean a lay-off? No. The manufacturer orders a steady day-by-day flow of the units via Air Express to meet daily requirements and until there's a backlog in the warehouse.



COST is insignificant compared with results achieved ($800 Air Express charges for thirty different shipments totaling two tons). Over 600 men are kept steadily at work — to say nothing of avoiding other losses when a war plant shuts down.



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"But these are all your guests, then, Bubi?"

"Yes, we're all here," he smiled stiffly. "Hugh—Eva—Charles—and the committee."

Eva turned to Valentine who was watching her. "But you said *three* women? . . ."

"Yes, Countess," Valentine agreed mildly. "Three women."

Eva glanced around the table. "You are all then, on this committee . . . ?"

"Well—yes," said Valentine.

"But you are a naughty girl." Eva laughed, but Sylvanus could hear a note in it which was not amusement. "You have told me these women are of no importance."

Valentine said smoothly, "I think it was you who said that, Countess, not I."

Eva laughed again and this time there was a metallic edge to her voice: "I? But what a little mistake you make! Well, then it seems I must now make the good impression, no?"

Lydia intervened swiftly. "Oh, Countess," she said, "Sylvanus tells us you are writing your autobiography. Do tell us about it."

"See here," Sylvanus said to Sophie in a mutter, "can I trust you and Val to behave yourselves?"

Sophie said: "You'd better put your trust in God, Laddie."

And down the table Val added dreamily: "And keep your powder dry!"

Sylvanus looked from one to the other. How, he asked himself, with a passionate wonder, can women be the civilizing influence over men when they are themselves so wholly uncivilized? This, said Sylvanus, mentally, is going to be a fine week end.

IN THE early hours of Saturday morning Valentine woke to an icy blackness, and the rattle and roar of wind beating at the house. She put out one hand gingerly and snapped the switch of her bedside lamp; nothing happened. Senseless with sleep, she snapped it again, and then realized with a clutch of dismay what the dead switch meant. The electric wires were down, somewhere between here and the village. After several minutes of argument, she forced herself to get up and shut the window.

When she got into bed again, she found herself faced with qualms. Looking back over her conversation with Sylvanus the evening before, she was obscurely dissatisfied with it. It had, somehow, an inconclusive quality. Sylvanus had been angry and hurt—and surely he had no reason to be angry and hurt just because she had told him the truth. He *was* behaving like a weakling; and how is one to judge people, except by their behavior? She would have respected him far more, she told herself sternly, if he had admitted that she was right and promised that he would instantly begin to remodel his character. At four in the morning, there seemed to Val nothing in the least inconsistent in this point of view.

And really, Sylvanus, she thought coolly, your idiotic behavior with Eva Szekely would have proved to me how like Father you are; if nothing else had. How could you be taken in by such an obviously scheming little idiot? She paused to listen to his defense, but it was so feeble she could scarcely hear it.

She turned over suddenly and pulled the covers up over her ears, not only because it was very cold indeed but because she wanted to shut out the sound of Sylvanus' voice when he spoke to the countess.

Not, of course, that it made any real difference to her; only one hates to see a man make a fool of himself. The Voice of America, she thought drowsily, talking fatuously to the face of Europe. . . .

She woke again at eight, to a chill room, a tap on the door, and an apparition: Bedlow was lighting her fire, attired in a crew-necked sweater under his morning coat. He looked startlingly like a bishop in a baseball uniform.

"Good morning, Miss," he said gloomily. "You've got the only bedroom in the house with a fireplace. . . . I'll bring your breakfast and Miss Sophie's in half an hour. Is there anything you need?"

"Admiral Byrd," Val said and groaned. Her breath was smoke on the air.

"I've got the library warm and the living room," Bedlow pursued, "but the dining room's a barn, as you might say. We shan't be able to use it, I'm afraid."

"The kitchen's comfortable, isn't it?"

Bedlow looked suicidal. "Yes, Miss Val—but it has Beryl in it. Is there anything else I can get you?"

"No, thank you Bedlow. Unless you can put me in touch with a reliable St. Bernard, clean, honest and willing to work. I'd love to get out of here."

Bedlow shook his head forebodingly. "I couldn't say when that will be, Miss," he said and vanished.

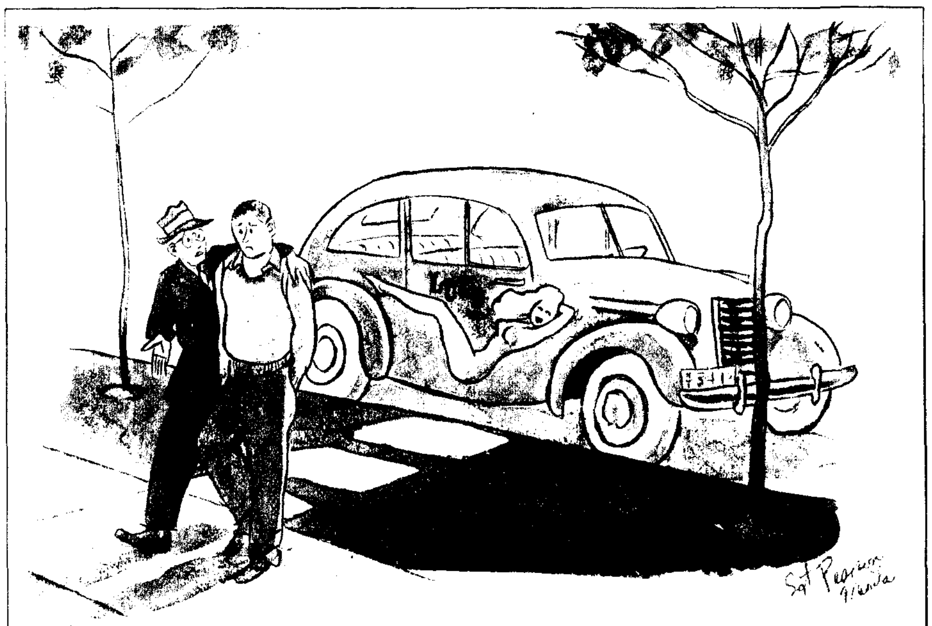
Val watched him go and sighed with exasperation. I'm just *trapped,* she thought. I can't even send myself a telegram to come home immediately. She punched her pillow and burrowed under the covers. It might all have been such fun if only Sylvanus . . .

She pinched that thought off. At least she had told Sylvanus she couldn't marry him: *that* was off her chest, anyway. Why then, she wondered irritably, didn't she feel relieved? I don't feel carefree at all she thought crossly. I just feel sort of hollow. Maybe I need breakfast.

But when Bedlow brought her breakfast, it did nothing to fill her hollowness, in spite of coffee and even little sausages.

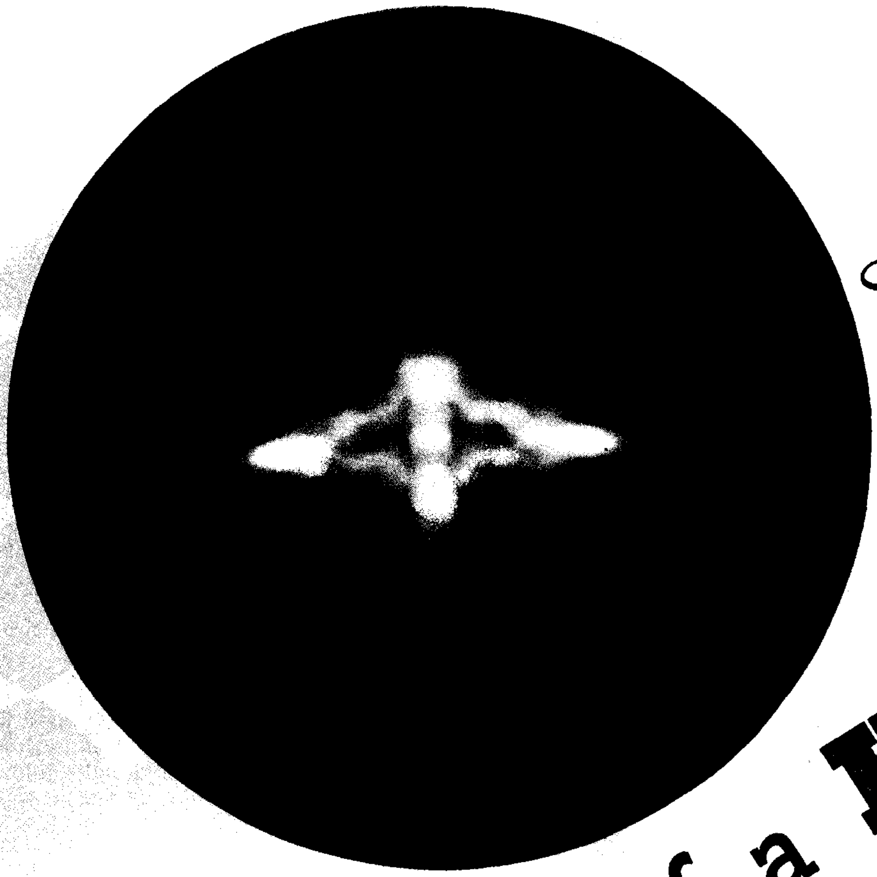
Somewhat later, Sophie appeared, sat close by the fire with a quilt wrapped around her and, to Val's intense irritation, ate her breakfast in a spirit of amiability which was nothing short of indecent.

"What's the matter with you?" Val demanded at last. "Don't you realize that the worst has happened? All our prophecies have been fulfilled! How can you sit there—My goodness!" she broke off, as an idea



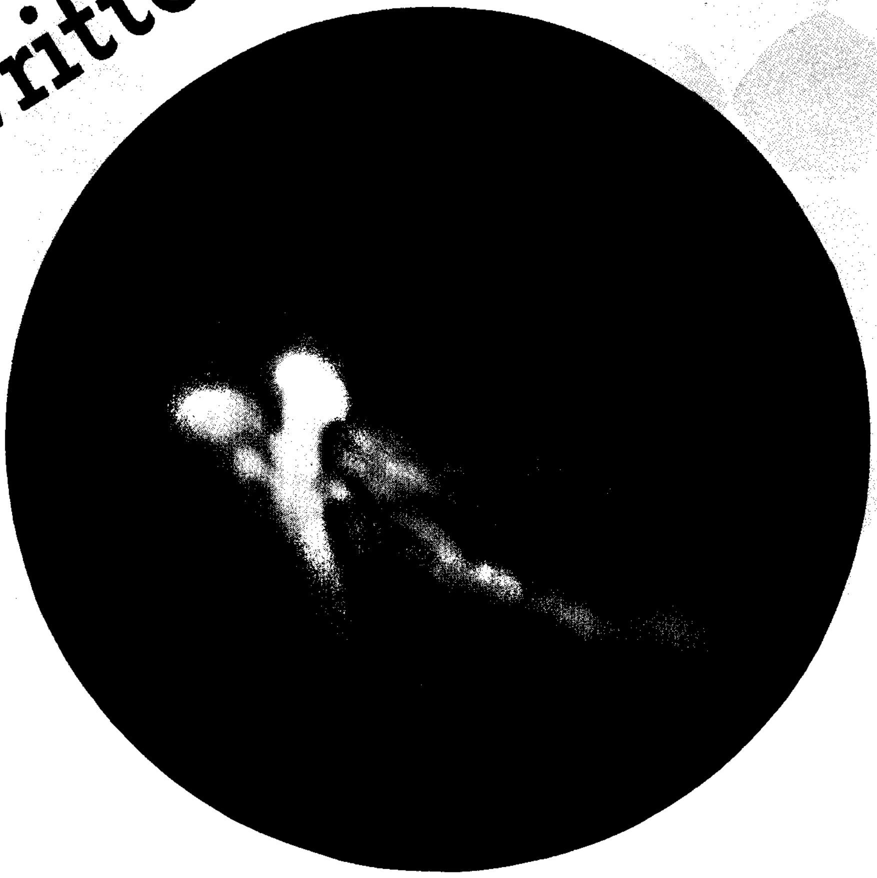
"It's not that she doesn't love you, Eddie, but it's different now than when you had it on your P-38 in the Philippines"

COLLIER'S SGT. CHARLES PEARSON



A good star

The future of a Kodak lens is written in these stars



A bad star

As you may or may not know, a fine Kodak lens consists of a series of lens elements—sometimes as many as seven—all their surfaces ground and polished within ½ light wave—1/100,000 of an inch—of perfection.

These elements are then assembled in a lens mount and inspected for "teamwork"—their ability to perform together. In this inspection, "the stars come out" . . .

Rays from a pinpoint of light, about 200 feet away, pass through the lens on the inspection bench. Examined through a powerful microscope, they appear as a star.

The good star shown above was formed by a Kodak lens at a point 11° "off axis." If a lens fails to bring the light rays into good focus at all points, the star lacks symmetry and definition—the faults seen in the "bad" star.

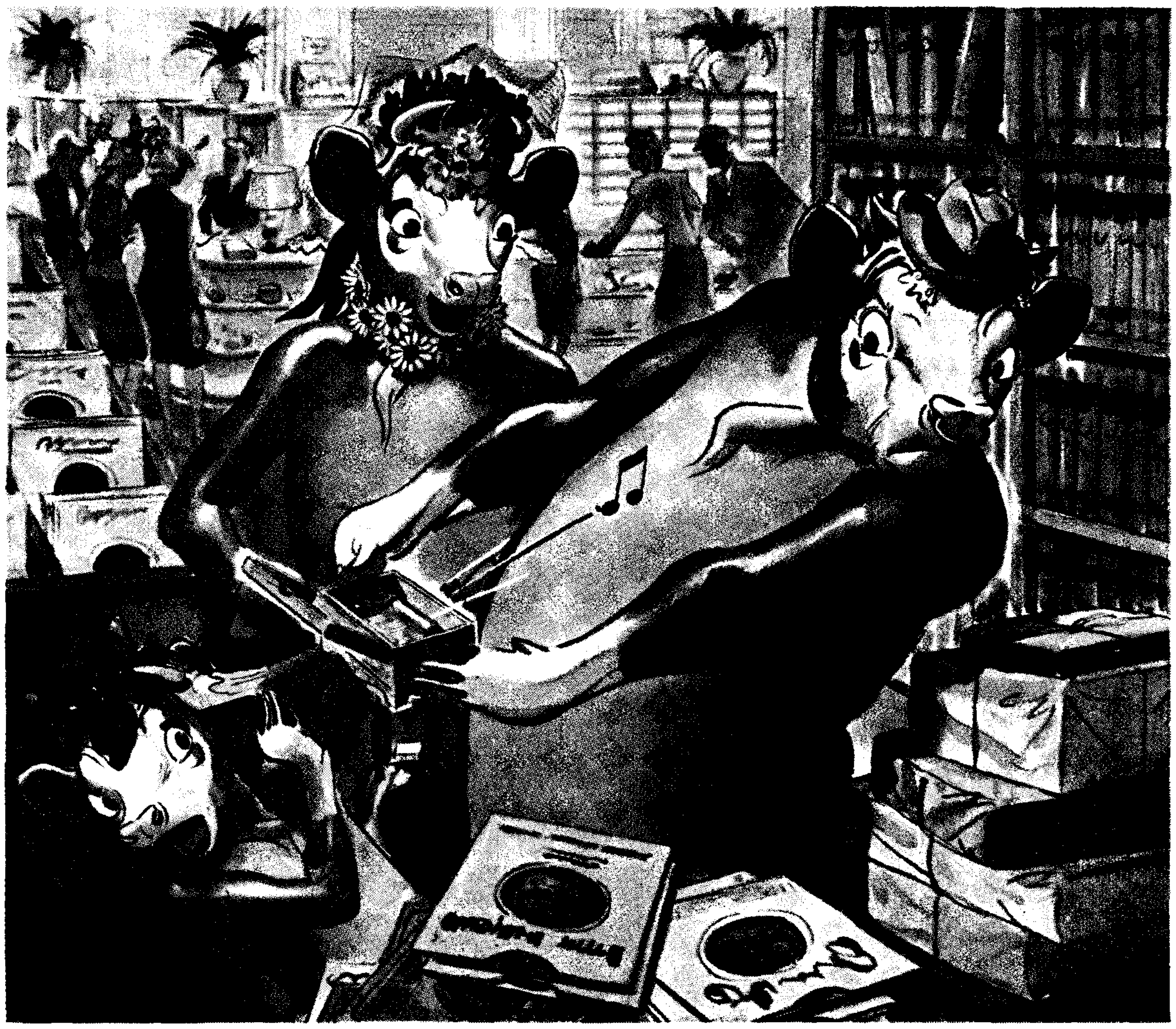
When, and only when, the stars are "good" at every point, the lens moves on to its future in a Kodak Ektra, let us say, or Kodak Medalist, or an aerial camera for the Air Forces. But it must pass this exacting test first.

The good stars simply mean, in the end, that the camera equipped with such a lens from Kodak can be counted on to turn in a superb photographic performance.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REMEMBER BASTOGNE—"the hole in the doughnut"? How its heroic garrison—outnumbered 4 to 1—held this vital road center for 8 gruelling days against 8 German divisions? How the wounded—without medics, nurses, drugs—begged "Don't give up on account of us"?—And how, told to choose between surrender and "annihilation," our commander sent back his historic reply, "NUTS"? Such spirit is a stern example to us at home. BUY—AND HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.

Serving human progress through photography



"Look out!" warned Elsie, "you're playing with dynamite!"

"D-d-d-dynamite!" quaked Elmer, the bull. "Dynamite in a department store! Call a cop! Call two cops! *Call the whole police force!*"

"Calm down, dear," soothed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "That little box isn't loaded. The dynamite I'm talking about is that extra money you're itching to spend. Now everytime you *or anyone* buys anything you don't actually need, you help shoot prices up. You help bring on inflation and undermine the country."

"Undermine! Shoot! Dynamite!" thundered Elmer. "Woman, you talk like a dime novel."

"You won't be able to buy a dime novel, or anything else much for a dime," countered Elsie, "if prices go soaring. For when prices go up, folks have to have higher wages. And when people have more money and there are fewer things around to buy, the demand sends prices up again. And then wages go up again. And that shoots prices up. And—"

CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"Stop, woman!" exploded Elmer, "you're making me dizzy!"

"We'll all be dizzy," warned Elsie, "if we let all this extra money go to our heads. That's why it's so important that every spare penny in our pockets goes into War Bonds and savings for the future. What money we do spend should go mostly for necessary things like rent, shoes, bread. And, of course, milk. By the way, *Borden's Homogenized Milk* has cream in every sip, and a day's supply of Vitamin D in every quart."

"Wait a minute, woman!" blazed Elmer. "You're not getting my mind off this music box by talking about Borden's. I want this box—*now!* I need something to give me a lift."

HEMO'S THE BETTER WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS!
Borden's Hemo

"You can get a wonderful lift," said Elsie brightly, "from a glass of *Borden's Hemo.* It's teeming with delicious chocolate flavor and vitamins and minerals. What's more, *Hemo* gives you vitamins and minerals *together.* Do you more good that way, you know."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK IS WONDERFUL FOR BABIES!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"The thing that'll do me the most good," snapped Elmer, "is to get home with this little music box—*quick!* Somehow music always makes me feel swell!"

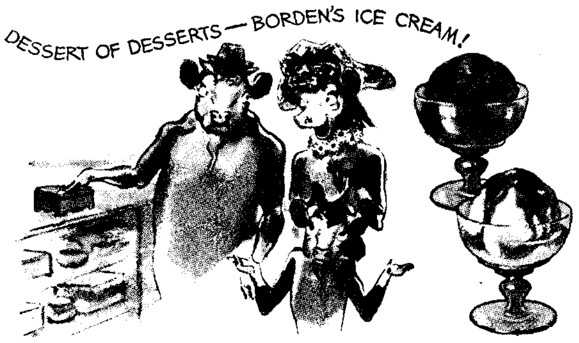
"You wouldn't feel swell, darling," replied Elsie, "if folks with a lot of ready cash bought a lot more *Borden's Evaporated Milk* than they needed, and little babies had to go short! For we all know how babies thrive on Borden's. It's fortified with Vitamin D!"

"If I was smart," groaned Elmer wearily, "I'd always think twice before I said anything."

"If everybody thought twice before he *bought,*" amended Elsie, "we could all keep on getting a fair share of the good things at a fair price. I mean things like clothes, and household goods, and body-building foods like *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* For *Borden's Cheeses* are not only grand eating, you know, they're concentrated nourishment, too."

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE BODY-BUILDING, TASTE-THRILLING!
Borden's

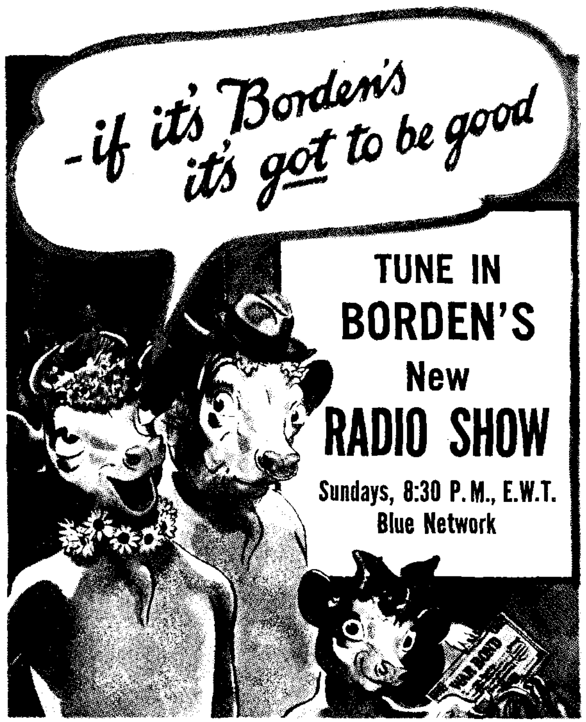
"I give in," sighed Elmer, sadly putting the little box back on the shelf. "After all, why do I need a music box, when I have a chatterbox that never runs down? Let's drop the whole subject, and go straight home."


DESSERT OF DESSERTS—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Nobody ever goes straight home," teased Elsie, "if there's an ice cream store 'round the corner. They stop and pick up a *real food* treat like *Borden's Ice Cream* or *Borden's Milk Sherbet.* They're so rich, and smooth, so wonderfully, wonderfully GOOD!"

"Uh-uh!" chortled Elmer. "I can see it coming now."

"Right, dear!" smiled Elsie. *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good."*


-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

TUNE IN BORDEN'S New RADIO SHOW

Sundays, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.
Blue Network

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stunned her. "I bet I know—it's the colonel! You're looking forward to a day of good clean sport. Nice weather for trapping, too, dear."

To her complete astonishment, Sophie blushed for the first time since she had left Miss Monnier's. Now, what, thought Val, in bewilderment, is the matter with her? Coming all over maidenly. . . .

THE snow stopped before lunch and the wind fell, and everyone trooped out into a glistening white world. Charles and Sylvanus began to build a ski run. Eva, sunk becomingly in her sables, sat on a rock and watched the operation. The others constructed a snowman beside the driveway. Colonel Lomas displayed an unexpected ingenuity in this project; it was he who applied Valentine's scarlet nail polish to his Pygmalion's lips and placed on its chilly head a small flowered hat with a veil which Sophie had forgotten the summer before.

After lunch (a picnic in the living room), everyone went out to ski. To Val's surprise, Eva turned out to be undeniably expert, though she soon tired and chose to resume her morning role of spectator. Lydia skied as she did everything she attempted at all—competently, and with a strict regard for rules. The colonel, however, announced that he hadn't been on skis since he was fourteen, and suggested a walk in a general kind of way to no one in particular.

"Yes—let's," said Sophie instantly—and then turned great pleading eyes upon Val. It was impossible to decide whether she had been overtaken by regret or panic, or both; but the plea was irresistible.

"I'd like to walk, too," said Val, and found that it was true. She would certainly prefer almost anything to staying near Sylvanus and trying to act natural. To do him credit, she thought ruefully, taking off her skis, he's acting a good deal more natural than I am. She sighed and thought: But he seems so calm, so sort of soothing, as though he thought it would all straighten out—and it *won't* straighten out. She left him, still engrossed in the ski run, with a sigh of relief.

The colonel became "Hugh" almost immediately, and Val found him not only good company but unexpectedly stimulating. He had a way of listening carefully to everything one said, which was rather disturbing until one got used to it; and he never interrupted, nor lost sight of the point.

It was a long walk, and a good one, but it was also rather puzzling. For Sophie, who might have been expected to take advantage of such an opportunity, left most of the conversation to the other two. And yet Val was certain that the colonel was never unaware of her, striding along in her slim black ski pants, her small, chic head absurdly childish in a red knitted bonnet.

They got back rather late, and coming into the big, bleak house from the darkening icy out-of-doors was curiously depressing. Val realized painfully that half the fun of winter week ends was in coming back to a warm lighted house after you'd gotten nice and cold. And now there was only one warm room that was big enough to hold them all.

She paused in the hall and turned quickly to Sophie.

"Let's have tea upstairs," she said under her breath. Sophie glanced into the living room, nodded swiftly and fled up to Val's room. Val waylaid Bedlow.

A few moments later, he tapped on the door and came in with a loaded tea tray. His large face was as tragic as a bloodhound's, and Sophie, coming out of her top sweater, looked at him and said: "Things are pretty tough, Bedlow."

Bedlow sighed. "It's not an easy week end, Miss. That's true. And I'm afraid things are going to be worse before they're better."

"Don't be a feckless dreamer, Bedlow." Sophie told him sharply. "How could they be?"

"Beryl, Miss," said Bedlow ominously.

Sophie snorted. "What's Beryl got to complain about? She's cooking with gas."

"Yes, Miss Sophie, but Beryl is very sensitive, as you might say, and Mrs Herrick spoke sharply to her this morning. She used up all our red points on Friday and we're fresh out of butter."

"Oh, boy!" Valentine shouted with pleasure. "Beryl got caught with her points down!"

Bedlow, shaking his head, left the room with some dignity.

Sophie took a cup of steaming tea and stretched out her long legs to the fire. "Lord, darling," she said luxuriously, "this is a terrible week end."

"It will build your character," Valentine told her austerely.

"Do you think it will ever end? Or have we all died and gone to hell? I wonder how much longer I can keep my hands off that Hungarian Rhapsody."

"Sometimes I begin to believe in vivisection," Valentine looked dreamily into the fire. "I'll bet her brain looks just like a ping-pong ball."

"Lydia says we're being unfair to her." Sophie looked into the fire with thoughtful eyes, and the firelight turned them to the color of carnelian. "You know, after fifteen years of friendship, Lydia gives me a pain in the neck. She's so disgustingly well-bred, even when she's freezing to death."

"Charles likes her to be a lady."

"Poor Lydia. But at least she's got her man," Sophie pointed out with her usual realism. "That's more than some of us can say."

"The colonel giving trouble?" Valentine asked, solicitously.

"Val." Sophie leaned forward, suddenly intense. "I want the truth. Tell me honestly: Does it show?"

Valentine was startled. "Does what show?"

"You know—my—my feelings. About Hugh. Can you tell?"

"Sophie!" Valentine took a deep breath of astonishment, and stared at her. "I thought you were just giving him the routine treatment."

"Well, if I can fool *you* . . ." Sophie shrugged.

Val gazed at her averted head; she was amazed, and apprehensive. "Sophie, darling, you don't really *mean* it?"

"It had to happen some time, I suppose."

"My goodness," Valentine said, awed. "Bang. But it's so *soon*—are you sure?"

Sophie waved one hand expressively toward her midriff. "Butterflies. American eagles. Flamingoes. And don't tell me it's merely animal attraction, because I know it isn't. At least not all of it."

"Oh, dear." Val considered. "But doesn't he respond to treatment, Sophie?"

"Well, you've seen him."

"I know, but in England it's awfully old-school-tie to act as though you hated your fiancée. You know the way they are."

"Yes, but you don't suppose they go on hating her in private, do you?" Sophie asked. "And, anyway, I'm not a fiancée. I'm dynamite. I'm what Colonel Lomas thinks of as a pin-up girl; something like a hold-up man."

"But why should he?"

"*Why?* Didn't you hear Charles and Lydia last night, giving me the works? Look out for her, Colonel Lomas, she's dangerous. She sucks men's blood and tosses them aside like a worn-out glove."

"Oh, nonsense, Sophie." Valentine laughed. "He wouldn't have listened to that."

"WELL, he did," Sophie insisted stubbornly. "He suddenly saw the frightful danger he'd been in and he leaped away like a gazelle—just in time. He's been hideously polite ever since. . . . And the hell of it is, he still feels that original attraction. I know he does. Or am I just being a conceited fool?"

Val felt a sudden rush of pity "Oh, Sophie, darling, you *are* in it, aren't you? Isn't there anything I can do?"

"I suppose you could tell him what a light hand I have with pastry," Sophie said darkly.

"Oh, dear, what a mess everything is, isn't it? The whole world and everyone in it?"

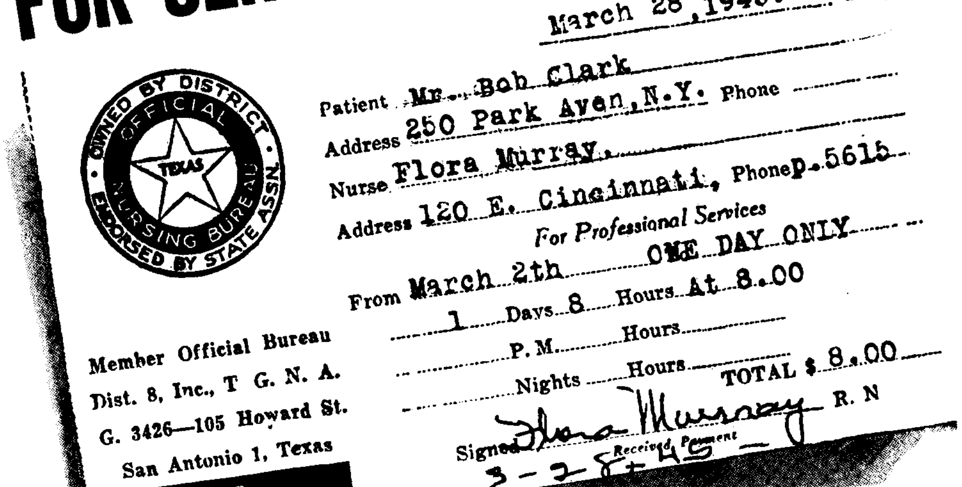
"Darling, I'm sorry." Sophie turned suddenly. "I'm being terribly selfish about my own problems. Yours are just as bad and you never say a word. Sylvanus—"

The core of Val's mind was as still and watchful as a deer in a wood. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Sophie cried. "Stop playing dead, will you?"

(Continued on page 34)

FOR SERVICES RENDERED



March 28, 1945. 194

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Editors receive many letters. But seldom one from a registered nurse containing a bill for $8. Here you see the bill and the nurse. The letter follows:

PLEASE find enclosed my official statement for professional services rendered to one Bob Clark, in Edwin Lanham's story, Go to Sleep, Collier's, March 24, 1945.

My last two cases had been particularly hard emotionally, since they were Army wives. One, the wife of a mere kid who cracked up in the training program, was doing a swell job of helping him make a comeback while she gave birth to a premature baby and staved off her parents. They wanted to gobble him up because he had loved and married their daughter and was putting up a noble fight to support her and the infant, without in-law outlay.

The other case was an older woman. She'd had a thyroidectomy, with threatened tracheal collapse. Her husband—well, the moment I entered the room I knew I should yank her out of the bed, sick as she was, and put him in it. He was standing beside her in uniform, nervously stroking her hand and showering her with fear-inflated kisses. The nurse I was to relieve had given her some medication, but he was doing an excellent job of seeing that it was not allowed to give relief.

Something had to be done, of course, to save both patients. I took him by the arm, forced him to look me in the eyes, and told him to go home and get some rest himself. His confusion melted as though he had been wanting someone to make a decision for him, as though he had been driving himself forever against his own strength and endurance because duty demanded it of him.

He was still the soldier. It was his wife this time, not the Japs, but his duty was here and he meant to stand by. But now someone had taken the matter in hand, and was ordering him.

Orders. That was what he had been waiting for. What he had been used to.

In deep gratitude he burst out crying. "God!" he said. "I've been through enough hell without this. Seven Jap islands of it!"

That is the kind of upheaval I was in when your fictional hospital called. The nursing itself isn't so hard. It is handling all the emotions which upset the sick that is like bloodletting to the nurse, and I was pretty tired.

"But our chief floor nurse is sick," I seemed to hear the supervisor say. "If you could just help us out for a day or two. . . ."

That is when I went on general floor duty in your story and found Mr. Clark sitting by the window, nervously smoking his cigarette. He wasn't fooling me, of course, and if I had been less tired, he wouldn't have caught me off guard.

I'd have memorized his name before I entered the sickroom, and have had it all coupled up with his godlike doctor so that he would have felt he had known me all his life. He would have believed he was the only patient in my life, and that I had only one idol and that was Doctor Wilks.

But as I said, I was already tired.

I made another error when I left those pills on the bedside table for him to take I knew that as a nurse I should administer those pills. I was taught never to expect a patient to take medicine for himself, but to stand by the bedside and hold the glass of water while he swallowed the pills. Actually I did this in the end, but I should have done it immediately, instead of leaving those sleeping capsules beside the bed, depending upon the frightened emotions of a patient.

But my most unforgivable error that night was ethical. Any nurse knows that a patient scheduled for surgery lies with eyes glued to the door, watching for the doctor. From the time there is any hope of seeing him, until he has dashed through the room in a way that leaves them feeling he has cleared up all doubts (having done nothing more than wave a hand and utter a few relevant but utterly meaningless remarks), the patient waits and watches.

Every nurse knows that the doctor should precede her into the sickroom; everywhere, for that matter. It is the military ethics of the subordinate to the chief. Certainly in the sickroom, the first face should be that of the doctor, not of the nurse. All this I knew, but as Bob remarked, there is a shortage of nurses.

Of course, the operating room is out of my jurisdiction, but Bob should have taken that gas. High spinals are not so effective, and it is much less shock to take the gas and go completely under than to lie there trying to co-ordinate mental and nervous reactions. That epigastric region is a nerve patch anyway. With gas, maybe we wouldn't have had to use the Wangensteen suction on his stomach that night. (Or did we? He forgot to say, but since he wouldn't go to sleep, we probably *did* get him blown up like a balloon afterward.)

You'll see how hard I've worked on the case of Bob Clark. I read Collier's for relaxation, but when a guy writes a story with so authentic a background, I ask you: How can a nurse relax? Gosh, I worked harder through the atmosphere of that story than on many cases for eight solid hours on duty.

That is why I think I am entitled to collect the fee for my services.

Professionally yours,

Flora Murray

P.S.—Flora Murray collected.

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Sentimental Week End

Continued from page 33

"Sylvanus and I are just good friends," said Valentine desperately.

"Darling," Sophie became patient, "I'm not Louella Parsons. Remember me? I'm Sophie. I'm just a 'good friend.' And you're letting that woman walk off with Sylvanus without lifting a finger! Just picture what would happen to him if he married her."

Valentine shrugged. "I'm sorry, Sophie, but it has nothing to do with me."

Sophie stared at her. "You know," she said, "it takes quite a lot to shock me, but you're doing it. Are you just calmly throwing Sylvanus to that female wolf? You can't be that hard, Val—not *you*."

"What's hard about it?" Valentine protested. "When a man makes a fool of himself over another woman, what can you do but get out of the way?"

"Oh, Lord help us. Dignity we got. Val, I'll bet you're jealous."

Valentine succeeded in laughing. "I most certainly am *not* jealous."

JEALOUS! If Sophie only knew— There was a brisk rap on the door, followed instantly by Lydia's head.

"Darling, may we come in? You know Eva and I have nothing in our rooms but those little electric heaters, and *really*—"

She came in, followed by Eva. Both of them had taken off their ski clothes and Lydia wore just what anyone who knew her would have expected her to wear—a rose-colored quilted silk dressing gown. But Eva was wrapped in a fascinating garment, a sort of voluminous sleeved cape of pale gray wool, lined with the skins of a hundred little squirrels. Sophie looked at it hungrily, absorbed its lines in two professional glances, and discarded it as impractical for the garment trade, even the custom departments. Val watched her with an appreciative grin.

Eva sat on the slipper chair next to the fire, and Lydia on the end of the chaise longue. Sophie reluctantly moved her feet.

"Heavens!" said Lydia, "but it's stuffy in here!"

"Thank goodness," observed Sophie coldly.

Eva smiled at them impartially, and said with her usual vivacity: "I cannot understand you Americans. In Budapest, we are not so afraid of the cold. The little nip of the frost—it gives our girls such complexions!"

"That becoming shade of Eleanor blue," said Sophie to the fire.

The countess turned to her, smiling still. "In America, the girls are so white—like you, Sophie. It is the way you live, no? American women must be very strong to be able to live this way."

"Oh, we're a race of gnarled oaks," Sophie said ostentatiously lighting a fresh cigarette from the one she was finishing.

Valentine rolled over on the bed and said dreamily: "You know, I think this is all terribly Russian. Don't they always live like *this*; twenty or thirty people in one room, and Uncle Vodka asleep on top of the stove?"

Eva tossed back her sleeves from her wrists, which looked very small and white in their frame of fur. "What an idea of a school girl! The Russians are as civilized as you or me."

Lydia, who was busy eating Beryl's brioches, said sternly: "Nevertheless, I'm afraid I'll have to admit that I distrust the Russians."

The countess smiled and shrugged a little. "Americans are to me so charmingly naïve. They are quite ready to run the world—and they know nothing—but nothing!—about the other people in it."

"Oh, Eva," Lydia protested, "I do think we're beginning to be rather better informed about foreign countries than we used to be. Take the British, for example. We're really beginning to understand them, at last."

Valentine sat up on her bed and recited without inflection: "The British reserve is only a mannerism and means nothing. Underneath their apparently cold exteriors, the British are as sentimental as cocker spaniels and as brave as bulldogs."

"In fact," Sophie agreed, "the only thing that really frightens an Englishman is an American."

"But the French, for instance—" Lydia began.

Eva cut in with an air of final authority: "Me, I have lived for years in France with my second husband. I will tell you—"

"Oh, we know all about the French," Valentine interrupted, blandly. "France is the home of culture, fine food and government graft. The people are one and all beauty-loving, sophisticated, logical—"

"And stingy," said Sophie.

"Thrifty, dear. Thrifty," Valentine corrected her.

"For my money," said Sophie, "they're near. Now the Italians, on the other hand—"

"I know, I know!" Valentine bounced on the bed. "Easily led and make poor soldiers. And, of course, they all love music and have mistresses."

Eva took out a gold compact and went to work on her face. "You are silly, silly like children."

Lydia turned to Sophie. "Well, Charles and I have a very dear friend who is a Swede, and he says—"

"Oh, the Swedes!" Sophie cried. "Slow, but with progressive ideas. The Finns are honest."

"The Irish have a chip on their shoulder," Valentine began, but Sophie snatched it away from her.

"But not such a chip as the Icelanders carry! Why you can get into a fight—"

"Goodness, that reminds me!" Lydia cried. "Beryl!"

"Beryl only *thinks* she's an Icelander, dear." Sophie was soothing. "It's environment, not heredity."

"No, no, it's the ration cards," Lydia explained. "She's threatening to leave."

"To *leave!*" Valentine laughed.

"How—on her Flexible Flyer?" Sophie inquired.

Eva looked up. "Zut, I forget my lipstick. . . . What a bore. . . . Tell me something, Lydia, I am still so ignorant: in America one hears always of servants leaving. How strange this is—so different from my own experience!" Eva shook her dark head. "I do not know why this is so—but servants always adore me. In my grandmother's house they used to say: 'Paula—this is my grandmother's maid—Paula is a Tur-r-k; but for the little Eva, she is a rug, a slave. For Eva, she will cut herself in two!'"

There was a slight, a very slight pause. Then Sophie said gently: "If Beryl decides to cut herself in two, Sylvanus will be awfully cross about it."

EVA rose and went to the door, her beautiful gray robe sweeping behind her. In the door she paused. "I go now for my lipstick."

Sophie and Valentine said with one voice, "Shut the door!" and Eva shut it calmly behind her.

Sophie got up and stood before the fire. After a moment she remarked meditatively, "What a pity that the house of the grandmother of the little Eva didn't collapse on her, back in the homeland."

"Sophie—honestly!" Lydia cried.

"Death could have been quick and painless, dear. She could have been crushed like an eggshell."

Lydia was very pink. "You and Val were prepared to dislike her before she came," she said. "You've never been even fair to her."

"Darling," Sophie said indulgently, "I've seen her type a thousand times—they never vary. She's man-eating. And she didn't make her bed this morning, either."

Lydia was sharp. "Well, you never carpet-swept this morning and you said you would. Of course, I realize you've no idea what a housekeeper's job is—but houses don't run themselves, you know, nor servants, either."

There was a look in Sophie's black eyes that Val knew and recognized. "No, I wouldn't know about things like that," she agreed with deceptive mildness. "I live in a man's world."

"Well, good gracious," said Lydia, "we all do, but—"

"Oh, not you, darling, not you!" Sophie was still mild. "Your world is hung with miles and miles of pure white dotted Swiss—with ball fringe. I've seen it."

Lydia turned on her. "I suppose you'd decorate *your* bedroom with leather sofas and smoking stands and make up your face in a shaving mirror?"

"Oh, stop it, both of you," Valentine said shortly. "If you want to get warm, do setting-up exercises."

Sophie smiled at her. "I suppose we ought really to be frightfully forbearing with one another—since this is the last week end we'll probably ever spend in this house."

"The last week end?" Lydia sat up. "Why should it be?"

"Why, in a couple of weeks," Sophie said. "Syl will be sailing for England with Hugh."

VALENTINE looked at her sharply. She was clearly telling the truth; the only pretense was her surprise at their ignorance.

"Didn't Syl tell you?" Sophie asked.

Valentine shook her head. Fighting the sting in her throat, she thought: Why should he tell you? Why should he ever tell you anything again? You told him you were through with him; so you're through with him. And unconsciously she got her head a little higher, her lips a little firmer.

Sophie went on: "Hugh has offered him a perfectly fascinating job in England. Sort of explaining us to them and then coming back and explaining them to us. Brotherhood of Man Department. The job's absolutely cut out for him."

"Did Syl tell you that himself?" Valentine asked quietly.

"Of course. It's not a civilian secret."

"I don't believe it!" Lydia burst out. "Charles told me this very morning that Syl had promised to go to Washington with him."

"Washington!" Sophie was scornful. "What's in Washington? Nothing but colonels. Thousands and thousands of little, wild colonels. If you keep perfectly still, they'll come right up close to you."

But Lydia was well worked up now. "But Charles has a perfectly wonderful job for him in Washington! I can't tell you what it is but it's something very special."

She got up with dignity. "I must speak to Charles about this. There must be some misunderstanding . . ."

"Are you going to dress for dinner?" Sophie asked.

"Naturally!" Lydia said coldly, and the door shut behind her.

Sophie started for the bathroom between her room and Val's. "Mind if I take it, first, darling? You get to dreaming, and take so long . . ."

"Go ahead," Val agreed. She got off the bed and put another log on the fire. The room was deliciously warm now, and not in the least stuffy, either. She wished she could stay here all evening. . . .

It was nine o'clock on Saturday evening, and Sylvanus was washing his hands, which were covered with cellar dust, in the small downstairs lavatory. He and Charles had just come to the end of a futile struggle with the furnace. That great square lump of a furnace, so streamlined, so handsome—and so utterly perverse; just like a woman, Sylvanus thought, viciously.

Look, for example, at the behavior of Sophie and Lydia. They had been difficult all day, but dinner, just over, had been nothing short of a nightmare. Sophie, stropping her wit on poor Eva, and Lydia snapping at Sophie and Charles and even himself.

And how about Val?

Sylvanus stood quite still, staring at the blue SH which Lydia had cross-stitched on his towels. He carried a hard, cold lump of iron in his chest. Even Val, he said to the towel. She had come out here to Windmill House for a gala week end—and she had chosen this moment to tell him she was no longer in love with him. As quickly, as simply as though she were regretfully breaking a dinner engagement.

Sylvanus knew Valentine; he knew that shutter of reserve that came down tight over her emotions, so that if Val were ever hurt, no one would know. But surely even Val would show something—a little sadness or regret, a moment of heartache at ending something so beautifully begun? And yet she had been as merry as a grig all week end. . . .

Sylvanus dropped the towel and shook his head. Women. They ought all to be locked up in a large room, fed sparsely on simple food, and let out only when they could serve some useful purpose.

He returned to the living room in a killing mood.

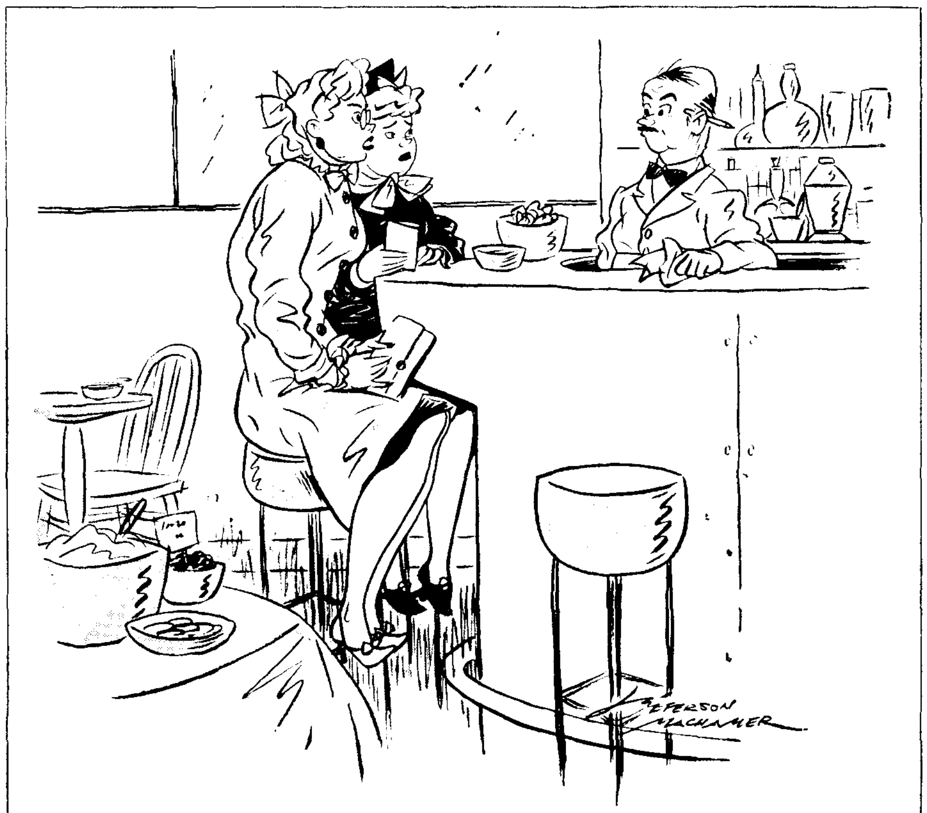
THREE of the women were there: Valentine, Sophie and Lydia. Sophie was lying full length on the hearth rug; Lydia was sitting as close to the fire as she could get, smoking an unaccustomed cigarette; and Val was curled up tight with her feet under her in a big wing chair. They all looked at him as he came in.

"For heaven's sake," shouted Sophie, "shut the *door!*"

"You have to have some air in here," Sylvanus said testily. "It's unbearable with everything shut up tight."

"Not to me," retorted Sophie.

"Well then, think of others for once," Sylvanus snapped. He was conscious of Sophie's gaze, and it fanned his bad temper into rage. Damn it, Valentine was right—he *was* a



"Old-Fashioneds would be nice . . . aren't they sort of fruit cups?"

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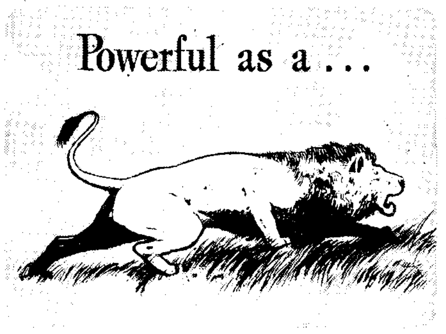
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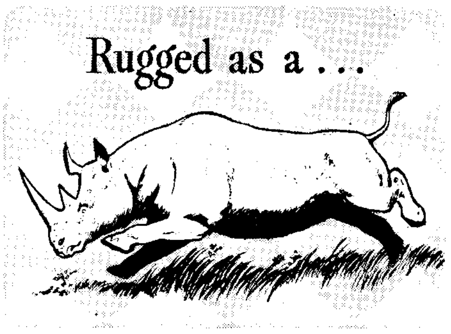

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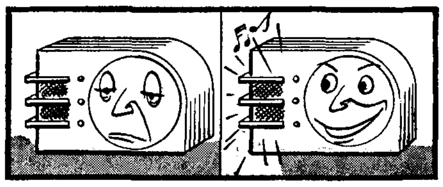

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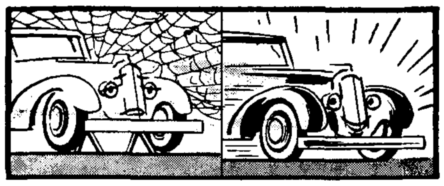

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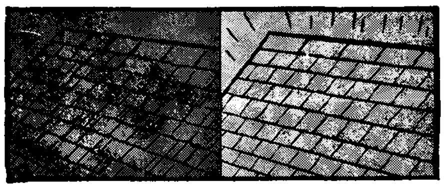

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weakling. Any man was a weakling who believed that women needed gentleness.

"Could Charles do anything *with* the furnace?" inquired Lydia anxiously.

"Well, he hasn't tried to sell it for scrap, yet," said Sylvanus shortly.

Sophie laughed. "The North Atlantic is going to seem like a sun-flecked woodland pool, isn't it, Syl?" she asked.

He glanced at her, and there was calm, cold murder in his heart. So now his business was to become public property; he should have known better than to take Sophie's discretion for granted.

Lydia spoke suavely: "Sophie seems to think you're going to England, Sylvanus. Have you given up the Washington plan? Charles will be bitterly disappointed."

"And after all that work on the furnace, too," Sophie murmured.

Lydia was suddenly urgent, "Oh, Syl, darling, you *promised* Charles you'd take that job!"

"I promised Charles nothing," Sylvanus barked. "I wish, Lydia, you'd drop the subject." But it was beyond Lydia's power to drop a subject; she had always to wrap it tidily first and put it away.

"But, Sylvanus—" she began.

"I told you so, Lydia," Sophie cut in. "Of course he's going to England."

Sylvanus said in a throttled voice, "I have no idea where I'm going. I haven't made up my mind yet. And meanwhile I should like to be let alone."

"You can't mean you want to make up your own *mind,* Sylvanus?" Valentine drawled. "After all these years of using it for higher purposes?"

THERE was an uncertain filling in Sylvanus' lower right jaw: he bit on it, hard. It hurt, and gave him a perverse temporary relief. He said smoothly, "Low temperatures don't seem to agree with you three."

"The Hungarians manage these things better," Sophie said airily.

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" he agreed coldly.

"Well, I must say, Sylvanus—" Lydia began, outraged.

"I see no reason why you should," Sylvanus rapped out, and Lydia subsided, simmering. Let her simmer, he thought savagely. Do her good.

Sophie turned to Valentine, her eyebrows raised. "I've never seen him this way before."

Valentine's gray-green eyes gleamed. "Maybe it's the influence of a good woman."

Sophie cried, "Heavens! You don't think—suppose he didn't accept either Charles' offer *or* Hugh's. He'd be right here, wouldn't he?"

"You'll forgive me if I eavesdrop," Sylvanus said dryly. They ignored him utterly.

Valentine said, "Not necessarily here. There's always the Yale Club."

"You know, offhand," said Sophie, "that's the only place I can think of where Little Eva can't get."

Sylvanus turned on her sharply—and the door opened. Eva came in with Charles and Hugh.

Sylvanus felt his muscles grow taut. There are too many women here, he thought suddenly, and it was more than uneasiness that he felt: for a moment he was really frightened.

He pulled himself together, and met Eva's smile. Now *there* was a woman who could be a good sport under any conditions. He smiled back.

"Well, this looks pretty cheerful." Charles rubbed his hands over the fire.

"That's because you've spent the evening in the cellar, my sweet," Sophie told him.

Eva's voice rose gaily: "Ah, but this is divine! Now these two poor fellows who have been working down to the bone for us—they must be warm and comfortable! Come, sit down, let us be cozy. What is it you Americans say—all this and heaven, too?"

Sophie stretched like a cat and ran her fingers through her incredible red hair. "I've always wondered what heaven would be like," she said, "and suddenly I find I know: High noon in the tropics. Snakes. Sunstroke. Natives covered with cocoa butter."

"That would hardly be my idea of heaven, I must say," Lydia said sharply.

"But surely," Hugh Lomas said, "we each have our own heaven when we're dead? A heaven designed by someone else is a contradiction in terms."

Charles answered, with some feeling: "How right you are, Hugh! Suppose you had to go to a heaven planned and executed by your wife's college roommate? God forbid." Before Lydia could speak, he went on, "I agree with Sophie—something tropical. An island in the South Pacific, maybe. All my own. With dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls. . . ."

"Why, Charles Herrick!" Lydia squeaked. "And where would I be all this time?"

"You wouldn't be dead, yet, darling," Charles said.

And Valentine put in quickly, "May we all come and visit you, Charles, on this tropical isle?"

"No visitors. Quiet is requested for the benefit of those who have retired."

"What would your heaven be like, Eva?" Sylvanus turned to her, sitting there, so poised, so decorative, a little smile on her lips. "Maybe we could come and visit *you.*"

"Ah, my heaven!" cried Eva, and she put back her head and closed her eyes. The line of her white throat was charming. "Well, first of all, it would have to be on the water. I must always have the sea. And there would be many strong, handsome people, all dressed in white—"

"Eva's idea of heaven," said Sophie, "is a fully manned battleship."

There was a crackling silence and then Eva said smoothly: "You are very amusing, Sophie."

"You're amusing, too, dear," Sophie said sweetly.

Sylvanus saw, with a deep thankfulness, the figure of Bedlow in the doorway.

"What is it, Bedlow?" he asked briskly.

Bedlow's voice shook with suppressed emotion. "The men are here, sir," he said.

"Men? What men?"

"The men for the electricity, sir. You can see their lanterns up by the road."

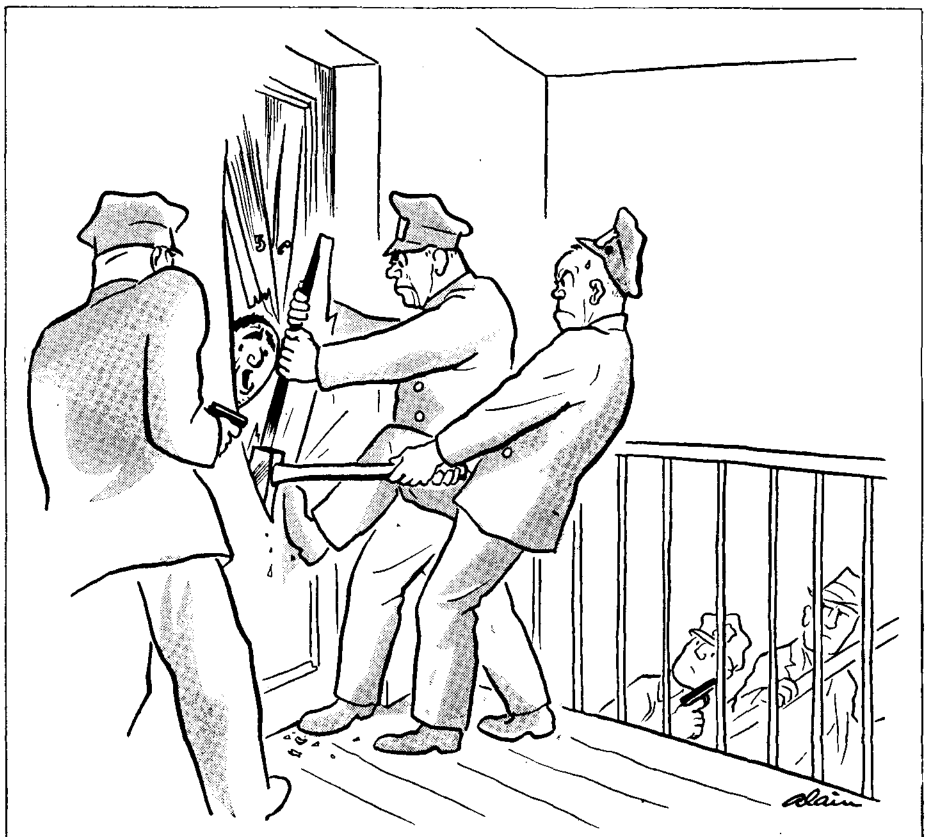
Charles sat up. "They surely don't expect to fix the thing at this time of night?"

"We certainly ought to take them out hot coffee," Lydia said anxiously.

Sophie glanced at her. "Beryl is going to adore that notion."

"I shouldn't dream of asking Beryl to do it." Lydia was cold. "I shall make the coffee myself."

"Ah, the great mother-heart of you!" Sophie cried, rapturously. "And get out of taking it up to them? That's what all the rest of us are going to do—take them cigarettes and hot bricks and dollar bills—aren't we? The squire and his friends?"


COLLIER'S "For heaven's sake, come in!" DANIEL ALAIN

Sylvanus stood up abruptly. Anything to get out of this room, he thought—anything.

For a moment he had an almost irresistible impulse to put out his hand to Valentine, to say to her, "Come on—let's run out into the snow!" But he didn't. He turned to Eva Szekely, the stranger, who had been so sporting.

"It will be good to get some fresh air," he said.

"I shall love it," she cried. "The stars are always snapping so when it is cold."

They went out into the hall together, followed unenthusiastically by Hugh and Valentine.

SOPHIE said firmly, "I shall make the coffee."

"Darling," Lydia glanced from her to Charles and back again, "don't you think perhaps it would be better if I . . . ?"

Sophie realized with some surprise that Lydia didn't want to be left alone with Charles. But they never fight, she thought, amused in spite of herself; Lydia is much too well-bred to quarrel. What's going on?

"I adore making coffee," she said with finality. "You stay right here and rest, Lydia. You've been doing too much." She smiled benignly on Lydia's expression of helpless frustration, and departed. That ought to hold her, she thought. And if she thinks I can't manage this Beryl—

SOPHIE came back from the kitchen, feeling rather as though someone had given her a sharp blow on the base of the skull. Really, she thought, that Beryl creature is terrific. I don't think I've ever known a human being so painstakingly unpleasant.

The look in the cook's eye had given Sophie a most peculiar sensation in the back of her neck: half stiff, half ticklish, as though ants were crawling into her hair. She shuddered. Beryl's eyes had seemed to her so knowledgeable, so maliciously amused, so contemptuous.

Sophie hesitated outside the living-room door. For some reason not clear to her, she found she wanted to be in a small place, a place just big enough for herself. And maybe one other.

I'll sit in the library, she thought. I can see the lights from the road there, too. With her hand on the door she paused: Be honest with yourself, Miss Burnham. What you want is so simple—and so unlikely, dear. You want Hugh to come in ahead of the others, looking for you. You want to be discovered warm

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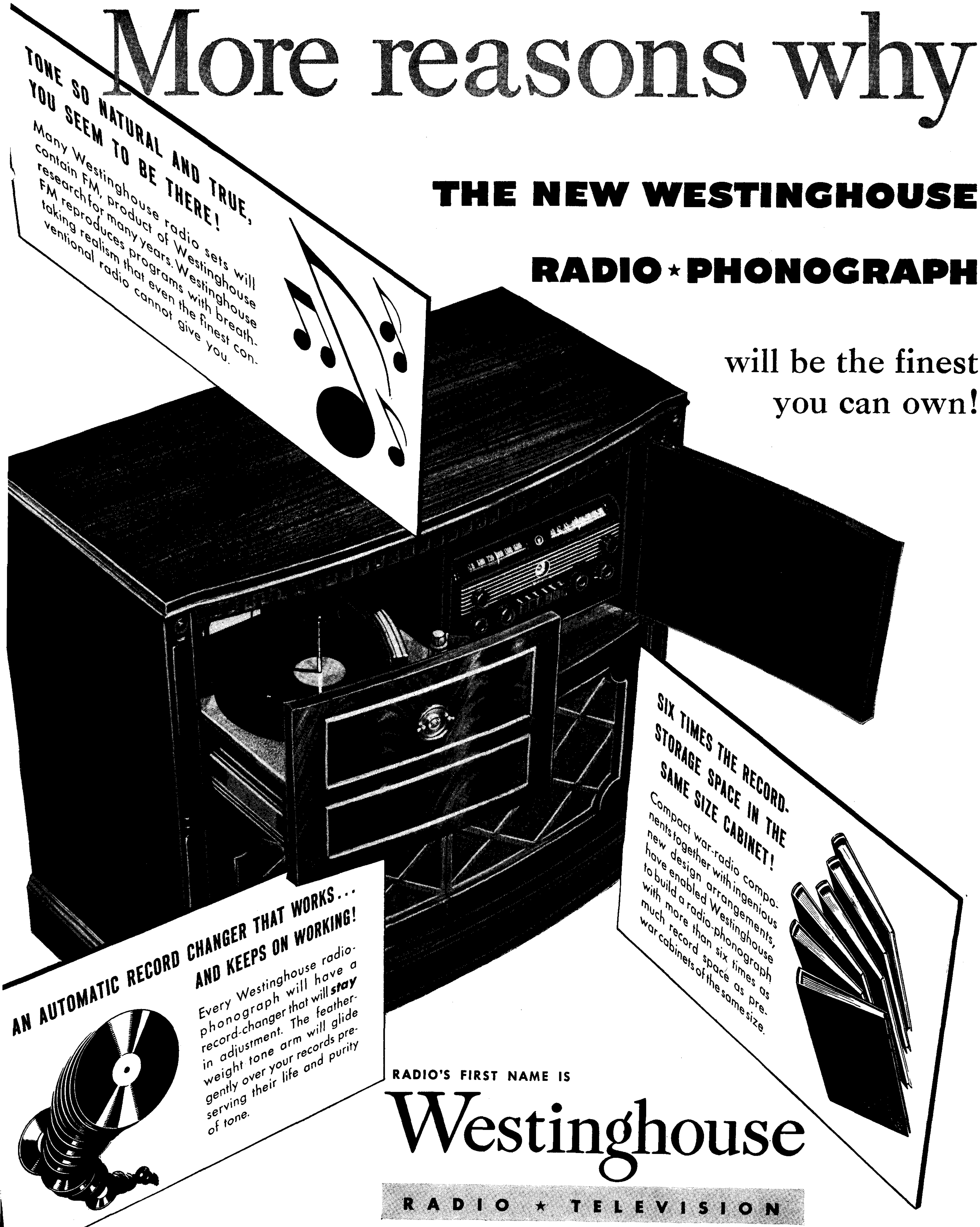

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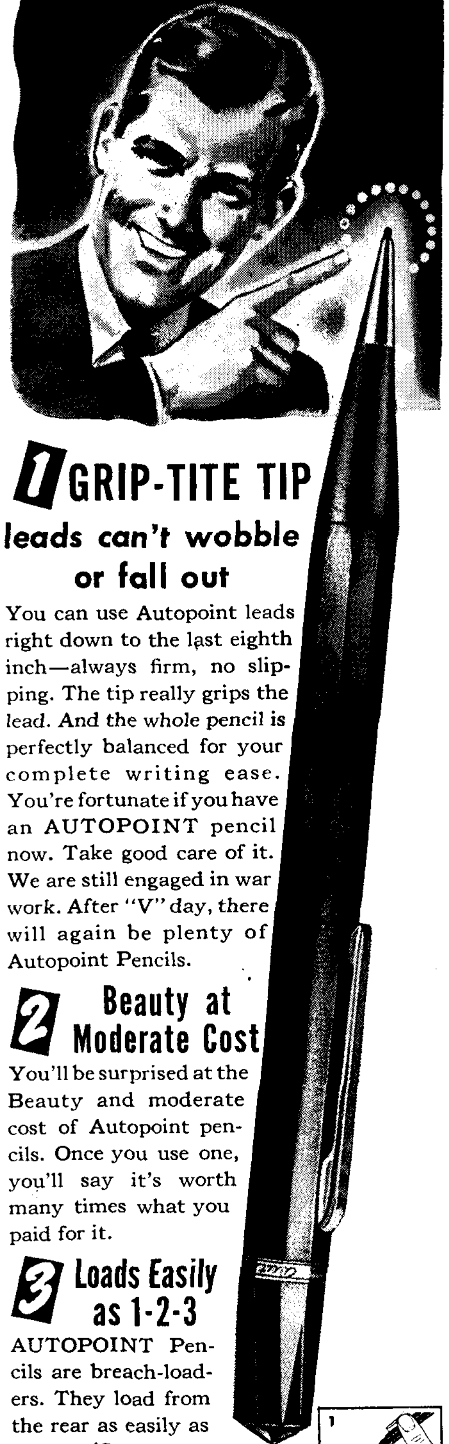

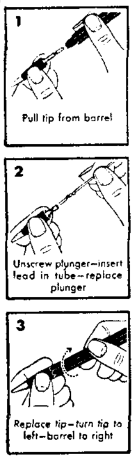
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ARMY E NAVY

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THE BETTER PENCIL
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and serene by the fire, with a book. You want him to talk to you the way he did yesterday when you saw him first. You want—

Deliberately she made herself walk into the living room. Just inside the door she paused; Charles and Lydia were confronting each other in the middle of the room.

"Can't you ever learn to keep your trap buttoned?" Charles was demanding angrily.

Lydia's face crimsoned. "Why, Charles Myron Herrick! How can you—"

"How can I?" Charles exploded. "If I weren't so stiff with cold, I'd give you a good beating. You think you can run everything in sight, don't you?"

"Er—?" said Sophie; she took a step forward.

"But I don't see what I've said—" Lydia began in a shaking voice.

"Anything you said would be too much. I asked you particularly, as a favor, not to talk to Sylvanus about this Washington job. Oh, no, you wouldn't say a word. I could trust you. So what do you do? Nag at him to take it until he flies into a temper and refuses—and who can blame him?"

"But, Charles, I was trying to help you!"

Sophie backed toward the door. "Excuse me," she said feebly.

"Why must you assume," demanded Charles through his teeth, "that everyone is helpless without you and your executive ability? Why can't you leave things alone? Why can't you leave *me* alone?"

"I'd like to know what you'd have done if you'd married an empty-headed little flibbertigibbet with no family and no brains?"

"Gone to an island in the South Pacific," said Charles instantly.

"Charles. Look at me. Don't I *attract* you any more?"

Sophie got to the door and opened it.

Charles shouted: "Of *course* you attract me! Don't be such a ninny! Anyway, what on earth has that got to do with it? All I did was to ask you to keep your mouth shut and you're ready to go to Reno."

"I *don't* attract you," wailed Lydia.

Sophie shut the door quickly behind her and stood a moment in the icy hall. Through the door came Charles' voice, a bellow of desperation.

"Oh, for Pete's *sake!*" said Charles.

"I shall never," wailed Lydia, "forget this week end."

YOU and me, baby, Sophie told her vulgarly, and fled to the library where she should have gone in the first place.

She opened the door—"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she said feverishly.

Colonel Lomas turned from the window where he had been apparently peering out into the blackness.

"Not at all. I mean to say—this isn't my room, you know. My room is there," and he jerked his head toward the door in the wall next to Syl's desk. "I was—er—I was just putting on my scarf."

"I was just talking to the cook," Sophie said feebly. "Beryl, her name is. Funny name for a cook, isn't it?"

"Quite. Is she making the coffee?" Hugh Lomas asked politely.

"She's spending the night in a quilt with her feet in the oven and she doesn't propose to be disturbed."

"Ah," said Hugh. "Rather a gritty personality, Beryl's."

There was a rather dreadful pause.

"Shall we—er—go along out then?" Hugh asked.

Sophie took a cigarette deliberately, and he lit it. Her hand felt as though it were shaking but astonishingly, it was quite steady. "Why?" she asked him, her eyes wide and innocent.

He looked a little taken aback. "Why—er—to help, I suppose."

Sophie sat down deliberately and crossed her long legs. "They don't need help. Of course, if you want to get away from me, you've only to say so; I shouldn't dream of keeping you."

"That's not fair, Sophie."

She gazed at him for a moment. Then she said, with an air of dispassionate inquiry: "No, it's not very fair, is it? But then you're not very fair, either, Hugh."

"Me?" He looked startled.

Sophie felt her throat tighten. Well, now you're in this, Miss Burnham, she told herself, you'll have to get out. She looked at his face, and suddenly she forgot Miss Burnham and remembered only Sophie. Somehow Sophie had to speak to Hugh. He'll never break down this wall, she thought. He'll just sit there, on the other side. So it's up to me to climb over it.

Aloud she said slowly, "No. At first it was—it was—I thought I'd found someone, at last. And then you changed completely, all in a minute. You got all distant and strange and unfriendly. You let these people's silly talk frighten you off. Hugh, I'm not the way they said—not really."

His eyes looked defenseless, but thank heaven, not embarrassed. He said simply: "It wasn't their talk that frightened me, Sophie. It was you yourself."

She hadn't expected that. "What did I do?"

He frowned a little and looked at her almost pleadingly. "I don't know exactly. I thought you were one way and then suddenly you were quite different. I suppose that's what you're complaining of, too, isn't it? But you were suddenly so quick—so dazzling. I begin to see why American women are so often compared to race horses."

Sophie quite suddenly felt cold and lonely. He had trapped her, in some obscure way of which he seemed to be a master, into laying aside her armor and showing him a simplicity to match his own.

She picked up her shield; the respite was over. When she spoke, she used her old flippancy. "Yes, we're very similar—except some of us aren't so sure of our grandfathers. You think I'm cheap, don't you?"

"Good heavens, no," Hugh assured her. "I think you're most frightfully clever."

"You might just as well have said: 'You're most frightfully pockmarked.'"

"You're very beautiful, too," he said stiffly.

"You needn't say it in that tone of loathing."

"Don't bait me, Sophie." Hugh ruffled his black hair; and oddly, this uninhibited gesture softened her as nothing else could have.

She leaned forward. "What's happened, Hugh? Why has it all changed? Was it just other people who spoiled it—or what?"

Hugh's eyes were as miserable as a child's who knows he has been the cause of disappointment. "I'm afraid you expect too much of me, Sophie. I'm a slow sort of chap, really, you know."

Sophie said wistfully, "I should think you'd be afraid of missing—something."

Hugh leaned back in his chair and smiled at her. Suddenly he was no longer a child. He was grown up, friendly. "That's it. You Americans are so terribly afraid of missing something. You fill your lives so full and you go so fast—it must be jolly exciting, but I should think it would make you a bit nervy."

Sophie said sharply, "Personally I'm sick to death of all this talk about the differences between the British and the Americans. Why can't we ever point out the things we have in common— Our love of games, and the way we both prefer to be host rather than guest at a party and the way we feel about children—"

"But we *are* rather different, you know," he smiled.

"Look." Sophie leaned forward again. "We have a language in common, and the same fundamental point of view. What if you do have a king and we have a president? Both of them run a nation of individualists—that's the point."

"We certainly like you," he laughed. "And we're most awfully keen on your movies."

"Well, we love your tweeds," Sophie said politely.

"You think that's a strong enough basis for friendship?"

SOPHIE considered it. "It's not friendship we're aiming at—not really," she said at last. "It's more like marriage. England and America are so tied together, we can't possibly get away from each other so we might as well make the best of it."

"Is that your notion of marriage?" His voice was quite impersonal.

"It's my notion of most marriages. Not my own."

"Tell me the notion you have of your own." He still sounded impersonal, almost indulgent.

"Why?" Sophie asked quickly. She had the pleasure, for what it was worth, of seeing him taken off guard.

"I—actually, I've no idea. I suppose I thought it might be—er—interesting."

Sophie giggled. "You do look funny when you're frightened. I'm not going to propose."

"That's not what I'm frightened of," Hugh said, with unexpected gravity.

"No?" She raised her eyebrows.

"No. I'm afraid that *I* will."

"Oh." Her eyes sparkled. "And you'd hate that."

"Yes. I mean no, of course not. It's just that I'm not used to asking—er—people to marry me."

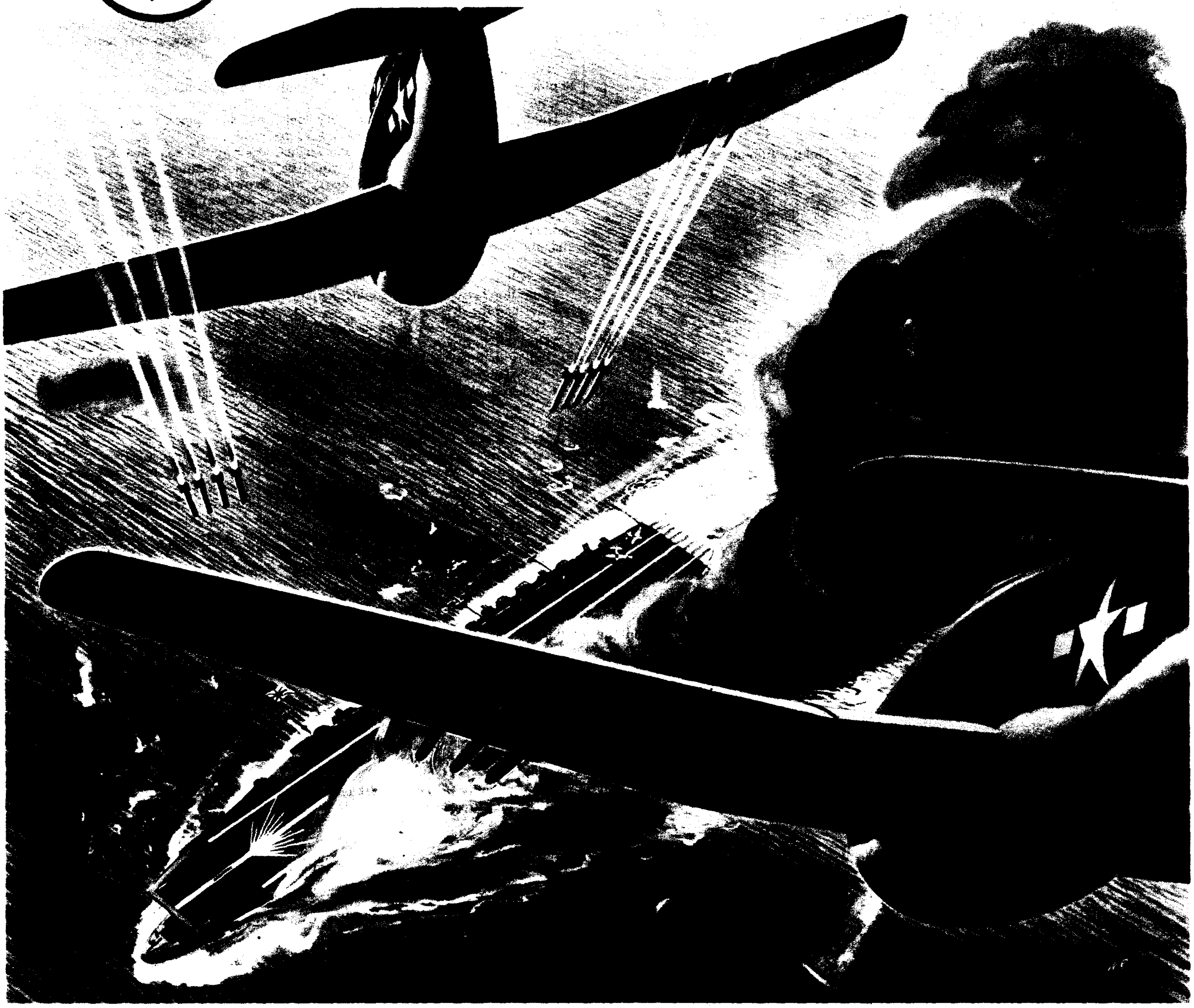
"Well, it's an acquired taste," Sophie told

It Pays to be Ignorant

THE PAYEE	THE PAY-OFF
Policy racket suspect, New York	**He was freed on his plea that he was illiterate and could not have written the policy slips found in his home.**
Automobile owner, Pittsburgh	**Although he had not driven his car himself in 14 years, he received a safe-driving award from an insurance company.**
Machinist, New York	**He ordered the wrong size belt for a machine, and thereby discovered a substitute belting for which he was awarded a $1,200 prize.**
Bowler, St. Louis	**He carelessly left his glasses at home and bowled the first perfect game of his life.**
Banker, Elise, Neb.	**Although he quit school in the sixth grade, he recently made enough to pay a federal income tax of $226,000.**
Motorist, Port Jervis, N. Y.	**Upon telling a judge he had driven for 31 years without a license because he "didn't know you had to have one," he was fined only $10.**

—W. E. Farbstein

PONTIAC



ROCKETS . . . the "new" weapon 700 years old!

The flier in the rocket plane bores in on the Japanese carrier through a screaming sheet of Hell from every gun that can be turned against him. He presses a button. Without recoil, with only a swooshing whistle, a salvo of high velocity, assault rockets lance off toward the target. They strike with the pulverizing punch of five-inch shells, setting up purple mushrooms of smoke, flame and debris. The Navy can send its guns aloft today!

Yes, hundreds of miles from its bases—afloat or ashore—the Navy is seeking out the enemy with shattering new aerial firepower, thanks to the development of a weapon first used by the Chinese in 1232 . . . the assault rocket now in production by Pontiac.

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In producing these "Broadsides from the Blue," for the United States Navy, Pontiac strives to build with integrity and a faithfulness worthy of the men who use them. This has been our continuing purpose in one of the most varied war programs in all industry.

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155-mm. Shells for the Army

Assault Rockets

VITAMINS

Are you older than your years?

The candles on your birthday cake may add up to the sum of your years. But you can take it from science that in many cases, "birthday" age differs from "physical condition" age. Very seldom do the two ages coincide.

A good many persons unknowingly are prematurely senescent. They are physically older than their span on the calendar. Under varying conditions of diet and living, certain chemical changes occur which often render humans "older than their years."

Such conditions as these are especially prevalent among adults whose health and food routines are more often guided by "likes" than by "needs."

Mistaken identity

Many tissue changes, generally regarded as characteristics of approaching old age, are often actually indications of chronic nutritional deficiencies. Slowly developing changes, for example, in vision and in the skin . . . gradual loss of muscular strength and energy, general aches and pains.

Vitamin Research

. . . eyes reveal Vitamins A and B_1 deficiencies

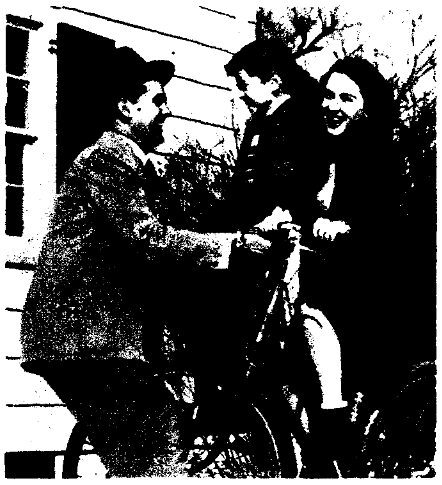
Some of these changes are so prevalent, especially in their milder forms, that they have come to be regarded as usual or normal . . . a natural part of "just growing old." But pinned down, they may be identified simply as dietary deficiencies, tending to shorten man's youth.

An "early" old age

Viewed in the light of the widespread inadequacy of the national diet, as evidenced in U. S. Government surveys and other unbiased ~~studies, it would seem that~~ many Americans are eating their way to an early old age. For these surveys show that literally millions of American families aren't getting enough vitamins and minerals from their meals.

Nor are dietary deficiencies confined to lower income groups only—for these surveys included rich, poor and in-between.

Thus, foresighted indeed are those who regularly take a dietary supplement that assures their getting all the vitamins known to be essential in the diet and the commonly lacking minerals as well.



Youth-Like Energy

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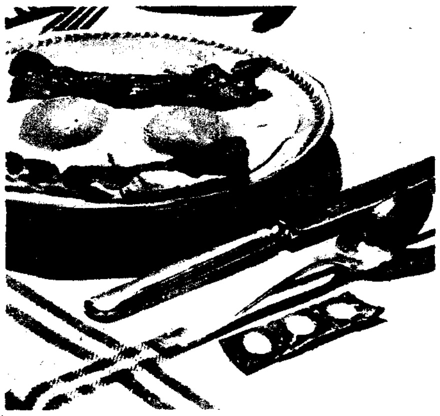
Developed to protect against nutritional deficiencies, the Vimms formula supplies all the vitamins that Government experts and doctors recognize as essential in the diet.

In addition, Vimms supply the minerals most commonly lacking . . . Iron necessary for good red blood, Calcium and Phosphorus for strong bones, teeth and body tissue. These minerals are needed not only to help in various body processes, but also to enable certain of the vitamins to play their full role.

Now, scientists found that if all the vitamins and minerals in three Vimms were made into a single tablet, it would ~~be too~~ big to swallow easily. That is why ~~Vimms come in 3 small~~ tablets to be taken daily—preferably at breakfast. Actually, no one-per-day product gives you all the vitamins and minerals you get in Vimms. Moreover, Vimms are pleasant-tasting, have no aftertaste.



Three Daily At Breakfast

. . . full benefits throughout the entire day

Three Vimms daily will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowances, as adopted by the National Research Council.

him. "Ask me and see whether you like it or not. I'll say no."

"Then I don't see the point in asking," Hugh objected stiffly.

"Just so you wouldn't be afraid of it any more."

"No. If I did it once, I should always be afraid that I might again."

"I should always say no," Sophie encouraged him.

"How can you be so sure?" He looked at her distrustfully. "You might change your mind."

"Oh, suppose I did change my mind!" Sophie cried. "Would it kill you if I said yes, just to vary the monotony?"

Hugh became very reasonable, very logical, very British. "But we don't know each other, Sophie. I mean of course I'm frightfully attracted to you, but I think you'd be making a most awful mistake to marry me. Not the right chap at all. Don't you agree?"

"Of course I agree," Sophie almost shouted. "I keep telling you. So go ahead and *ask* me!"

"Really, Sophie—" He wiggled his neck in his collar foolishly.

"You don't trust me." Sophie sounded hurt. It had the desired effect.

"Of course I trust you," he protested.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"You're making me feel an absolute fool, Sophie." He looked silly and awkward now, and at a loss.

And quite suddenly Sophie had come to the end of it. It wasn't boredom she felt, nor even a mild amusement. It was pure, passionate dislike for Hugh. She almost hated him. She wanted to hurt him, to cut him into ribbons.

"You *are* an absolute fool," she told him. "I don't know why I bother to carry on a flirtation with you, anyway—I suppose because you're the only unattached male on this unspeakable week end."

"A flirtation," he repeated stupidly.

"What did you think it was," Sophie asked him, mercilessly—"love at first sight?"

"As a matter of fact, you know, I did." He spoke quietly. "And I don't mind telling you I found the experience shattering. Ridiculous, wasn't it?"

"Too absurd," said Sophie, but her heart was shriveling.

"You've been having a jolly old time with me, haven't you, Sophie?" he said, quite calmly.

"Oh, it's simply *made* the week end." She turned it into a caricature.

Lomas looked at the fire. "Odd how difficult it is to judge a woman when one can tell about a man at once. You know, you are damn' clever. You must have had a good laugh at my expense."

"Laugh—I thought I'd die," Sophie said, wondering how long she could keep from crying.

Lomas leaned toward her, his eyes hard. "I see now what Charles meant last night when he called you dangerous. It never occurs to you that it might be rather cruel, does it?"

Sophie's temper departed. "It never occurs to you that you're a blind, pompous ass, does it?"

They stared at each other in a silence that locked them in. Neither could escape from it, neither would let the other escape.

And then the front door opened, there were voices . . .

Sophie leaned back in her chair and reached for another cigarette as Charles and Lydia came in.

Lydia said critically, "It's not as warm here as it is in the living room," and began peeling things off.

Lomas stood up. "Sorry we didn't get out there, too. Have they got it mended?"

Charles' face was red with cold and bad temper. He put his hands to the fire and said bitterly, "There is no intention of mending the wires tonight. Three men came in ear muffs and looked at it. That's all."

"Oh, Lord," said Sophie, "are we *never* going to escape?" And she went out into the hall. . . .

The others had gone on into the living room. Valentine stood in the cold hall, pulling the zipper of her galosh, and wondering why all this seemed so familiar: Eva's unbearably charming prattle, her own discomfiture and Sylvanus' politely noncommittal air. She bent over the galosh and her hair fell over her face . . . and the years rushed away like water out of a glass.

It was at a children's party in Paris, twenty years ago. A Christmas party, given by a little French boy. She could remember his well-shaped head but not one of his features, nor his name. She could remember, too, his grave courtesy to her—until the little girl had come, a little girl with round curls like tunnels and legs much fatter than Val's, whose name unbelievably turned out to be Lettice.

There must have been other children there but she remembered only Lettice's endless fund of small talk, her assurance, and her easy ability to take the little French boy's whole attention. And gradually Valentine had grown quieter and quieter.

Grownups took them to a special performance of the English Pantomime, and she had hated and scorned it because the little girl had laughed and clapped and the grownups had looked at her fondly. Valentine felt now precisely as she had then: thin, self-conscious, ungracious, shy. She had had no easy prattle, and if she had, she would have scorned to use it. She could only sit and let them think that she was jealous.

Val kicked her galosh into a corner of the hall. I'm a grownup now myself. What do I care? she thought; they'll never guess how I feel. I'll never let them see what a ghastly business this whole week end is. I'm stronger than they are. I can even see its ridiculous side. Sylvanus can't keep his temper—but I can. They never guessed that I loved Sylvanus—they'll never suspect how I feel about Eva. I despise her: she's false and she's a sponger.

And she made herself walk easily into the warmth of the living room. Sophie and Hugh were on opposite sides of the room, and the Herricks were far apart, too. Only Sylvanus stood close to anyone, and he leaned on the back of Eva's chair. The fire was bright and hot. The lamps were lit and the room was friendly. This wasn't a raw Parisian day a long time ago. This was here, and now.

"We got tired of waiting for you and came on in," Charles said to Sylvanus. "What kept you?"

"I was trying," Sylvanus responded, "to get some satisfaction out of those half-witted citizens in baby bonnets. All they'll tell me is that perhaps they'll be able to fix the break by tomorrow. Tomorrow—we may all be dead by tomorrow! What about a drink?"

"I tried to make some coffee," Sophie said, "but Beryl wouldn't let me. She's bedded down on the broiler."

Lydia cried with sudden animation, "Let's all have a drink, and then I'll tell you what let's do! Let's play a game!"

There was a short, rather vivid silence, and then Sophie asked: "What had you in mind—squat tag?"

"Sardines in a can is nice," Charles offered. "Do you know how to play that, Eva?"

"Sardines?" Eva looked a little dazed.

"I'll be It," Charles explained, "and I'll go and hide, and then you all come looking for me. When you find me, you get in with me. See? That's what makes it fun."

"Get *in*—" Eva repeated.

"In wherever I'm hiding." Charles was impatient. "I mean—er—it might be a nice, tight, friendly little cupboard—"

Lydia interrupted firmly, but kindly, "I know a game. Now one of us leaves the room—"

With one voice Sylvanus, Charles and Sophie said: "No!"

Valentine sat down and put her feet on a hassock. "I leave this room for nothing but a three-alarm fire," she said. "Maybe I could get my hands warm at it."

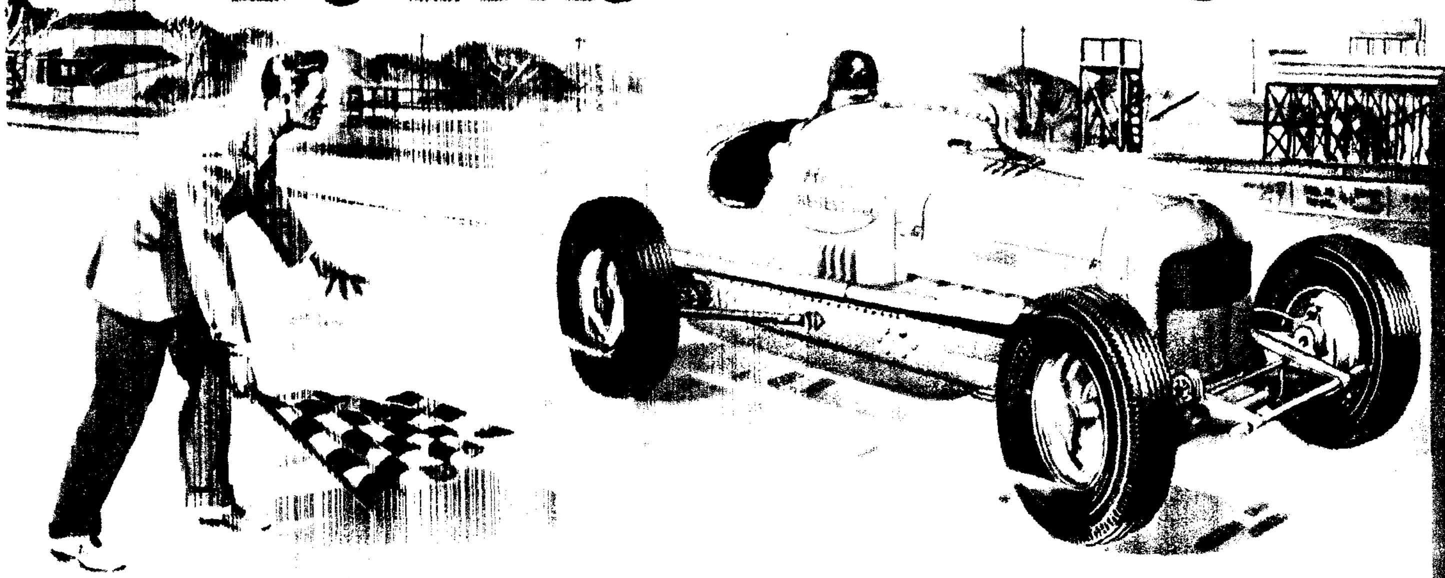
Lydia began to lose patience. "Well, you can't play anything without leaving the room."

Sylvanus came forward to the center of the room. "We're going," he said, "to play The Game. Only you're all going to be on the same side."

"The same side!" Lydia cried. "But you can't—"

Firestone

De Luxe CHAMPION TIRES



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Imagine the punishment those tires took as they pounded over the rough brick and grinding asphalt! Yet not a skid or blowout occurred. Could you ask for greater proof of tire safety?

When you buy new tires, remember — Firestone DeLuxe Champions are the only synthetic rubber tires made that are safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway.

* * *

WARNING: The tire situation is still critical. You should continue to observe the national 35-mile-an-hour speed limit and all other fundamental precautions for conserving the tires that are now on your car.

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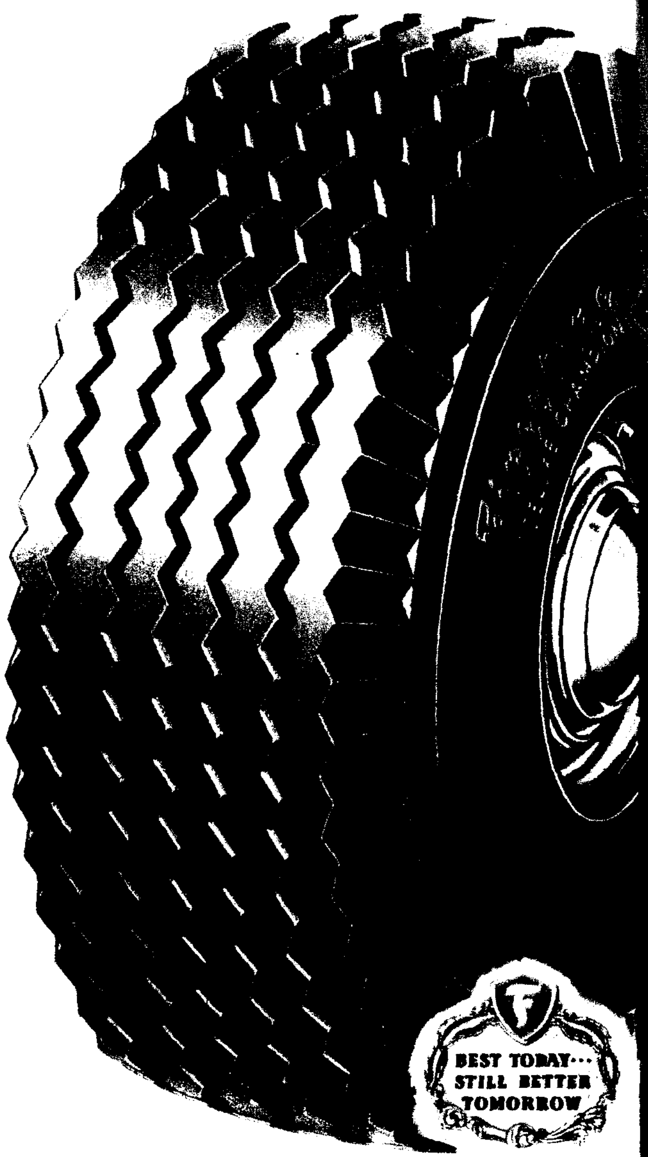
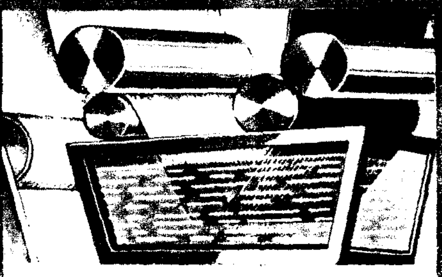
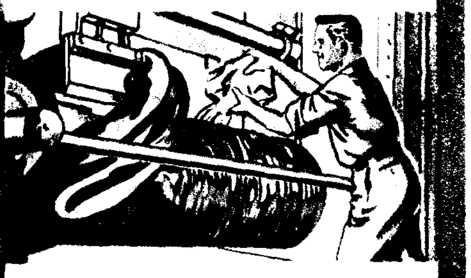


BEST TODAY··· STILL BETTER TOMORROW

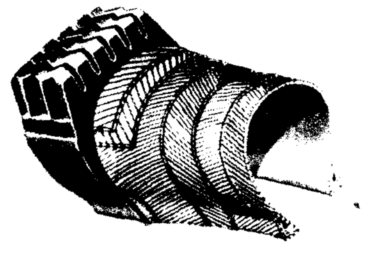
HERE'S WHY FIRESTONE DELUXE CHAMPION TIRES STAY SAFER LONGER



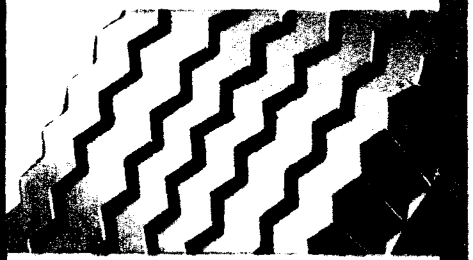
SAFTI-LOCK GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY. The long-staple cotton fibers of every cord are locked together for extra strength. These cords are then dipped in a special rubber solution for extra protection against blowouts.



VITAMIC RUBBER. The rubber used in both the tread and cord body contains Vitalin, a rubber vitamin developed by Firestone, which gives extra protection against weather and wear and keeps rubber live and tough.



SAFTI-SURED CONSTRUCTION. There are two major parts of a tire — tread and cord body. Safti-Sured Construction means that the tread and cord body are welded together inseparably into a unit of extra strength.



GEAR-GRIP TREAD. 3,456 sharp-edged angles in the tread design provide extra protection against skidding. Greater non-skid volume of rubber in the tread and greater tread width give extra traction and extra mileage.

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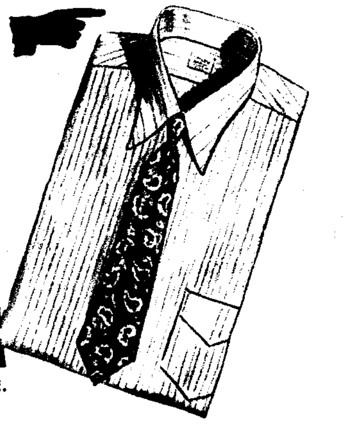
ORIGINATORS OF THE TRUBENIZED† COLLAR



*ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

†Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ALL DAY NECKLINE NEATNESS WITHOUT STARCH

"What is this, The Game?" Eva interrupted.

"It's just called that," Valentine shrugged. "The Game. We're supposed to divide up into two teams and act quotations to each other."

"Or proverbs or titles or something," Charles said crossly, and proceeded to illustrate. "Only God can make a tree. An army marches on its stomach. Damn' waste of time, if you ask me."

"Now sit down, all of you and keep still," Sylvanus ordered, and to Val's mild surprise, everyone promptly found a chair and sat down. "Now," said Sylvanus, "I'm going to act a famous proverb."

"Shhhhh!" Lydia ordered, and silence fell.

Sylvanus stood commandingly in the middle of the floor; there was, Val noticed, that uncomfortable gleam in his brown eyes again. But he avoided meeting her glance, and he was quite grave, almost earnest.

WHEN he had everyone's attention he crossed his hands under his chin and waved them slowly, meanwhile sucking in the corners of his mouth and rolling his eyes sadly.

"Fish!" said four people promptly. Sylvanus nodded and shook his own hands, in the manner of a victorious boxer; so far the company had guessed right.

His next activity, however, was not so clear. He pointed at each of his guests in turn, ending with a wide sweep of the arms, which included them all.

"People?" asked Lydia. Sylvanus refused this, firmly.

"Men? Women? Humanity?" Valentine suggested. Again Sylvanus shook his head; then he repeated his pointing and the wide, inclusive sweep of his arms at the end. Sophie sat up suddenly.

"Guests!" she said, and Sylvanus beckoned her on with both hands. Hugh Lomas, in his corner, sat forward.

"Could it be—visitors?" he suggested hesitantly.

Sylvanus shook his hands over his head. Sophie looked at Val, her eyes puzzled. "Fish and Visitors—" she said.

Sylvanus stood in the center of the room and held his nose graphically.

"Smell," said Charles flatly.

Sylvanus held up three fingers, and Valentine suddenly wondered where her wits had been. "After three days!" she cried. "Of course—Poor Richard's Almanac."

Sylvanus bowed to her, a dry, mocking little bow. "Congratulations."

"Never heard of it," said Charles.

Sophie said slowly, "Fish and visitors smell after three days. . . ? Well, really, darling, it does seem rather an extraordinary proverb for a host to choose."

"Only a host could act it with any conviction," Sylvanus told her, and calmly resumed his seat.

Val wanted terribly to laugh, but she had the dreadful conviction that it would be unwise to start, for fear of being unable to stop. But someone must break this silence. She giggled hysterically.

"The Voice of America," she said, "turns out to be a genius at pantomime!"

Sylvanus looked at her, and for the first time since she had known him, his kind eyes looked hard. He turned his back and went over to the table where the glasses and siphons had been placed.

Val looked at his back and her cheeks felt hot. He thinks I was being catty to him, she thought. He thinks I was sneering. Oh, Sylvanus, why don't we understand each other any more?

Sylvanus shot soda water into a glass with a sound like tearing silk.

He noticed with detachment that his hand was shaking as he took up his glass. Curious thing, disillusion, he thought, standing with his back to the room. I don't mind Sophie being beastly—I can put that down to the cold, and forget it. And Lydia, poor girl, is doing the best she can, according to her lights. But to have Valentine turn catty is more than I can bear . . . "The Voice of America . . . a genius at pantomime." That was a nasty one . . .

He drank half of his glass at one gulp—something he'd given up doing when he was a sophomore. At first he thought he was going to choke to death. Then he thought for a moment that he was going to feel really warm for the first time in nearly twenty-four hours.

And then he realized that neither was going to happen. He simply felt, with devastating suddenness, heroic.

I could lick Charles easily, he thought complacently, measuring his bulky brother-in-law with his eyes. . . . And I could send Lydia up to bed—like that! he mentally snapped his fingers. As for Sophie and Valentine . . . he looked at them judicially. They need spanking, he thought. And he finished his drink in a second gulp.

Sophie got up from the hearth rug. "Really, Sylvanus," she said, "I never suspected you could be so rude, darling."

Eva laughed lightly. "But perhaps, Sophie, you are not used to such direct methods?"

Sophie turned and looked down at her, and Sylvanus' eye followed: Eva's small feet, so exquisitely shod, were stretched out before her, the small-boned ankles crossed languorously. The line of her thigh ran up smoothly; and at her bosom was the fire of a diamond and topaz clip. She smiled up at Sophie, and her chin was tilted invitingly. That's right, Sylvanus thought exultingly. Sick em, Eva. Don't let Sophie bully you once more!

Sophie said with deceptive gentleness: "On the contrary, Eva—I thought you might have noticed: I *prefer* direct methods."

"Love fifteen," said Valentine, languidly. Sylvanus ignored her.

Eva smiled again. "Yes, you like to say what you think, don't you, Sophie? You will forgive me—but to me this is sometimes a little childish." Bravo! Sylvanus shouted silently.

"Fifteen all," said Valentine, sitting up.

Lydia frowned at her and then at Sylvanus, who was pouring himself another drink. Sylvanus frowned right back.

Sophie flipped the ash of her cigarette into the fireplace. "I've noticed that you prefer not to face facts—especially unpleasant ones."

"Fifteen thirty," Valentine observed impersonally.

Eva's voice rose a trifle. "Of course, I am a European, so I am perhaps a little over-civilized, but to make these personalities seems to me a little—bourgeois, no?"

"Thirty all," Valentine snapped out.

Lydia cleared her throat nervously. "You mean," Sophie prompted, "you think Sylvanus is a little 'bourgeois'?—to tell us he's tired of us?"

"Not at all—!" Eva began angrily.

"Thirty-forty—advan-tage *out!*" Valentine raised her voice; Sylvanus moved toward her.

Before he could touch her shoulder warningly, however, Sophie got up as gracefully as a dancer, and crossed the room to Eva's chair. She took a cigarette from the box at Eva's elbow and lit it from the one she held.

"Of course," Sophie said gently, "that means Sylvanus is tired of visitors from *other* countries, too. Nothing personal about it: just European sponging in general."

SHE smiled brilliantly down upon Eva, who smiled brilliantly back, rose out of her chair as swiftly as a snake striking, and slapped Sophie's pale cheek with all her force.

Sylvanus, paralyzed, stood clutching his glass.

Valentine shouted at the top of her lungs: "Game!"

Whereupon, Eva turned about and slapped Val, with equal force. The stinging blow came so unexpectedly that Val obviously felt only a blank surprise.

"Set!" said Sophie, in a voice both surprised and pleased. She held one hand to her reddening cheek, and her eyes were fiery.

Sylvanus opened his mouth to speak, when, without warning, the room seemed to disintegrate. Eva suddenly burst into an avalanche of tears and sank into her chair, sobbing. Lydia rushed to her.

Charles turned upon Sophie, "Of all the brawling fishwives—" he began, but he got no further, for Sophie enthusiastically leaned over and slapped Charles—hard.

Lydia screamed over Eva's bowed head, "Sophie Burnham! How dare you!"

Sophie's voice shook. "No measly little

Groton graduate is going to call *me* a fishwife, even if he is in uniform!"

Sylvanus looked at them all with horror. These—his friends—his guests!

"Bubi—Bubi—what have I done?" Eva wailed. "You are tired of me! You think I have been sponging!"

"Nothing of the kind, Eva!" Sylvanus was suddenly very angry indeed. His friends—his guests—they were all savages, as much in need of a lesson as any ruthless country in the world.

He turned. "Sophie, what on earth possessed you to behave so? Apologize to Eva at once!"

"*Apologize* to her!" Sophie shrieked. "Why should I?"

"Because," said Sylvanus with icy deliberation, "you have been unforgivably rude to a guest in my house."

"She'd better apologize to me first," Sophie said furiously—"and you'd better apologize yourself. You as good as said we all smelled—or isn't Eva included in the general fragrance?"

Eva struggled out of Lydia's arms and came over to Sylvanus. She looked up at him; the tears still ran down her face, and there was something so touching about tears on that charming, sophisticated face that his heart contracted sharply. This was a hideous scene, and it was his fault. He had allowed it to happen, simply because he had thought that Eva would put Sophie in her place. He should have known that Eva was too gentle, too well-bred, to be a match for Sophie who was American and uninhibited.

"Bubi, you *must* tell me," Eva said brokenly. "I will be brave. You are tired of me. You wish I would go?"

"Absolute rot, Eva!" He put his hand on her arm. "Of course I don't want you to go—I want you to stay as long as you like."

Eva sighed and smiled through her tears. "Ah, Bubi, you are an angel."

Sylvanus swallowed. "It—it was just a game," he said soothingly.

Eva stiffened. She looked up at him and the tears seemed ready to fall again. "You do not really mean you wish me to stay—?" She began, her voice quivering.

"As long as you like," Sylvanus told her.

Valentine spoke and her voice was as cool as falling water: "Didn't he offer you the house, Eva?"

Eva turned to him again. "But you said—this committee?"

Sylvanus felt as though he had turned an unexpected corner and found, ahead of him, a sign: Dead End.

He knew, in that instant, that he was through with the committee and its once-amusing efficiency. He was tired of being the baby for three little girls to play with. He was very tired of everything but reality.

He walked over to the tray of decanters and put down his glass. "There is no committee," he said clearly. "I shall expect you to take the house over next month. Treat it as your own. Ask your friends here. Work on your book in peace."

Eva broke the utter silence that followed this. "Bubi!" she cried.

"I think," Lydia announced with some dignity, "that I had better go up to bed."

Eva put out a white, pleading hand. "No, Lydia, wait—tell me! I am not so wise in America— If I am staying alone in Bubi's house, this will not make gossip? People are not saying unkind things about me?"

"You'll get used to it, dear," Sophie said.

Sylvanus stepped in. "It'll be all right, Eva. You see, I won't be here."

"Of course," Lydia cried, relieved—"Syl will be in Washington."

"You mean London," Sophie corrected.

"That's enough—both of you!" Sylvanus barked.

"Really, Sylvanus," Lydia said, mortally wounded—"I think I shall say good night." And she swept majestically out of the room.

I knew I could send her up to bed, Sylvanus thought triumphantly.

SOPHIE immediately got to her feet, smiling cordially. "Good night, Syl dear. I *couldn't* have had a more heavenly time if I'd spent the evening in a foxhole."

She turned toward the door, but Eva's voice stopped her: "Sophie!"

Eva put out her hand, and her smile was charming. "You must promise me, my dear Sophie, not to worry about this little contretemp. We will forget all about it, yes? Me, I am always having a terrible temper—like a tigress. But when it is over—pht!—it is gone. And you, I am sure, you do not mean to be rude and cruel—does she, Bubi?"

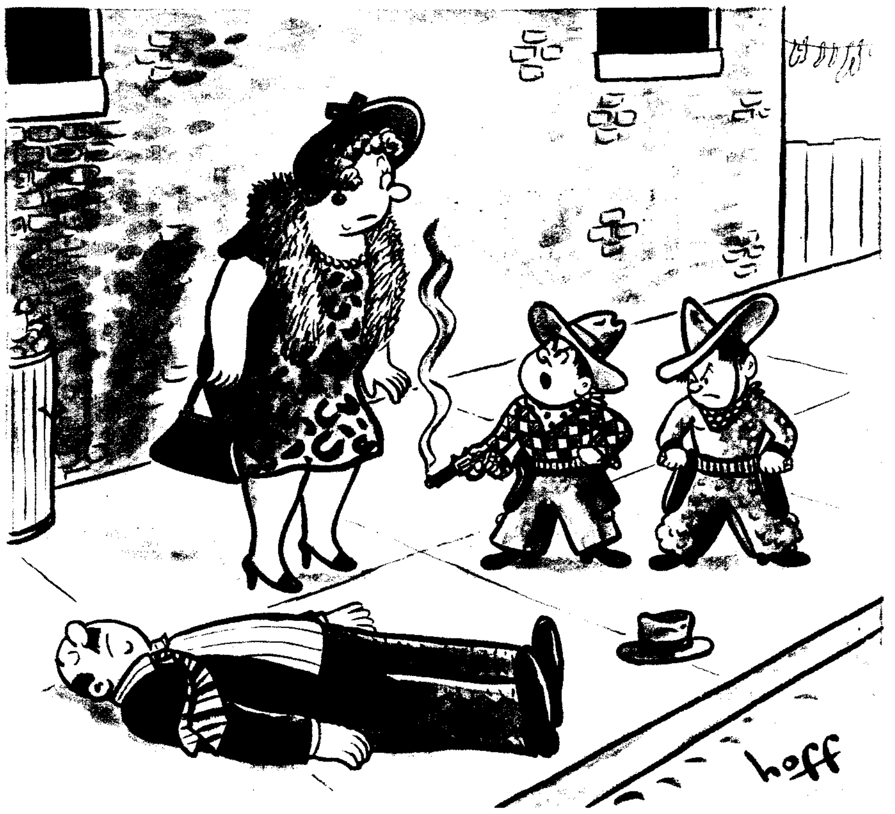
"I certainly hope not," Sylvanus said dryly.

Sophie gasped and shut her mouth with difficulty. "Well—I—*honestly!*" She was speechless. She went to the living-room door, and turned. "Maybe you'll understand," she said politely to Eva, "if I set fire to your bed. Good night everyone. Happy, happy dreams." And the door closed softly behind her.

There was a moment of silence. Then Eva said gently, "I am very tired. Good night, gentlemen." She went to the door.

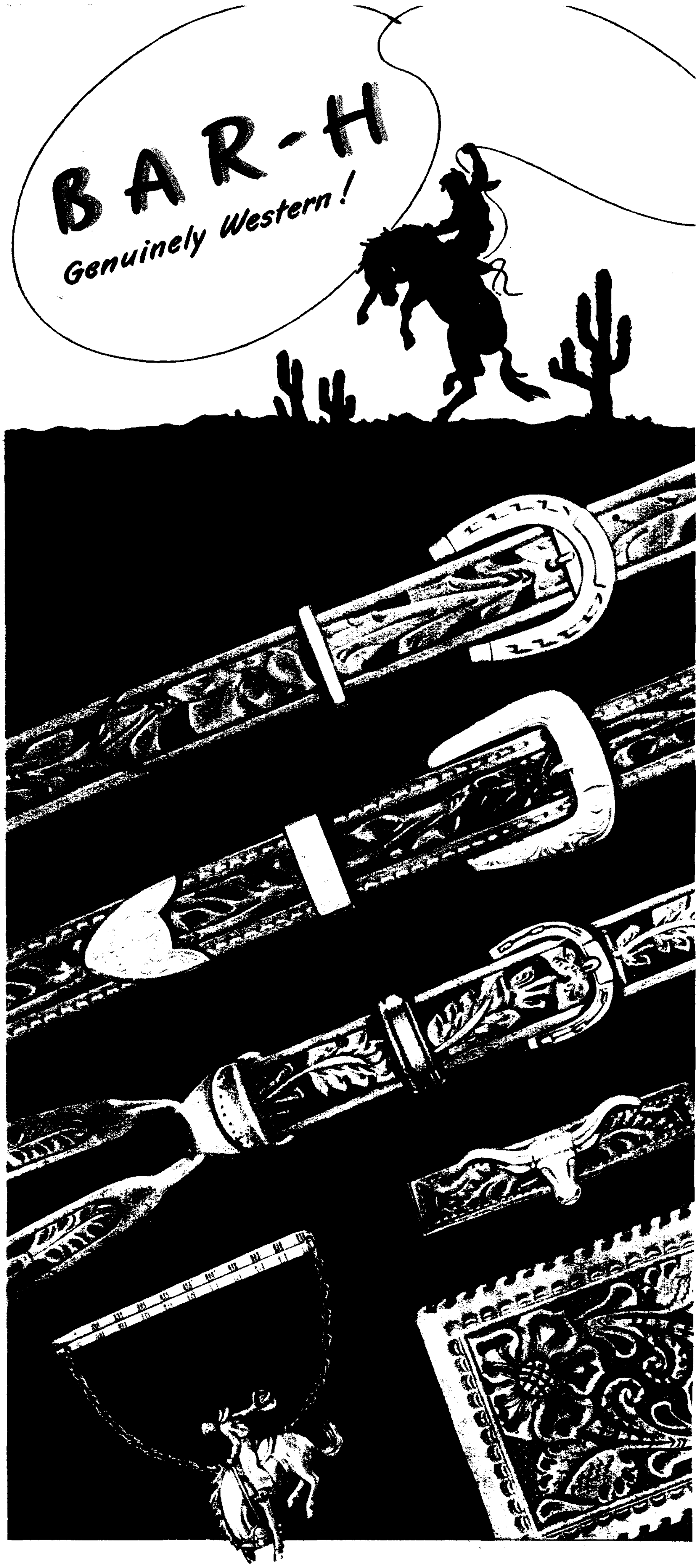
Val followed her. Eva went out, but Val turned. "Good night—gentlemen," she said softly. But the door didn't close gently behind her.

(To be concluded next week)



"Now will you stop saying how cute we are and pass over your dough?"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF



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Dancing Master

Continued from page 20

"The best one I had was from Portage—a Polish kid; a hell of a dancer," says Gene.

In the summers Gene would go out to Chicago to the meeting of the Dancing Masters Association, picking up new ballet steps and routines. After a month there, he'd be broke and would start looking around for a nightclub date. He had a beautifully corny master-of-ceremonies act worked up by this time and topped it off with his tap numbers. His worst time was in 1932 when he was very elaborately broke and hungry. He was wearing a frayed coat that didn't offer much contest to the winds coming in off the lake and he needed a job bad.

"I got just the place for you," said an agent. "A little spot just outside town, and you play three shows. Pay isn't much, but it'll help you get started."

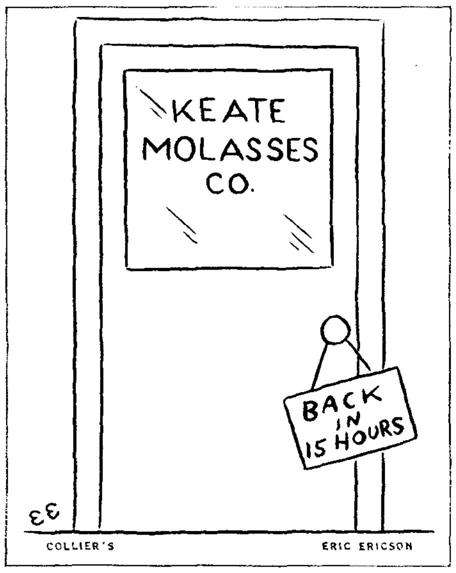
"How much *is* the pay?" Gene asked.

"Well-l-l," fumbled the agent. "Like I say; it isn't much; but only three shows . . . five bucks."

The one truthful thing about the agent's statement was that the place was on the outskirts of town. It took an hour and two streetcars. Gene did his three shows, twenty-five minutes each, and at 2:45 A.M. dragged himself into the manager of the saloon's office to get his pay.

"Not until after the fourth show, buddy," said the manager.

So Gene did a fourth show, which started at four, and when he got out of the joint, it was raining and he had to wait an hour for a trolley. Next day he went back to the agent's office, thinking he might have something else and something better.



COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

"Haven't you forgotten something?" asked the agent.

"No. What?" said Gene, looking at him in surprise.

"My commission, old man," said the agent. "You know as well as I do—ten per cent."

Gene dropped the four bits on the desk and went out a trace befuddled. It was only afterward that he analyzed the transaction: four long shows at $1.12½ each.

But the winter sessions at his schools in Pittsburgh and Johnstown were doing a raging business, and everything was fine until he took another decision: He was giving it all up to try his luck in New York. Solemn friends pointed out to him what a mistake he was making. He had a prosperous and growing business; he was a big frog in a little puddle; competition was tough in New York and he might find himself up against it.

"I had been looking at that competition for years," says Gene. "It didn't look so hot. Anyhow, it was time to move. You reach that spot and you either move or you stay where you are and end up wearing a flowing black tie and being called 'Professor.' "

He wasn't a Broadway riot from the start but he picked up jobs right away—a small dancing role in Leave It to Me and then a dancing and singing spot in One for the Money. After that came a summer in stock at Westport and a spell of living with three other fellows in a rather crummy apartment where Gene learned Shakespeare by listening to the others spout it. The Shakespeare has never done him much good in a practical way, but what really fixed him up was meeting William Saroyan, a sort of bargain-basement Shakespeare.

Saroyan is something like a cloudburst in an arroyo: One minute he isn't there and the next he has washed you over into the next county. If you are an actor and Bill likes you, no one will ever convince him that you aren't the greatest thing since Henry Irving. He heaved Gene into Time of Your Life, where he staged his own numbers and worked up quite a little reputation for himself in the Pulitzer Prize winner. From that came a job to direct Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, where he felt a bit awed, bossing around such former greats as Eddie Leonard, Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, Harlan Dixon and Julian Eltinge. He did all right. Also he fell in love with one of the chorus girls, Betsy Blair.

Later when Gene was starring in Pal Joey, and Betsy was dancing in Panama Hattie, the ubiquitous Saroyan bobbed up again and waved his magic wand. He went backstage to see Gene one night and said, "Come awn; let's get the hell out of here and grab something to eat."

Gene said he had to pick up his girl first.

"*Pick* her up," says Bill.

They went to a restaurant and had hardly got seated when Bill pointed a finger at Betsy and yelled, "You ever act, kid?"

"No-o, but I think I could," she said.

"Sure you can," cried Bill. "You're going to have the damnedest part anybody ever heard of. You're going in my next show."

That was The Beautiful People, and Betsy made a hit. Then she and Gene got married and M-G-M came through with a contract, and they started to California by car. They got as far as New Orleans, figured out the car was getting them along too fast, caught a banana boat for Vera Cruz, bummed around Mexico for a week and finally relieved their frantic agent by arriving in Hollywood.

History of a Success

What follows is well known to present-day historians. Gene did For Me and My Gal, with Judy Garland, Pilot No. 5, with Franchot Tone and Marsha Hunt; Du Barry Was a Lady, with Lucille Ball and Red Skelton; and then As Thousands Cheer. His great success was in Cover Girl over at Columbia Studios. He worked out his own routines, talked Arthur Schwartz and Harry Cohn into letting him try the sensational Alter Ego number and ended up about the hottest thing in town. Since then he's been at Universal with Deanna Durbin in a dramatic role and is now in Ziegfeld Follies.

This is the list, with one exception: Anchors Aweigh. His draft board had been flirting with him for two years, and he thought he was in last spring, but the Navy said no; they wanted him to do Anchors Aweigh first. He's finished that and is now in the Navy, where he always wanted to be.

There is a new Kelly in his house, a little blond perpetual-motion called Kerry. Whatever it might have been, it's a girl's name in the Kelly household, and she's going to be a great halfback if she keeps growing. How many people live in the house is a debatable question, because Gene's old friends from New York get off the Chief and move in. Meals are on a run-and-grab basis, and if anybody expects to be entertained, he is in the wrong block.

In the days when the Kellys were invited to big parties, they didn't know how to refuse, so they would say yes and then not turn up. Gene worked hard, as is the case with most dancers, and had to keep in shape for kickball and a Sunday morning softball game that was a social event for certain personages of the cruder sort.

Gene thinks he's a lucky guy because he is in the Navy, and if he's an old man by the time he gets back to M-G-M, it will be all right with him. He's to go on as a director or producer and has plans for revolutionizing dance treatments in the films. It didn't take the depression to make a man of him but it certainly rounded him out.

THE END

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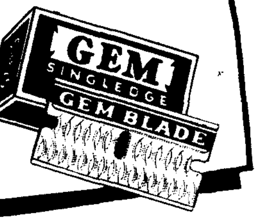

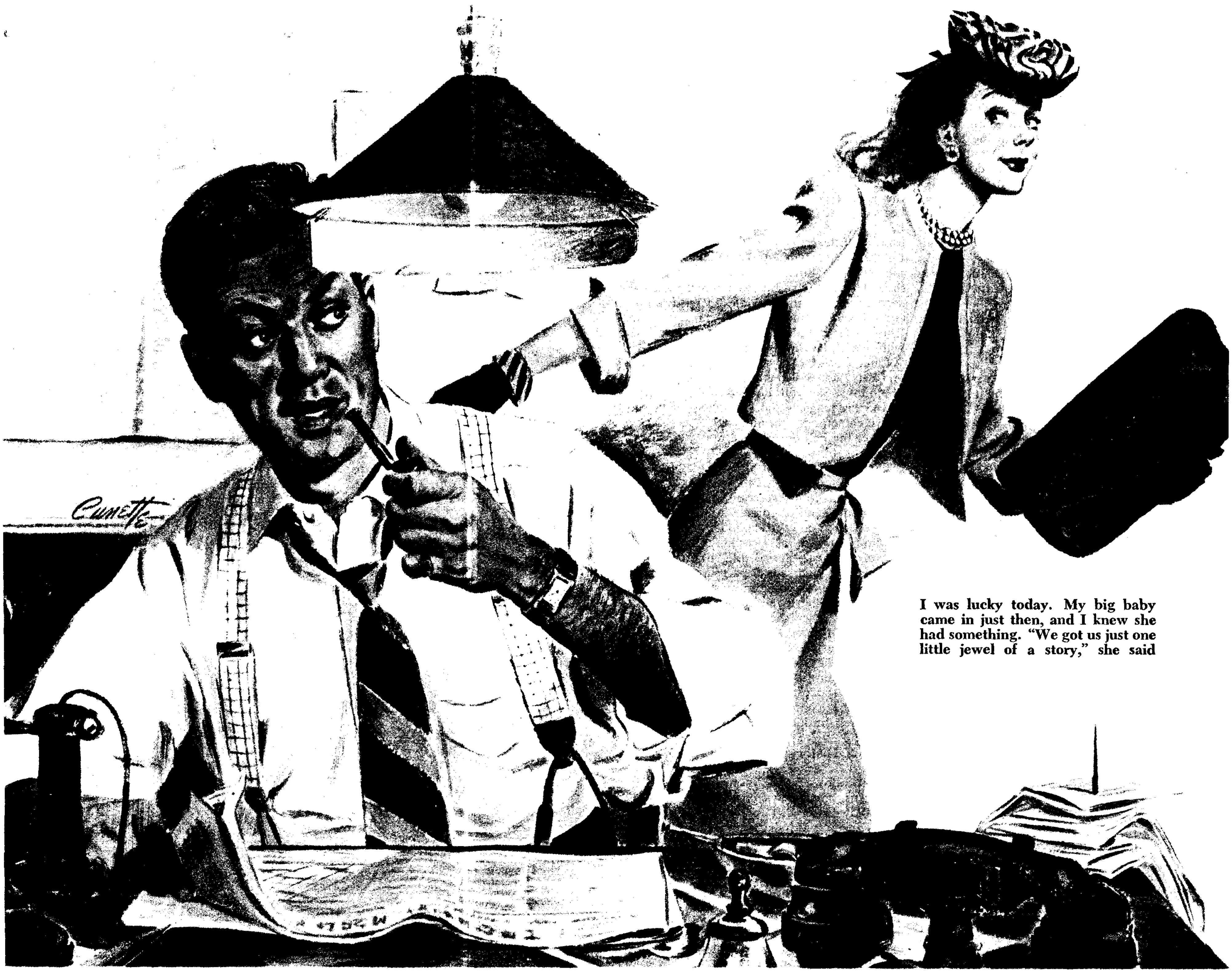

I was lucky today. My big baby came in just then, and I knew she had something. "We got us just one little jewel of a story," she said

Second Chance

A child had been kidnaped—and to break the story a city editor gambled his career, his heart, and—believe it or not—the father of the girl he loved

BY NORMAN KATKOV

JANE put her arms around my neck, dug her fingers in my ear, and then, deciding that a city editor didn't have to work, started pulling my hair gently. There were a few stories I had to assign, I needed a cup of coffee, and I wanted one of the rewrite men to call the South St. Paul police station and ask if Nate Berg, my police reporter, was there yet.

That Tremont kidnaping was already a 12-day-old baby and we hadn't even changed diapers on the first day's story. But I always had time to look at my girl.

"Hello, lovely," I said. "You going to marry me this week?" She was lovely, make no mistake.

"Next week," she answered.

I'd been hearing that for two years, but I couldn't complain. I could still look at her. She was the best woman reporter in town; just what the movies would have chosen to play herself: Five feet four inches, legs for dancing and arms for tennis, and face—well, face for me: pug nose, small mouth, hair the color of the rotogravure. This was my girl, man. I'd waited 33 years to pick a winner, and I had the champ. But she wouldn't have me.

"Tommy?" When she said it that way, it was grief for me: A day off, a campaign for a new community house, a speech, where I ate chicken à la king, regretted it for three days afterward and, after dinner, agreed with every guest that the newspaper business was the most fascinating in the world.

"What am I being made for?" I wanted to know. I was afraid of her eyes, they were suddenly like your glasses when you come into a warm room out of the cold.

"Tommy, Dad is outside in the reception room. He got back last week. I want you to give him a job on the News."

Jack Lewis was Jane's father, but he was also the man that couldn't get a job on any paper in the country. He was the guy, if you remember that far back, who, when he was city editor of the old St. Paul Star, had pocketed a cool grand a month for over two years for not printing a word about the capers the police were pulling—and they were doing everything, including murder. He'd run the best afternoon paper in town right into the ground; he'd started at least two dozen cub reporters thinking the way he did; and he'd been told politely one afternoon in a dining room in the Gopher Club that he didn't want to be seen again in St. Paul for a long, long time. This was no speech she was asking me to make.

"I'm sorry, honey." I was sorry for her, not for the old man. I'd been a cub reporter on the News when he pulled out and Jack Lewis and me thought differently. We didn't belong on the same ball club.

"Tom, he's changed," she pleaded.

Maybe he had. I'd been copy boy, cub reporter, police reporter, sports writer, movie critic, rewrite man and city editor and I'd come to the stage where I believed in two things: my newspaper and Tom Royal. Anything else I looked at and I forgot.

"Tom, he's still the best reporter you'll ever see."

"Sure, I know."

"You've got to, Tom. He needs a job. Here, where they chased him out."

"Tom, the pal, huh, Jane? Tom, the big brother that'll do anything Jane asks?"

She got as pale as the first papers coming off the presses before the ink soaks. I was

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU CUNETTE

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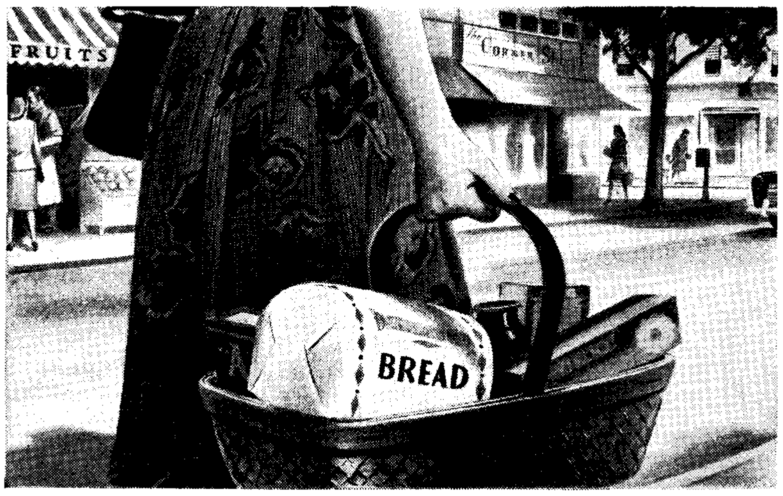

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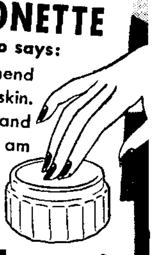

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rolling and unrolling the paper, the way a carrier does before he wings it at a porch, when Fred Gates, my assistant, handed me the phone, his face looking like somebody had a tie around his neck and was pulling the ends of it in opposite directions.

It was the city hospital. An intern gave it to me short and sweet: Nate Berg was there with both legs smashed and his throwing arm broken. He'd been riding with the dicks to South St. Paul when they'd slammed into a truck going to the stockyards. The cows, I understood, were all right.

Jane's face when I looked up at her was like a kid's when you come to see him with your hands behind your back. I tried not to think I was doing it because of Jane, but I'd been using honest dice with myself too long. I needed him, and a lot can be forgotten in 15 years.

She went out of the room like a murder had just broken. I had time to light my pipe before she was back with Jack. I shook hands and introduced him to Fred, but all he got from Gates was flesh, there was no life to the grip.

"You've read the Tremont snatch?" I asked. He nodded. "You up on it?" He nodded again. I told him the name of the chief of police in South St. Paul. "Get me what you can," I said. He nodded once more, started his hand toward me, stopped it, started to say something, thought better of that, turned to Jane for an instant, bent his head to kiss her hair and walked out of the office.

I WATCHED his shoes, not dirty and not shined, but looking the way shoes do when you try to keep them clean yourself. I sat down slowly and I could feel Gates' eyes on my Adam's apple.

Jane sat down across from Fred. He got up for some water and Jane half rose in her chair leaning over toward me. "Why don't I love you, Tommy?"

"Because I'm a wrong guy."

"I want to, Tom."

"I'm like caviar. Hang around." The best I could do was the kind of smile you give some guy that's on his back in a hospital and knows he's never getting up.

"I don't like caviar,' she smiled.

Nuts! I was getting paid to put out a newspaper and I didn't want that vinegar taste in my mouth this early in the day. "Listen, Jane," I said, "here's what I was going to tell you when you came in: Jo Ann Tremont's nurse, the woman that took care of the kid from the time she was five until last summer, is living out at White Bear Lake. She's got a cottage out there. Now don't get excited," I warned. "She hasn't got the kid, but she knows enough about her to give you a damn' good story about the brat. Go on out and get enough for three quarters of a column and come in and write it yourself."

"How did you find that out, Tom?"

I was a little tired of talking to her. "That's my business."

She looked like I'd slapped her. She got pencils, folded some copy paper and went for her coat. On her way out she stopped at the desk. "You're like a chameleon," she snapped. "One minute you're the nicest guy in the world, the next instant you're a jerk. How can you change so often?"

"I never change about you, lovely," I answered. She took that with her.

The janitor came in with the first edition. There was an overnight story on the kidnaping on the front page and it made me sick to look at it. Most of the story was rehash, written yesterday evening: The girl had been playing alone in the back yard of her home; a maid had seen her at 3:30; the girl was missed about six when Mrs. Tremont came home from a bridge game. The kidnapers called that night, asking for $100,000. The Tremonts told police and that was the end. I'd worked the Bohn, Bremer, Hamm and Weyerhauser snatches, but I'd never seen the likes of this.

I was halfway through Winchell when Roy Hynan, the managing editor, came out of his office and across the city room to me. You'd have thought I was wearing red.

"Tom, what in Harry's horse is going on in your mind?"

I waited for it.

"Did you send Jack Lewis out to South St. Paul?"

"Berg's in the hospital," I answered. "I didn't have anything else I could do, and he's still the best you and me will ever see."

"I don't give a damn if he's Richard Harding Davis come back. When he comes in tonight, pay him for a day and tell him to stay away." He went charging off again.

Lewis must have heard him in South St. Paul, because just then the phone was in Fred's hand and he shoved it at me. "Tom?" I heard. "Jack Lewis. You may want to tell me to go home when you hear this, but I think we've got something." He sounded as excited as a cub at a four-alarm fire.

"What you got, Jack?" All right, so we were buddies.

"Tom, you remember Paul Ryan? He was a dick in St. Paul when I was here." I knew what that meant. "Well, Paul is night captain down here. The desk sergeant told me when I got here and was moseying around. Right. There wasn't anything but the F.B.I. at the Tremont house so I went down to Concord Street." That was the main drag. "I saw Ryan in the café at Concord and Church. He was sitting there alone and the guy waiting on him was Al the Slop. You *must* remember him—he got 10 to 20 on the post-office robbery out here in 1929." I listened, trying to figure it out. Ryan was wrong, always had been. The Slop I remembered too: a thief, a killer, a dope addict.

"You there, Tom?"

"I haven't been fired."

"Tom, I want to talk to Ryan. He'll remember me, and he'll maybe talk a little. If he won't talk, then I'll know he's wrong, and I'll hit back to the café and wait until he comes in to flash the Slop. I can spot anything they do, and maybe get a story. Okay?"

I thought of Roy Hynan and I thought of Jane, and I thought of 15 years vagging around the country looking at city editors' necks when he asked them for a job. "All right," I said, "but watch yourself, and keep me posted."

I was excited myself. Jeeps, but I hoped he was right. I could use a good story. A city editor is like a grade-school teacher. She wants the youngsters to get good grades, because then she knows she's getting someplace, but she gets no credit from the parents, who think the brats are all Quiz Kids. Well, the paper was my class, the local news anyway, and you never saw my name on it, but when there was a good story we sold papers, and when we sold papers I was as high as any maiden teacher.

I ALWAYS liked to have all the holes plugged when there was a big story breaking. I sent one photographer to the Tremont home and another down to Concord and Church with instructions to wait until he heard from me. When they left I began to get that feeling of helplessness. I don't know how a father-to-be feels, waiting in the hospital, but I'd been sweating out editorial babies since I got on the desk. There isn't a thing you can do but wait.

I was lucky today. My big baby came in just then, and I knew she had something. She banged into the chair at my side.

"We got us just one little jewel of a story," she said talking to the typewriter while she was punching the keys.

"What?" I asked. After all I had a little equity in this thing myself.

"That woman," she said. "The nurse, Miss Elizabeth Simpson. 56. Single. Hates Mrs. Tremont. Likes Mr. Tremont. This spring she quit when Mrs. Tremont got a new cook. Didn't like the cook. Didn't like the cook's boy friend always hanging around. Little guy. Not clean, she said. Dirty clothes, dirty hands, dirty face." She was like a typewriter spelling out Al the Slop for me.

Cripes! It was going up like an erector set. I could feel my shirt sticking to my back. The Slop's girl gets a job in the Tremont house, and he has his foot in the door. He promises Ryan a piece of what they're going to get. They spend a few months putting their house in order, and then—Wham! —the kidnaping. Holy Smokes! We'd hit pay dirt!

"Tom! Tom, for Pete's sakes, Tom, what's up?" It was Jane moving in on my dreams.

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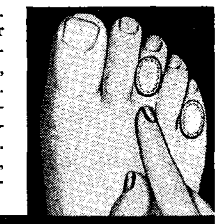

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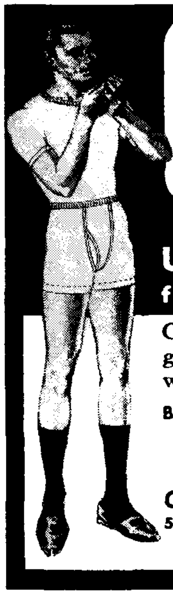

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"Look," I answered. "You got a story to write. Write it for me but keep it short. We'll use it later."

"Why later?"

"Look, Miss America. Your old man just called me. He spotted a bloke in a café at Concord and Church, a guy name of Al the Slop." That didn't mean a thing to her. I leaned over the desk. "Al the Slop." I said it slowly. "Dirty face, dirty clothes, dirty hands. He's working in the joint."

The sun came up then. She sat down and hugged herself, she was that happy.

"Now you write me that story," I ordered. "Then you get a sedan. Leave your car here." There were a few people in Minnesota who didn't know that roadster of hers—but they were in Stillwater prison. "Get down to that café. If a copper comes in and talks to the Slop, call me. If he comes in and they leave together or separately, pick up your Dad, he'll most likely be across the street, and follow them."

I got a story out of her all right. There wouldn't be a woman reading that yarn that wouldn't run to the bedroom to see if her kid had thrown the blankets off the bed. She got out, and I called the office boy over. I got him into a car and told him to keep cruising between the café and the Tremont home and to call me whenever he saw anything out of line.

Well, there I was. I told Fred Gates about it, and let him think about something besides a double whisky. We didn't have a copy boy in the place, so the two of us sat there making sandwiches of carbon and paper, getting ready for it when it came—if it came.

The noon edition came up then, and it made me sick to look at it. The same kidnap story on the front, and I needed a good story as much as a losing pitcher needs a win. Fred Gates began squirming in the chair. He wanted that noontime bracer, but I was afraid to let him out of my sight. That guy was maybe going to write a couple thousand words in a few hours.

The janitor came in with the Minneapolis papers. They didn't have anything either, but it didn't make me feel any better. It's like when you were a kid in school: If you flunked a test, you didn't give a damn if everybody in the class flunked it; you still had the "F" alongside your name.

Hynan came barging across the room just then. "Tom, did you see that kidnaping story on the front?" What did he think I was reading, wedding announcements?

"Sure I saw it."

"Well for Harry's horse, Tom, how long do you want me to keep putting out a paper with stories like that?" Him putting out a paper? The old geezer couldn't put out a milk bottle.

"Roy, I got a story coming," I promised. "It's a beat and it'll be the best and the cleanest beat this town has had in 20 years." Now I was betting ahead of the die. Boy, I was loaded with brains today.

"Where is it?" he asked. I pulled out the desk drawer. "Here, it's in here, take a peek."

He actually started to bend over. Then he straightened and ran away from the desk. He got all the way over to the teletype machines before he stopped and turned. "You better have a story, Tom—I'm getting tired." He was tired! I was exhausted.

I added the credit total then: Almost sure proof that Al the Slop and Ryan were working together; Jane's interview; two photographers and a copy boy. The debit side? Jack Lewis, a proven crook, and my hunch that he was as right now as he'd been wrong 15 years ago.

THE phone rang, and Gates and me fought for it. I won. It was Jack Lewis. "Tom? I just had a chat with Ryan. He didn't enjoy seeing me. We talked in headquarters and after he learned I was working the story he dummied up."

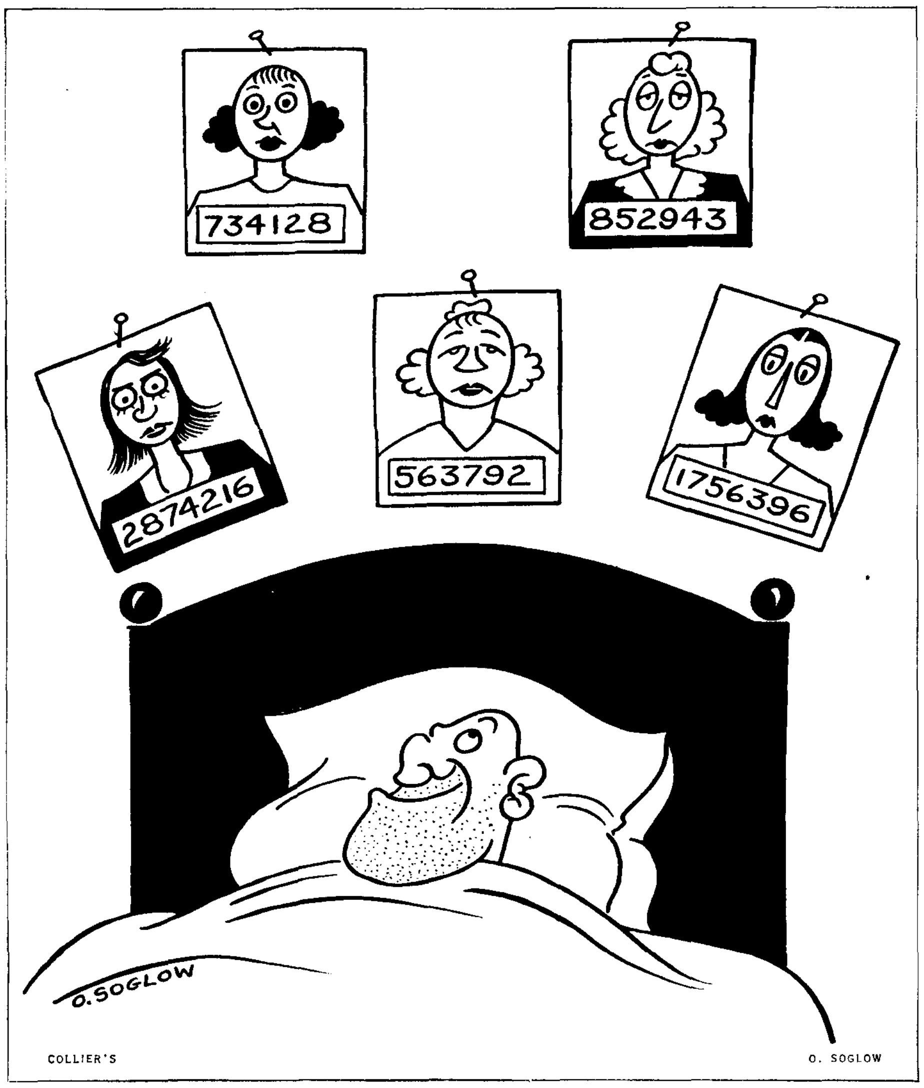
"Did you get anything?" I asked.

"He just went out the back way, slow like. I'm taking a cab down to the café."

I let him hang up without telling him Jane was inside the place. I went to the morgue and got Tremont pictures and 15-year-old pictures of the Slop and Ryan. I came back. I walked over to the teletype machines and didn't see a word of print. And I came back. I was on my way for a drink of water when the phone went off. Gates shoved it at me. It was Jane this time.

"Tom," she was whispering. "The Slop has gone for his coat. Ryan is up at the cashier's cage waiting. I'm going out to the sedan and follow along."

"You're my girl. Your pa is on his way



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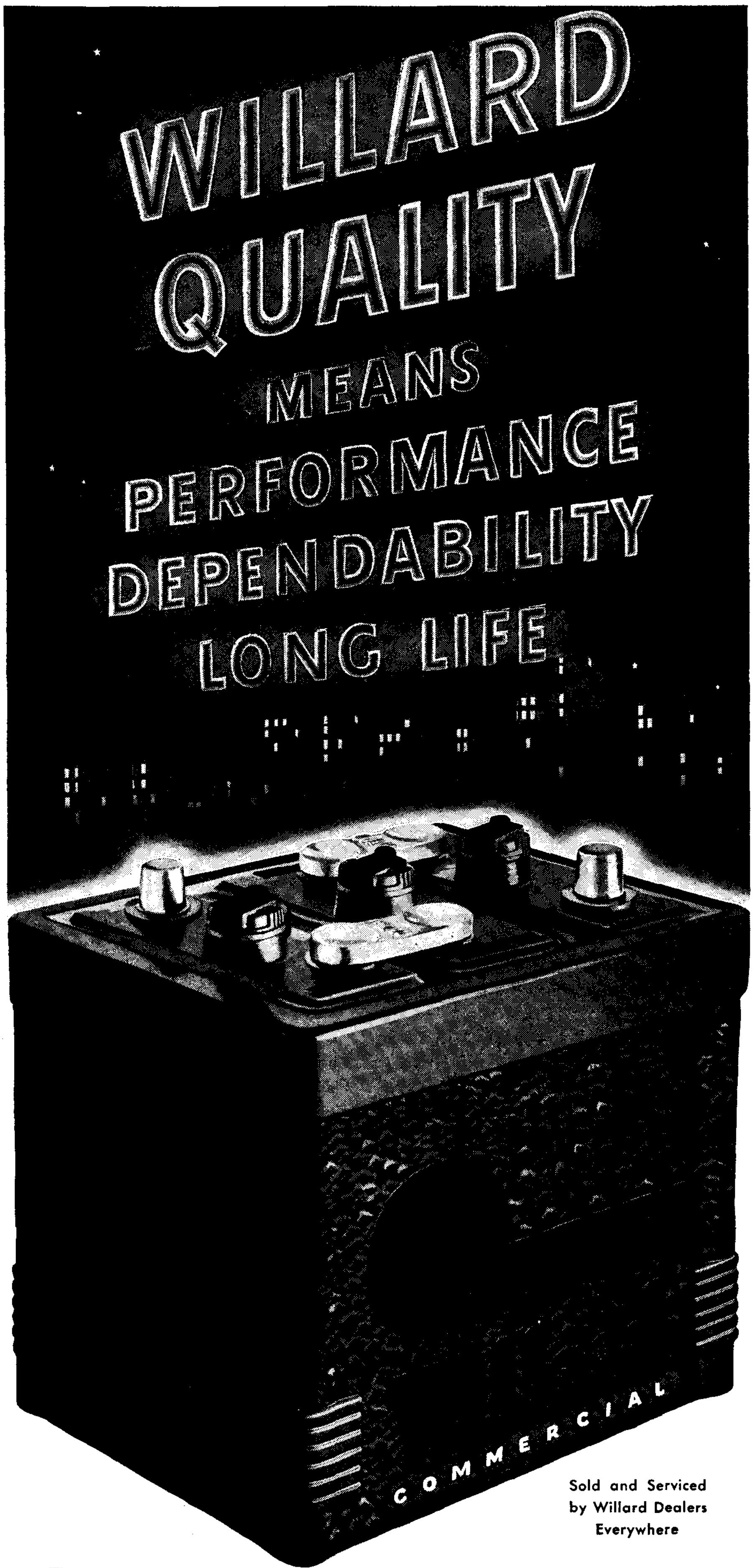

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down. If he doesn't get there in time, pick up the photographer across the street and stay with them."

"Oh, Tom," she said. "Oh, Tom, I love you." I heard the click and I said into the mouthpiece: "You're a liar. You're a liar and you shouldn't say it."

I gave Gates the clippings and told him to write himself out on all the background stuff, both on the Tremonts and on Ryan and the Slop. It was going to be an extra if it was going to be anything, and I wanted to be ready. The phone rang again. It was the office boy and he didn't waste time.

"Mr. Royal, I was driving past the café and a car came out of the alley like a bat out of hell, and behind it was another car with Jane Lewis and two men." That would be Jack and the photographer. "I thought I'd better call you."

"Son, you're doing fine." I wondered if he could hear me tremble. "You just go up to the Tremont home and tell our photographer to take pictures of the house. Then you come back here with him."

I HUNG up and turned to Gates. "Fred, we're in." He got a little white. Even coffee would have helped him then. Now I had it, and I could start the cameras when I got the "Go" sign from Janie or the old man. Oh, brother. Oh, BROTHER! Do you know what it feels like to be sitting on top of something like that?

Well, I'd mixed the batter. I just had to wait for the oven to warm up now. I had about an hour before our last dead line, and it wasn't going to be fun unless I got a phone call quick.

I did. It was Janie. "Tom," she started. "I'm in Inver Grove." That's a village glued on to South St. Paul, running for about a mile south of the town. "They went off the highway into the brush. Right under our noses. We parked the car and walked through—you owe me for a pair of stockings—and their car is parked next to a two-story house near the river. They're right here, but I don't know for how long."

"There'll be law there in five minutes, girl. You stand on the corner at Concord. I'll have enough coppers there in five minutes to start a police force."

I told the operator to get me police headquarters. I said to Fred: "Write it under Jack Lewis' by-line and write it fast. Put cops crashing into the place in the story too."

He got up from the desk. "Not me," he announced.

"Write it."

"Not me." He was on his way out. What a banker that bird would have made. I had police headquarters on the phone and I talked to the G-man in charge. I told him to watch for Janie and keep her out of the way if he could.

I got "By Jack Lewis" high on a sheet of paper, and started writing the story myself. I'd have at least 15 to 20 minutes on the opposition and on Minneapolis, and I was going to gamble. If Ryan and the Slop had beat it with the girl, or if they didn't have the girl, or if there was gunplay, I was a goner. I wrote it straightaway, giving the paper and Lewis all the credit.

The presses were rolling in 15 minutes, and one minute after that Hynan was at my desk. He'd torn the front page off the paper and he was holding it the way you do a towel that's been dropped into a filled tub.

"Tom!" His voice was like a locomotive's first grunt.

I got up from the chair. "I'll tell you about it," I said.

He pushed me back. "I'm going to tell *you*, boy." He looked down at me. "I'm looking for a new city editor as of now." He dropped the page on my desk and sprinted away. It was 24 minutes since I'd talked to the law. It shouldn't have taken them more than five minutes to get from headquarters on Grand Avenue to Inver Grove. Give them ten minutes to get organized, another five to move in. My girl should have been calling me now.

I started the routine all over again: Water, back to the desk; the teletype machines, back to the desk; water again—and then the phone. Jesse Owens would have run second. It was Janie.

"Tom, what did you print?" See, she knew me.

"To hell with what I printed. What have you got?"

"Got Ryan, got the Slop, got a 12-year-old girl. No shooting. Got the best story in 10 years. Got holes in my stockings, no heels on my shoes. Got pix on their way in with the photog. Got a pencil?"

I told her the papers were up with it. It stopped her for an instant. Then: "Who wrote it, Tom?"

"Me."

"By-line?"

"Sure."

"Whose?"

"Jack Lewis."

"Tommy, Tommy, Tommy." It was like a broken record. I hung up. Just then I didn't want to make her happy any more. I felt the way you do on the Sunday night your vacation ends; you've had a wonderful two weeks, but tomorrow the office. I was a city editor, I had a news beat, but I didn't have her. The guy that swept up the place, he had a wife. Me, I had a newspaper. Even the sight of Hynan finishing a lap as he came at me again and the thought of his face when I'd tell him didn't mean a thing. I just wanted a warm shower.

"I stopped the presses," Hynan said.

"Start them."

"Who are you ordering—"

I told him what Janie had told me. "I don't believe it," he said.

I'd already asked for police headquarters so I handed him the phone. "Ask them," I said.

He did. He had a hard job trying to talk to the police and compose the beautiful speech for the publisher at once; all about how he knew when to gamble and when not to gamble.

I picked up another phone and told the presses to roll. The copy boy and the other photographer came in. Hynan grunted at them and put his hand out.

"Tom." He shook my hand, but he didn't get any encouragement from me. "I got the best city editor in town, Tom. In the state." Listen to him. Running wild. "I mean it, Tom."

"Thanks, Roy."

He was still there. This guy was practically in love with me. "Roy, put Jack Lewis on. The money men have forgotten him, and he'll start out as a winner with this thing."

"A damn' good idea. Those old-timers know their way around."

"I'm glad you see it that way."

"Only way to look at it." He patted my shoulder. "You've been working too hard, Tom—why, boy, you've got to take it easy." Holy smokes, why didn't he turn off the lights and play soft music?

"I'll take it easy," I promised. I told him about the pictures coming, and he said he'd handle everything. I got my coat and hat and walked out to the elevator. When the door opened, Janie slammed into me. The old man was with her. She grabbed me by the shoulder and kissed my cheek. The kind of kiss you get from aunts.

"You're working here, Jack," I said.

He looked down at his shoes. "I need a shine," he said.

WE WENT down in the elevator together. When we got out I told him to come in at seven in the morning. He kissed Janie and went up Fourth Street. She looked up and down the block for a few seconds, then pointed her finger toward St. Peter Street. "That way," she said.

"Why that way?"

"There's a restaurant off Fifth Street where you can get caviar."

"I thought you didn't like caviar."

She leaned back against the building and studied me carefully. I wondered how she would look wearing an apron.

"Tommy?"

"What?"

"Somebody told me," she said softly, "that the more of it you eat, the better you get to like it."

I nodded, wondering how long it would take to educate her palate.

THE END

Injustice in the Courtroom

Continued from page 11

sentence; and, particularly, sentencing for the *offense* rather than for the *offender*.

Overhauling and modernizing our sentencing and correction procedures is long overdue. Now, on the eve of the return of millions of young soldiers, some of whom will, simply through the operation of the law of averages, brush with the law, this modernizing becomes a "must." We face the choice between treating these and other offenders with understanding (which means eliminating their individual crime impulses), with the tools that science and the increased knowledge of man's mental and emotional processes have given us; or punishing them in the old, blind, haphazard way.

The disparity between sentences is a commonplace in our courts. The moonshiner in northern Alabama is practically certain to get two years or more; in southern Alabama he is just as certain to get off with a few months. The several hundred Italian officers and seamen who were convicted of sabotage early in the war had all committed the same crime, but some got off with three months while others who were tried before different judges were sentenced to three years. In some instances, seamen who had merely followed their officers' orders got five years, while the officers got off with nominal sentences.

For years judges have complained of our present sentencing methods, by which they seldom have any extensive knowledge of the individual prisoner. "It is all a slapdash method," a Pennsylvania judge once said to me. "Three months, six months, five years. It's often a guess, a coin toss, acting on a hunch. We have no thorough understanding of the offender, his problems, mentality, environment; and this is true even when presentencing investigations are made. These, of course, are helpful, but not enough."

If the punishment is to fit the criminal as well as the crime, the judge needs help and needs it badly. If our sentencing procedure is antiquated, so also is our general handling of the prisoner, despite advances in psychiatry, medicine and sociology. The measuring stick, of course, is the offender's behavior after release. Does the term he has served deter him from further crime? Has he been rehabilitated, provided with a job skill and fitted to become a useful citizen? Has he been prepared to hold his own on the "outside?"

Measured by these standards, our system fails badly. For it is a mathematical certainty that one of every two men who serve time in our prisons will get into trouble when freed and will return to prison again. The criminologists have a word for it: Recidivist. In the Eastern Penitentiary, near Philadelphia, two of every three prisoners are "two-time losers." In some New York prisons, seven of every ten have served time more than once. In Louisiana, eight of every ten.

This state of affairs led my friend George Wharton Pepper, president of the American Law Institute, to testify: "It is arrest. It is trial. It is conviction. It is punishment. It is imprisonment. It is release. It is arrest. . . ."

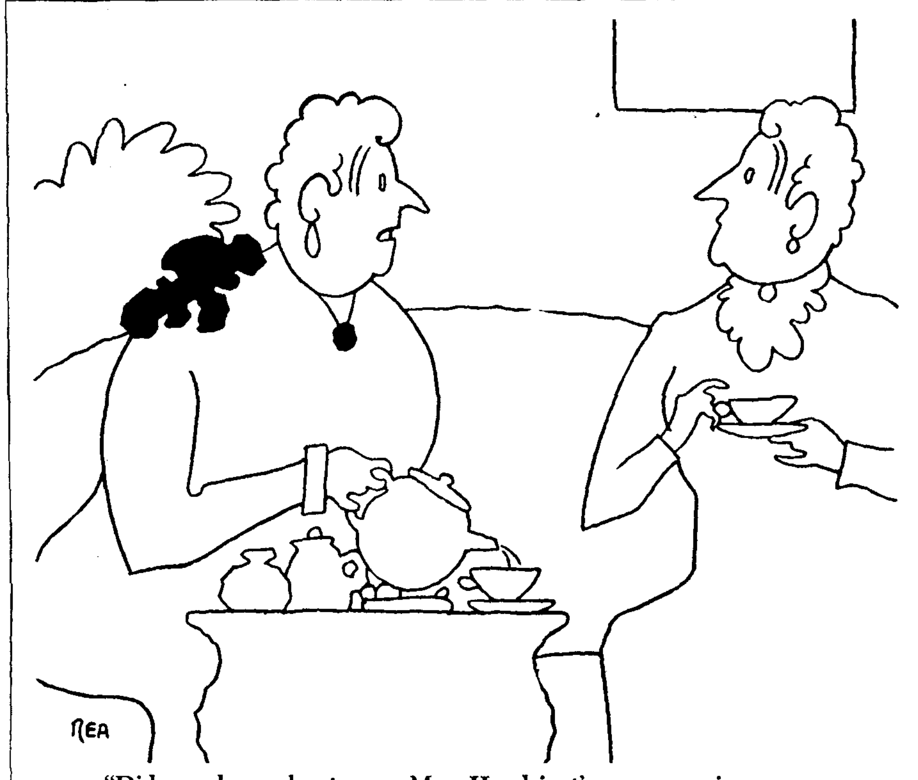
The principle which dominated criminal law for centuries is what the scholar-lawyer would describe as *lex talionis*. Man had sinned. He must expiate his sin with an equal amount of suffering—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The "honest thieves" of a half century ago—outlaws, counterfeiters and others—who came to our federal prisons would have been startled at the radical idea that their sentence was for any other purpose than punishment. They served their time and went out as they had come in—felons. Their discharge was a receipt for the penalty they had paid. They were free to break the law again.

Criminals Must Be Cured

We have been slow to learn that making the criminal pay for his crime does not seem to keep him from repeating it. Criminologists now agree that the criminal must be cured rather than merely punished—not because we owe him anything, but because we owe society something. If you don't rehabilitate him, he'll cause more mischief when he's freed.

Every day sex offenders and other psychopaths are sentenced for some relatively minor offense, sent to jail for brief sentences, then freed to repeat their offenses over and over again, sometimes writing finis to the story with murder. By and large, no attempt is made to uncover the purely psychotic causes of crime and, by curing them, prevent further offenses. This particular type of crime can be intelligently dealt with only under a system which allows for observation and examination by psychiatrists and other experts, and makes their findings available to the sentencing judge.

We urgently need such a system not only for this, but for all types of criminals. Our judges *must* have the benefit of advice and assistance from a competent board of experts



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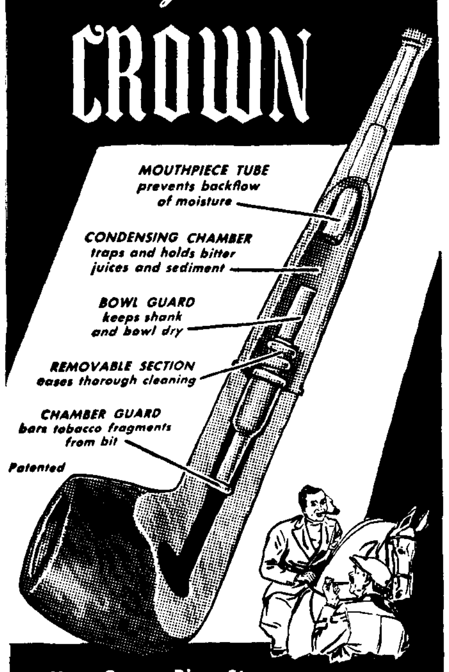
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on the individual problem presented by the offender. We also need a program for treating the offender, and detaining him not arbitrarily for one or fifteen years, but as long as it is necessary to fit him to return to society.

Legislation embodying such reforms has already been introduced in Congress by Senator Harley M. Kilgore, of West Virginia, and Representative Francis E. Walter, of Pennsylvania. Known as the Federal Corrections Act, it has the backing of judges (including the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court), prison wardens, bar associations and parole officers.

Under the bill, the court would reserve final sentencing until six months after the offender had been found guilty. Here's about the way it would work:

John White, age 26, has been convicted, with others in a gang, of robbing a federal bank. He had only a minor part, but the offense calls for a jail term of up to 25 years. The judge decides that John must go to prison, so he gives him a general sentence, but reserves final determination for six months.

John White is then remanded to the nearest correctional institution, which happens to be in Chillicothe, Ohio. There the psychiatrists, a doctor, a clergyman, a vocational training expert and the warden of the prison study him. They probe his family background, observe his actions and study his needs. They then prescribe treatment much as a physician would prescribe medicine for an illness—medical care, perhaps a hernia to be operated upon and teeth to be fixed; psychiatric treatment to iron out neuroses, occupational training at a reformatory as soon as White is adjusted to his new environment.

All of the facts on the prisoner's personality, his attitude and behavior, are then reported to the Board of Corrections which the act establishes. This board, made up of lawyers, criminologists and others skilled in understanding human behavior, meanwhile has been gathering information concerning the circumstances of John's offense, getting the opinion of the police, the prosecuting attorney, John's neighbors. One or more of the board members then give John a hearing to get his side of the story and to size him up generally. Finally three members of the board go over the case with the judge and recommend the sentence that they deem appropriate.

The judge can confirm or reject the recommendation of the board as he pleases. And this is as it should be. For the federal judge—trained, experienced and fair—should make the final decision. The bill does not propose to change that ultimate responsibility. But it gives the judge an opportunity to act not in comparative ignorance, but with all the pertinent information before him. This is particularly important in cases where a plea of guilty has been entered, and the judge has not heard the witnesses or the prisoner, on the stand. And about 85% of all persons indicted in federal courts plead guilty.

System for Young First Offenders

If the offender is under 24, the proposed law gives the judge the prerogative of turning him over to a Youth Corrections Authority which would give him the kind of treatment it thought most effective. The Authority, a division of the Board of Corrections, could send him to prison and later release him when the time was right, could put him in a mental hospital or vocational school, or could place him in some industry. Essentially it is a system for young first offenders, and it would employ whatever treatment would work best for the offender.

All of these experimental methods would, of course, be applied only after the young offender had been subjected to an initial period in an institution and after his case had been thoroughly studied by experienced officials. In effect, the court would not try to diagnose the case at the time of trial but would turn the young man over to the Youth Corrections Authority, just as it commits a mental defective to a hospital.

The choice of age 24 as the limit for the youth offender group is significant. Psychologists and psychiatrists have found that, generally speaking, this age represents final arrival at physical, intellectual and emotional maturity. Before then, adolescence, with its attendant restless instability, has not ended; and the ages between 16 and 23 are the focal source of crime infection.

Boys and girls in this group comprise only 13% of the population, but they are responsible for 26% of all robberies, 40% of all burglaries, 50% of all car thefts. From this group come the bulk of our offenders. Nineteen-year-olds come next. Crimes by youthful offenders are increasing at a shocking rate. And it must not be forgotten that our returning fighting men are largely in the 18-to-24 group, and if they brush with the law, they deserve the best understanding and scientific treatment of war-born maladjustments that we can provide.

Many states have gone a long distance along the way proposed by this law, but few have yet achieved such broad and scientific treatment methods. Nor have they obtained the teamwork between prosecutor, judge, prison warden and paroling authority, which is vital in salvaging the offender. Some thirty-nine states have some form of indeterminate-sentence law, under which the court merely sets the minimum and maximum limits, and a board determines just how much time the prisoner will serve. In many of these states, the boards have much wider discretion than is here suggested for the federal system. But United States courts have been tied down to a much more rigid system of defined sentencing procedures.

California is one of the states which has gone much farther than the federal government in modernizing its machinery of criminal justice. Some time ago, it instituted a fully-indeterminate sentencing system whereby the court merely passed on the question of guilt or innocence. The exact amount of time to be served was determined by a special board. In 1944, California made this system really effective by centralizing sentencing, prison and parole administration.

The California program includes special boards or "authorities," to handle the problem of sentencing both adolescent and adult offenders. The act provides machinery for careful study of every convicted offender and for the use of this information in determining the length of sentence, where it should be served, and what training and treatment the prisoner should receive while in prison.

There is indeed nothing radical or even novel in the reforms I have sketched here. As far back as a century ago, lawyers, criminologists and others who really understood the problem suggested that judges ought to have nothing at all to do with sentencing offenders. They urged that the committing judge's connection with the case should cease when the defendant was found guilty. The offender would then be turned over to the detention place, where a board of experts would study him and prescribe the length of time and the course of treatment needed to cure him.

In England, Parliament has made part of the century-old plan a practical reality. The Borstal plan segregates youths from older offenders and trains them to make a living when freed.

The British Prison Commission reported before the war that only 8% of England's adult prison population were "Borstal boys," youths who had graduated from Borstal training. Here in America, although various states have undertaken special reform measures for youths, the shadowy outline of a juvenile delinquent is behind a very large proportion of adult offenders.

And yet progress has been made in the United States toward treating and curing the criminal rather than merely punishing him. Under the wise leadership of James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, the grim, traditional bastille, the old-line human storage warehouse, is giving way to specialized detention centers tailored to the particular offender's needs.

ALMANAC READING
MAY and JUNE, 1945

There will be an eclipse of Nazism, visible over the whole world. It is time for the planting of peace. These are the months for investment in America, so that the harvesting of peace may not be delayed beyond the right season. These are the months to buy War Bonds, the unbreakable bonds which hold the citizens and the servicemen of America together.

—Margaret Culkin Banning

Plan of Diminishing Restraints

At Danbury, Connecticut, for example, a federal correctional institution, completed in 1940 at $2,000,000 cost, has a unique program of handling the prisoner. From the day he enters, the offender becomes subject to a plan of diminishing supervision. He will begin with a strong steel cell and, on good behavior, will graduate to a dormitory. Ultimately, he may be permitted to live in one of Danbury's "honor rooms" with doors unlocked, windows unbarred. Prisoners who don't behave get the usual inside cells. Danbury has a well-stocked library, a school, a full curriculum of correspondence courses. Its vocational facilities include paint, sheet-metal, plumbing and other trade shops, now almost standard equipment in most federal prisons. It also provides training in farming, dairying and animal husbandry.

Then there's the reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, which specializes in resocializing men between 17 and 30. To Jim Bennett and me, it is a prison in name and form only. We think of it as a school that graduates useful young men. The proudest of the men Chillicothe turns out are the airplane mechanics, for Chillicothe has the only penal school for airplane mechanics. The curriculum includes aerodynamics, theory of flight, mathematics; and the men live in honor dormitories while they are students.

At the other end of the scale from Danbury and Chillicothe is Alcatraz, the grim "Rock" set in San Francisco Bay overlooking the Golden Gate and the Pacific. It is not a pleasant place, and yet it is no Devil's Island.

Alcatraz has a library of 10,000 books, occasional moving pictures, softball teams and other ways of easing the atrophying effects of monotony and testing the ability of the prisoner to get along with others and demonstrate a changed attitude. For good behavior, men can win the reward of transfer to other less security-minded institutions.

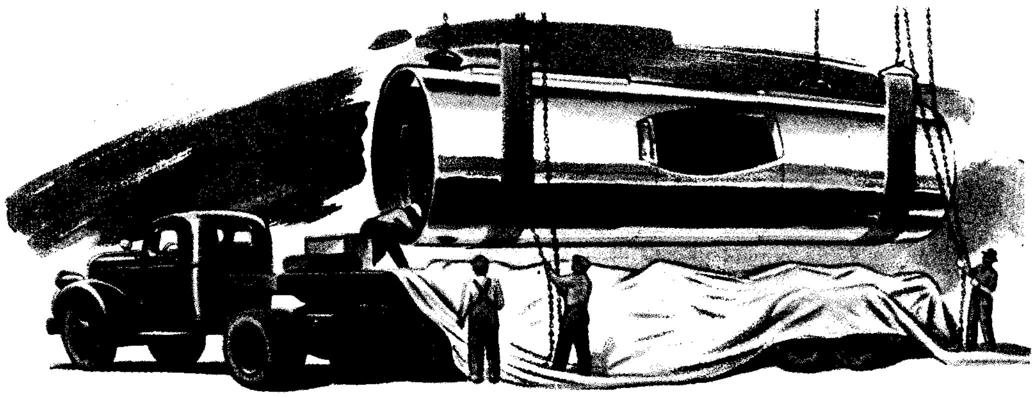
But whether the prisoner is in Danbury, Chillicothe or Alcatraz, the essential point to be determined is how much and what kind of treatment he needs to reform him.

What good is it for the doctor, the psychologist, the social worker, to make a thorough study of a young offender and prescribe treatment when the offender has been sentenced to serve a fixed term and must serve time long after he is ready to return to society? Not that the sentences are necessarily always too long. Very often sentences are too short and are inadequate to make possible the rehabilitation of the offender who may require several years of custody and supervision rather than a briefer term applied without reference to his background or environment. The men who administer correctional treatment to federal prisoners and who have no control over the length of the sentences find themselves in the position of a doctor who is not permitted to decide when a cure has been effected.

The theory that the punishment must fit the crime must ultimately give way to the more humane and effective theory that the punishment must fit the criminal. The indeterminate sentence, segregation and treatment of prisoners as contemplated in the Corrections Authority Bill will take us a long way on that road.

THE END

Taking Off For Tokyo



HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

It's only about seven hours flying time to Japan for the B-29 Super Forts based on Saipan. But, even with clear roads and police escort, it's a three day truck trip between Akron and Omaha for bomb-bay sections of these big bombers. And motor transport provided the only means of moving plane sections of this size.

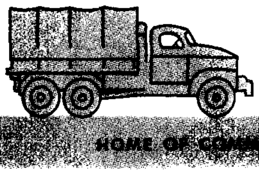
In 1940, America's total production of all types of planes for the Armed Forces was only 6,086. In 1944, our nation's plane production reached the Axis-staggering total of 96,369 . . . the largest the world has ever seen.

Many of the parts and most of the materials making up these thousands of planes traveled by truck at some time before the finished product could "take off" for the war front. This is equally true in the case of every other item of fighting equipment. It is estimated that 75% of today's truck loads are war loads.

In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, GMC also manufactures many commercial trucks for essential users. If you are eligible for a new truck, your GMC dealer will gladly help you fill out an application. Remember, too, your GMC dealer is headquarters for the original Preventive Maintenance Service.

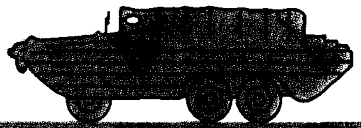
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS



GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

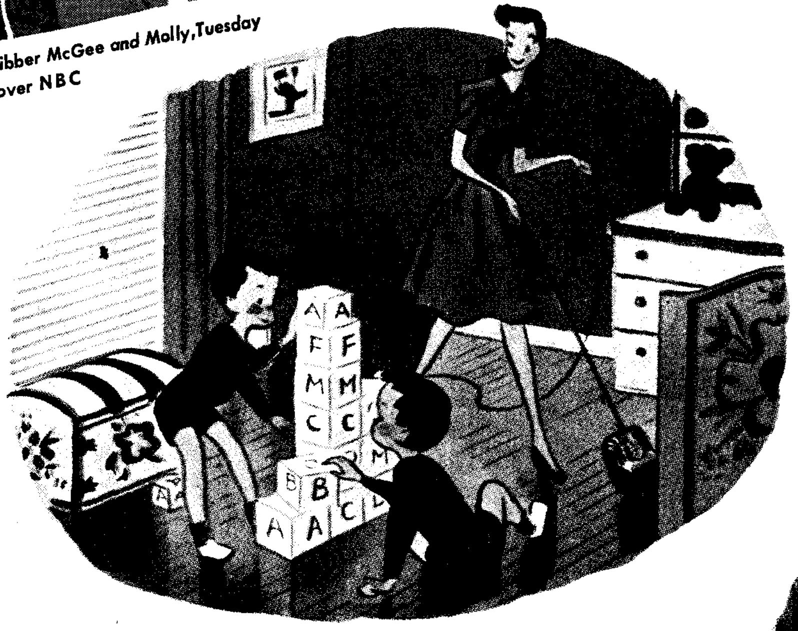
General Motors Corporation



HOME OF COMMERCIAL GMC TRUCKS AND GM COACHES . . . VOLUME PRODUCER OF [illegible]

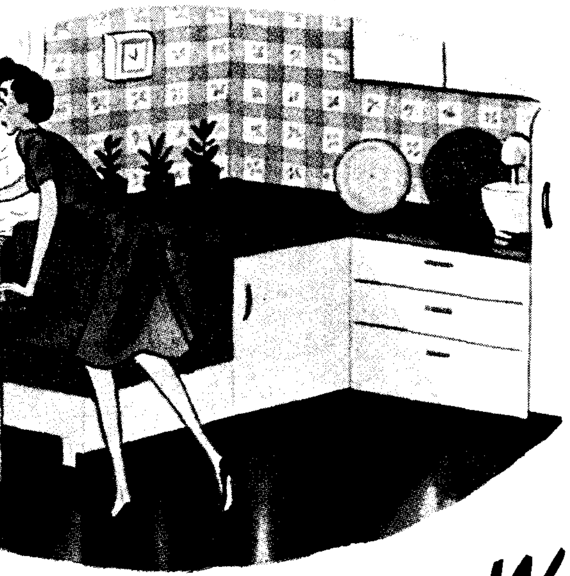
"Goodness me," says Molly McGee, "it's wonderful how wax takes the wear!"

Hear Fibber McGee and Molly, Tuesday night, over NBC



It's so easy to protect your lovely floors—and preserve their good looks—with Johnson's Wax! The wax takes the wear and the surface underneath is safe. Regular care with Johnson's Wax actually makes floors *more* beautiful with each application! Makes them easier to care for, too!

Old or new—antique or modern—your furniture is precious! Give it the protection it deserves with Johnson's Wax. Wax imparts a shining lustre that brings out the beautiful grainings of the wood. Dust and dirt don't cling to waxed surfaces . . . they're easier to clean, last longer, look lovelier!



Woodwork, pantry shelves, refrigerators, and a hundred other things in your home can so easily be kept gleaming-clean and protected by the wax method of housekeeping! Constant care with Johnson's Wax means longer wear, too . . . so important today when you can't buy all the new things you might wish! But you *can* buy all the War Bonds you want—buy an *extra* one today!

New! JOHNSON'S DRAX

Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AVAILABLE LATER—DRAX is a protective rinse for clothes and fabrics that will make them resist dirt and shed water! Because dirt and stains do not readily penetrate DRAXed fabrics, they are easier to wash . . . keep their fresh, new look longer! DRAX is easy to renew! You can't see DRAX but you'll see its effect in longer-lasting loveliness for your washable clothes and fabrics. ***Not available now***—but later—in three ways: 1. On the clothes you buy—look for the DRAX label or tag! 2. At laundries and dry cleaners—ask for DRAX service! 3. At home—DRAX your family washables.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"Johnson's Wax comes in 3 forms - paste, liquid and cream!"

JOHNSON'S Liquid WAX
JOHNSON'S Cream WAX
JOHNSON'S Paste WAX

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Time Without Years

Continued from page 23

the waters engulfed the fire and the deserted vessel. Slowly down and down the coral slope slipped the ship, as perfect, except for her one wound, as when she was first commissioned.

The fibers of her being—the iron, copper and brass, the pine and oak and maple, rubber, leather, hemp, cotton, glass—all had been gathered from sand and mines, plants and animals: all collected, changed and fashioned into a thousand new forms, which served their purpose, and now, deserted, they slipped gently beneath the surface.

When the Pacific sun rose, unclouded, enormous, blazing, the residual dusk below the waters slowly dissolved, and ten fathoms down lay the Brooklyn Belle, on almost even keel, her bow slightly raised.

At high noon the ship lay as in brightest moonshine, every part of her clearly illumined with a glowing lavender light. All visible deck, rigging, superstructure, derricks, funnels, being wholly wet, appeared as dry as they would have been in the hot sunshine sixty feet overhead. A ghostly wind seemed to have followed the old ship down, for her two flags fluttered now and then, sank limply, then moved again. Though the sunken vessel was forever beyond and below the effects of sun and breeze, the moon in the western sky sent the tide gently swirling around the reef, and gave movement to the Stars and Stripes.

A school of twenty rusty brown fish, perhaps the hue of claret in a glass of garnet, swam in from the open sea, over and around the deck and beneath a tangle of ropes. Suddenly they swerved sharply and vanished in full flight. They had been alarmed by six sharp vibrations which shot through the water. Twenty-four hours before, these were the three pairs of silvery tones marking three o'clock at sea. Now they were only inaudible watery strokes—the last ever to be struck by the ship's chronometer.

The school appeared a moment later close to the surface, and now, by the magic of the sea they were bright scarlet. The spectrum of the sun's white light strikes on the water full force, but, as it sifts downward, the red drains away, for, since oceans ever came to be, there can be no scarlet at fathoms ten.

Hardly had the murky cloud of broken coral reef cleared away when sea creatures began to approach timidly. Rockfish and startled snappers balanced and peered, mouthing their life streams of water, rolling their great eyes—forever seeing but never comprehending. Jade-green moray eels, yards in length, oozed out of blind portholes, slithered around stanchions, drew back from the sudden impact of floating charcoal dust and stalked their prey.

Sea Creatures Approach Invader

Brilliant coral fish ventured near the ship, startlingly colored even at this depth. A flurry of owl-eyed squirrelfish from the dark innards of the shattered engine room presaged some disturbing thing, and there followed a long, curling finger which felt tentatively out from a crack in the deck. Little by little a great octopus flowed into view. His home in a coral cave had been partly blocked by the hull. Over him the color magic had little power for he was no color and all hues and patterns in turn.

At first pale, like dead flesh, a passing emotion drew bands of blue across his body, these to be superseded by a checkering of black dots, then a veil of gray streaked like the wall of an oncoming rainstorm. One of his eight arms, seeming irresponsible, but always controlled by his staring saucer eyes, wound up the short flagpole at the stern and flicked the wavering bunting. The red, white and blue had been run up at the onset of battle and still swung, only now it was brown, white and blue. Sharks wavered slowly in from offshore waters, rubbed their shagreen sides against the davits, scraping off troublesome parasites, and vanished again.

Time passed. The first sea change to be noticed was as unexpected as it was beautiful. The entire ship became covered with a mossy fur which sprouted into beds of gorgeous bloom, exactly as lovely wreaths are laid upon the freshly dug grave of some man, great in deeds or deeply loved.

It seemed as if the paint and copper and oaken planks and even dangling ropes must hold some vital nutriment, a fertile loam which engendered these aquatic herbaceous borders. But the simile must rather be to pollen and to winged seeds borne to their destined sanctuaries by the winds of heaven. For here the swirling tide brought uncounted hosts of living creatures, larval, half-formed, microscopic, and whether chance carried them to hemp or metal or wood, there they clung as tightly as ever they could with rootlike fingers, suction or a glue of sorts.

From this there arose beds of sponges in multitudes of shapes and colors, often striving for red but achieving only glorious oranges and yellows: anemones, challenging any herbal bloom of the dry earth, and tunicates, those tragic relations of ours who evolved equally with us up to ear and brain, backbone and nerve cord, and then reverted to a plantlike destiny, clinging only to a beauty which is wholly unhuman.

Sanctuary for Newcomers

More time passed, and these exquisite but superficial squatters withered and were pushed aside, ousted by more permanent newcomers.

There came a time when clouds of microscopic pre-shrimps filled the water, flicking themselves here and there, unguided, undirected. Tens of thousands were carried away by the tide, millions upon millions were gobbled by fish, but hosts more bumped against the deck and hull. Here they stuck fast and turned themselves into individual lime factories, drawing the hard, white mineral from the salt water and fashioning it into permanent animal blossoms, inorganic everlastings. Thus was founded the epoch of barnacles, and within their stony petals the little creatures lived, kicked food into their mouths, spawned and died.

Beneath this plating of armor, harder and more durable than the original deck planks of the Brooklyn Belle, there came fresh phalanxes of sea creatures, shellfish which bored and tunneled like aquatic termites. These did more than all the others to dissolve the vessel. They were teredos or shipworms, driving their catacombs deep into every board and even by some strange alchemy of secreted acid, dissolving what they did not devour.

From the very first day when the ship crashed through the reef, other beings were at work, silently, slowly, but most surely. The ship was held in a giant crevasse of coral, and the crushed surfaces sprang to life, separated into millions of polyps and gradually incorporated, embalmed and finally engulfed the great hull. Ultimately even their efforts were put at naught, for after who knows how many years or decades or centuries, the enclosed ship was dissolved by the shipworms and other beings, and the coral sepulcher at the last held only the vacant shape of a ship—the intaglio of the Brooklyn Belle.

Now what, meanwhile, has happened to the Tai? For a time the only sound was the lap of waves against the side of the Japanese submarine. Then the bow rose higher and, to the gurgle and rush of water, the vessel slid back and downward. Just below the surface the submarine found a new level of buoyancy and hung almost upright, rising and falling with the lift and settle of the surface swells. Bubbles kept pouring forth, and a thousand odds and ends of little intimate Japanese things slid out of the hatch and rose through the water—rubber gloves, a solar topee, wooden chopsticks, empty bottles, even an exquisite netsuke, a geisha house and tiny people carved from a peach stone, all bobbing about in the darkness in mid-Pacific.

This floating jetsam had drifted far away when the sun came up. An albatross, soaring overhead, looked down and was the last be-

MORE MEN WEAR FORTUNE SHOES
THAN ANY OTHER BRAND
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First tan and white style in two years.

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Featuring air vents for cool summer walking.

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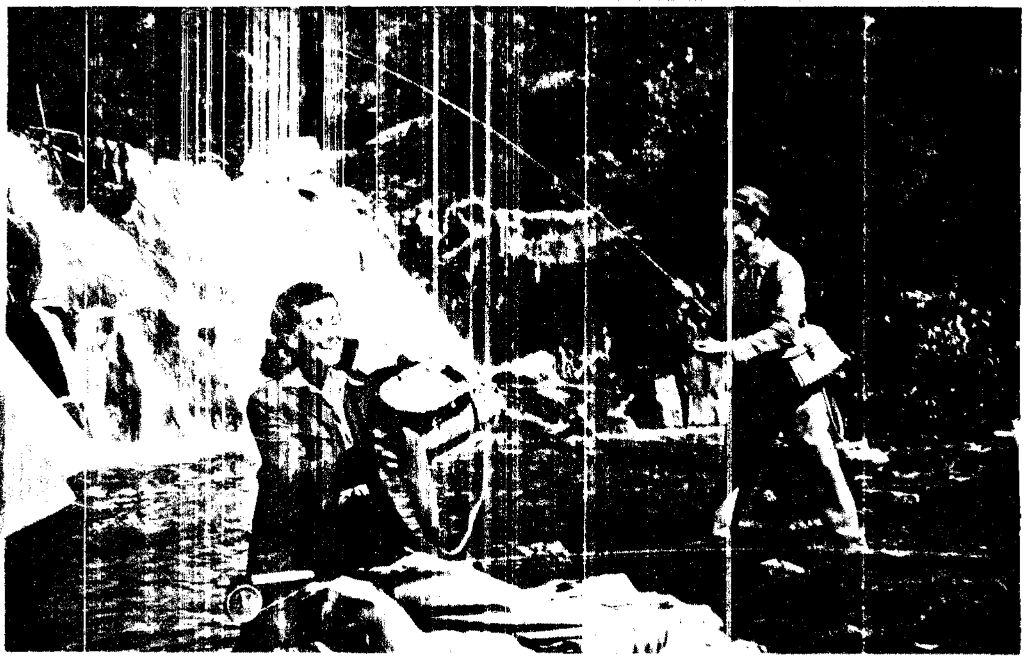
MUSKIES
MOUNTAIN TROUT
TARPON

you'll take your choice any week end



Are you a travel-tied, one-fish fisherman? Well, you won't be always. Any week end you'll be going after the "big stuff" now reserved only for two-week vacations. Mountain trout, muskies, tarpon mean Colorado, Wisconsin, Florida. Why not? Your postwar Cessna will put them all "just around the corner!" And you'll insist on Cessna, as thousands will, because your Cessna will be *Engineered for Safety*.

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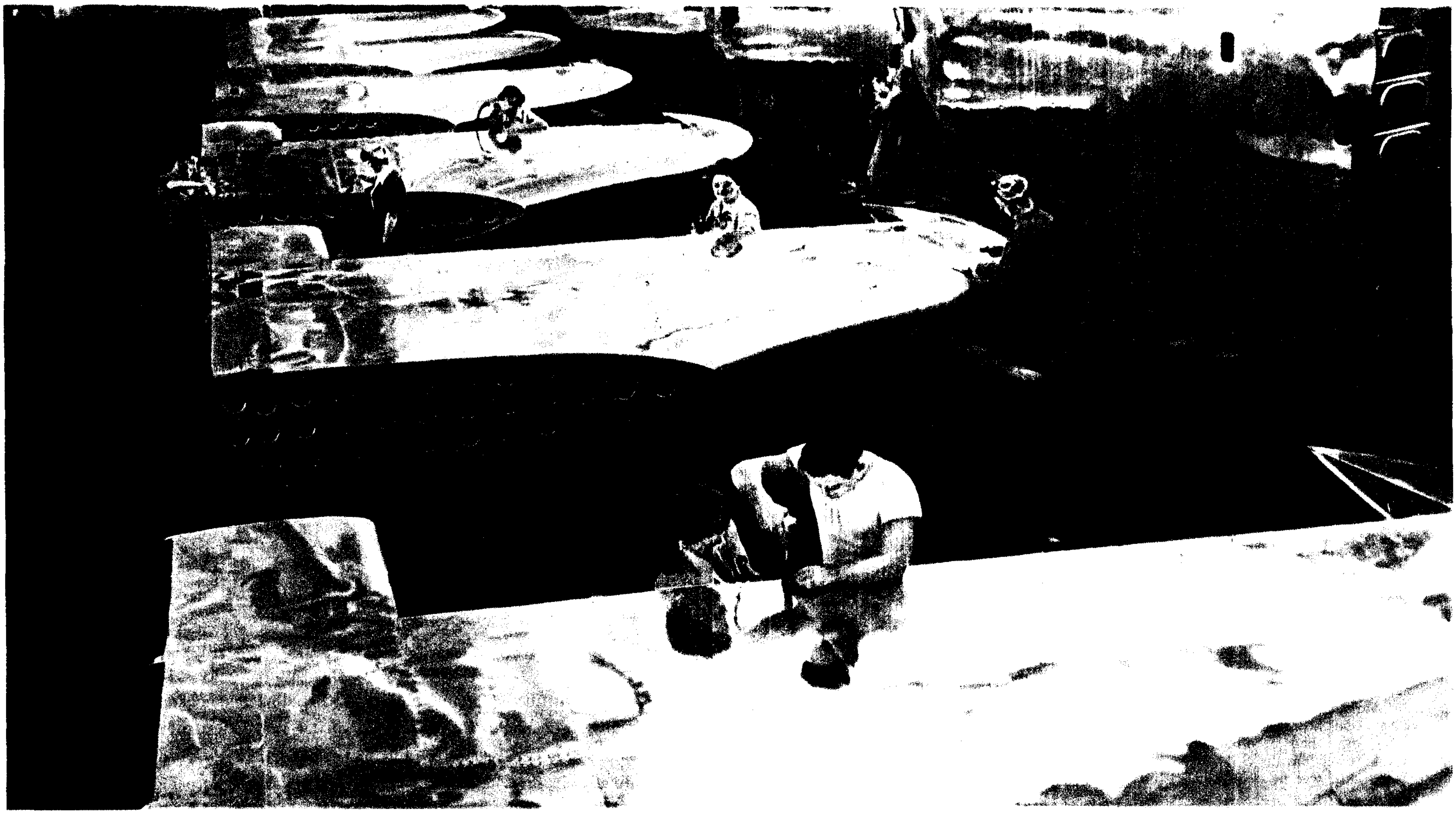


Fins for a whale of an airplane. They're the giant fins for the big Boeing Superfortresses . . . one of the *nineteen major parts now made by Cessna for the far-ranging, Axis-busting B-29's.* Cessna also makes the huge landing gears and engine cowlings for the Douglas A-26 Invader. And it's all-important to you, this high precision, all-metal wartime work at Cessna. Why? Because your postwar Family Car of the Air . . . an airplane of all-metal structure . . . will have the benefit of all the engineering, manufacturing facilities and know-how that produce these battle-worthy units.

Take interchangeability for instance. Cessna's high precision tooling means you'll get perfect-fitting parts from dealers' stock as you now get a spark plug for your car. Another reason why your postwar Cessna will be a better, safer, airplane . . . why you, too, will *choose Cessna.*

CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY
Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas

Cessna

THREE TIMES JUDGED "THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT AIRPLANE" ing of the upper world to see the great craft like a shadow beneath the surface. As the bird circled for a second look, it was frightened by a dull roar, and a cloud of bubbly foam rose and burst. Some air compartment had given way, and the vessel sank from view.

Before long, it was surrounded by a crowd of sharks, and soon the submarine passed the remains of the whale. Great sharks nudged and bit and tore at what was left of the flesh and blubber, and small fry, jackals of the sea, dashed in and snapped up the floating crumbs of their betters. The half-stripped bones were being pulled faster by gravity, and for a time whale and submarine kept together. Then sharks began to leave and swim sluggishly upward, moving not from satiety, but because of the increased pressure.

A few small black sharks appeared from below as the mighty manna entered their zone of life. One surface shark lingered too long for a last bite and suddenly rolled over and over in agony. Every remaining, deeper shark rushed in for the kill, and, for a brief time, the new focus of furious feeding left the whale deserted.

As long as the association lasted of the two so dissimilar intruders, the great fish were uneasy, for strange vibrations filled the darkening water. From the submarine came shrieks and groans and shrill metallic squeaks and grindings. From surface steel to heart, the vessel was undergoing terrible compression, steel rubbing on copper, iron on lead, wood on all.

Down and down sank the distorted sub, peered at by silvery fish through ghoulish telescopic eyes, the water always less and less green, more metallic, hypnotic blue.

Slowly and ever more slowly the submarine dropped through the water. At 2,000 feet, light, as we humans know it, disappeared forever into utter blackness. For two billions of years, or as long as we think the planet Earth has been, no light has existed below this level.

When the submarine sank below the surface its decks were almost too hot to touch. With depth and darkness came coolness, until only the great pressure kept the salt water from freezing. The pressure was something which neither life nor matter from the upper world could withstand.

Slowly, inexorably, the strains increased—below, from all sides, above—all equal. In place of fifteen pounds on each square inch of surface, there came at last three tons and more.

If there had been human eyes to see when the last rays of the sun had drained away, faint stars would have been seen, like abyssal reflections of those in the heavens so far above. Only these moved and shifted, grew and paled, and soon even the twisted hull was filled with shrimps and fish glowing with portholes of unearthly blue and green cold light, or clouds of sheer luminescence, so that once again all the Japanese handiwork became visible in the midst of eternal night. And then there came strangest of strange creatures who tapped, tapped upon the glass, on the steel hull with unbelievable tentacles and feelers, striving to convey to a small brain what the blinded eye sockets could never interpret.

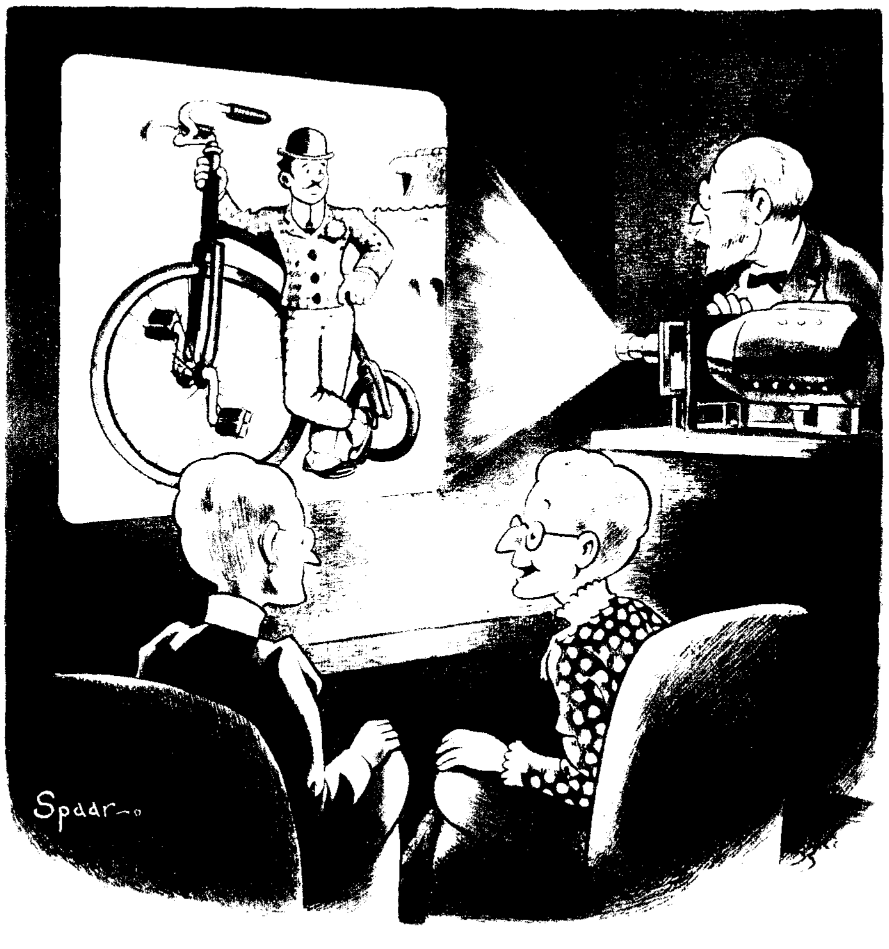
Handiwork of Man Destroyed

Now the steel, wrought in the furnaces of Japan, began in the course of time (time, without days or seasons or years) to corrode and rust and dissolve. Wood became as hard as iron and then disintegrated. Leather and cloth were devoured by bacteria but very, very slowly because of the terrible cold.

In the course of what we call time, a few distorted fragments of the submarine came gently to rest on the bottom ooze of a deep of ocean. As men measure, it was three miles and a half down. Here, for more duration, it rested, dissolving slowly, and at last there was not even a mound or inequality on the abyssal floor of the Pacific. Only forever there fell a rain of tiny dead shells of what we call radiolarians, the simplest of one-celled animals. And the one thing of interest to us is that in intricacy, delicacy and complexity of design they remind us of the exquisite, patient ivory carvings of Japanese craftsmen.

These in turn, in the course of time, dissolved, all becoming a homogeneous, fine red clay. Everything that fell from the world of warmth and light dissolved in the alchemy of salt water, with two exceptions. The Japanese submarine, the once proud Tai, was as though it never had been, but scattered over the face of the ultimate red clay were the ear bones of a great whale and the triangular, razor-sharp teeth of many sharks. These alone defied, for all time, all pressure, all dissolution.

THE END

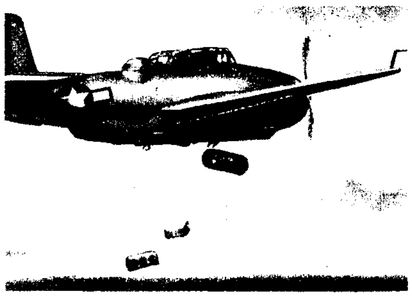


"If we'd only had movies in those days—we could see poor Rodney break a leg!"

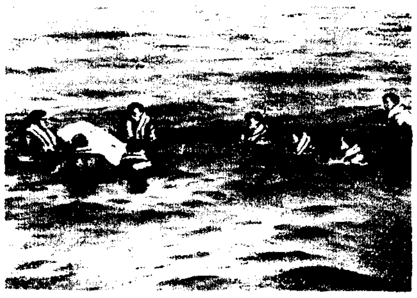
COLLIER'S WILLIAM SPAAR, JR.

"Fliers are not expendable" —says our Navy!

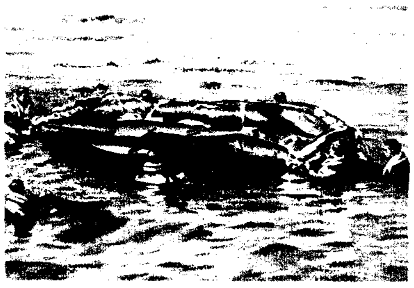
DOWN at sea! No fun at best, but it makes a world of difference to a flier's morale to know that, *if it happens,* every effort will be made to save him! He knows that new and amazingly efficient rescue equipment is ready to be swiftly flown to him. Recently perfected air-sea rescue techniques include shipwreck kits for one and for many men. Most complete of the several Navy rescue assemblies is the AR-10. Designed for release from a bomber's bay, this "train" of five buoyant packages, linked together with a long floating line, provides complete survival equipment for ten men.



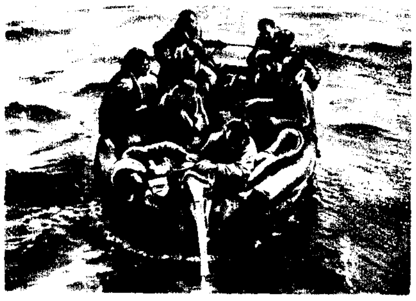
1 A rescue job for the AR-10 assembly! Dye marks in the ocean lead this searching Navy "Avenger" to a shipwrecked crew. Out of the bomb bay goes the 240-yard train of packages.



2 The pilot has dropped the train on the upwind side of the swimmers so that entire assembly floats to survivors. The first package opened is the one containing the large rubber lifeboat.

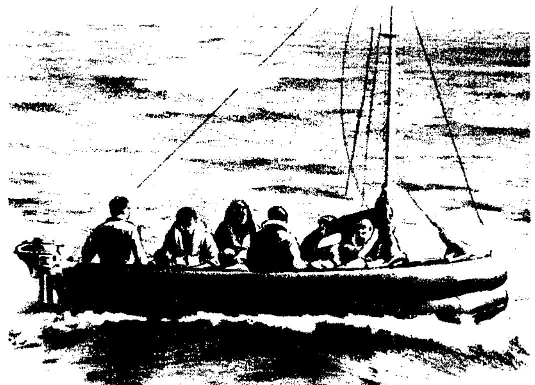


3 As boat package is opened, inflation automatically begins. The boat ready, other packages are hauled in—an outboard motor, fuel, and shipwreck kits containing every needed survival aid.



4 The outboard is mounted. Ample fuel is provided to swiftly power a good distance from enemy coast. Then motor can be quickly replaced with a collapsible rudder for use with sail.

5 The powerful Evinrude "Lightfour" is started and "the good ship AR-10" is underway, rigged and equipped for a lengthy voyage. Building motors for this and many other Navy and Army requirements is Evinrude's assignment today. An intensive engineering program constantly seeks ways to make these war motors finer . . . and still finer. Which is added assurance that the peacetime Evinrudes to follow will be *worth waiting for!* EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



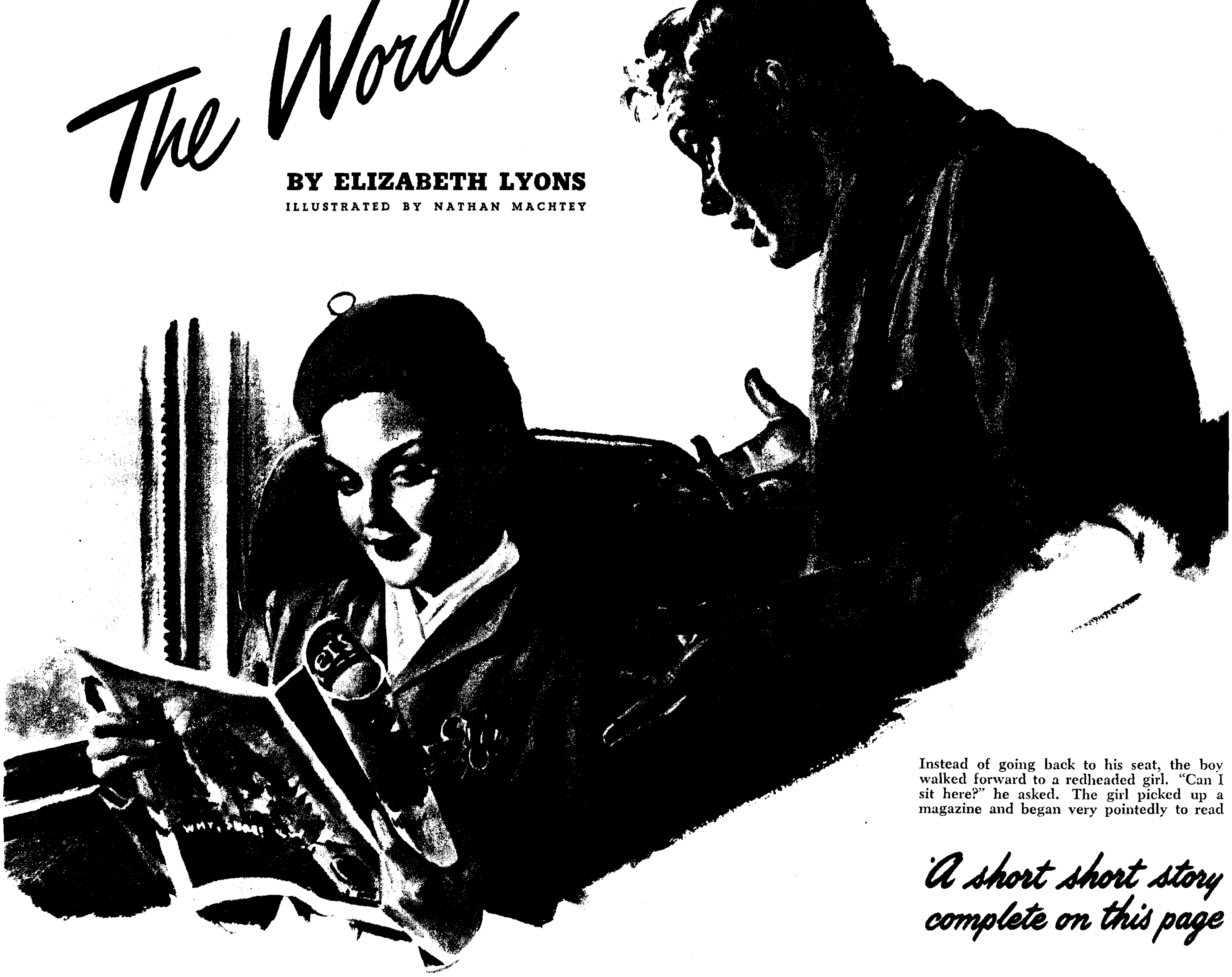
EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . AND HOLD THEM!

The Word

BY ELIZABETH LYONS

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY



Instead of going back to his seat, the boy walked forward to a redheaded girl. "Can I sit here?" he asked. The girl picked up a magazine and began very pointedly to read

A short short story complete on this page

Miss Grant briefly opened one tired eye as the soldiers stamped down the aisle of the train. She hoped they wouldn't be noisy. After ten years of retirement, it was hard to get used to noise again. She smiled a little wryly. It was hard to get used to living again, was what she supposed she meant. Getting used to another war, going back to another Fifth Grade classroom because of the teacher shortage, and now, this week end in Washington, sending a nephew to the Air Corps. It had been a brother in the other war. That was about all that had changed, she thought sourly; new faces for a new war. The world was no better than her classroom where the figures stayed the same size, and where the same brightness or dullness or goodness and meanness came in a batch of new faces every September.

The train suddenly gritted its wheels and bumped to a stop.

"Hell!" rasped a loud voice. "Just like the limey trains! Stop every five minutes. Yuh know how they're always sayin', 'Now, Yonk, get off a bit and let the English ride.' "

Miss Grant frowned and looked for the unpleasant voice. The soldiers were sitting in a group at the end of the car, and her trained schoolteacher's eyes picked out the culprit immediately. He was sitting by the window in the last seat that faced the rest of the car, and he didn't look like the other men. They were all big, husky, neat fellows, but he was small, thin and scrubby-looking. His lank hair fell down over his ears, his coat was unbuttoned and wrinkled, and he had a knitted khaki scarf looped around his neck. He was leaning forward now, snapping something about Krauts and Focke-Wulfs to one of the other soldiers, and his restless hands kept making the zooms and turnovers of flying planes. With a nervous gesture he cut off his words, climbed over the long legs around him and went to the water cooler.

Miss Grant looked him up and down as he stood there with one hand in his pocket and his eyes scanning the car over the paper cup. She knew that look of a boy just hunting for trouble.

Instead of going back to his seat, he walked forward to a redheaded girl. Miss Grant had noticed that girl. She couldn't see the girl's face, but she could tell from the mop of shining hair and the bright green coat that she was young and probably pretty.

"Can I sit here?" the boy asked.

Miss Grant didn't hear the girl's answer, but she saw her pick up a magazine and very pointedly begin to read.

"No?" said the boy loudly. "Okay. No, then. I can't sit here."

One of the other soldiers turned around and tugged his arm. The boy turned. "Oh, so I'm out of order again? Dat's me. Always out of order. Remember the time I got it for insolence and insubordination? Just for sayin' 'Hiya, Sarge!' Imagine! 'Hiya, Sarge.' "

The man across the aisle jerked open his newspaper with a gesture of annoyance.

Miss Grant shook her head grimly. She knew that boy and his kind; she'd had plenty of them. They were just brassy little sidewalk hoodlums, and even the Army couldn't make them into anything else. This one was the type that, at least once a week, she would have to keep after school for hours until he was glad to promise he'd be quiet so he could go home.

The boy was climbing into his seat again, still talking in that loud voice that clanged through the air. One of the bigger men made a rough shushing motion in his direction, and he subsided, looking intently out of the window.

I'll bet they're sick and tired of him, too, thought Miss Grant. There was a little acid pocket of resentment in her mind, but she wouldn't let it form into words. Even if so many good boys would never come back. . . . It wasn't decent to think such things.

The boy had been quiet for as long as he could be. He suddenly turned around and pounded the knee of the next soldier.

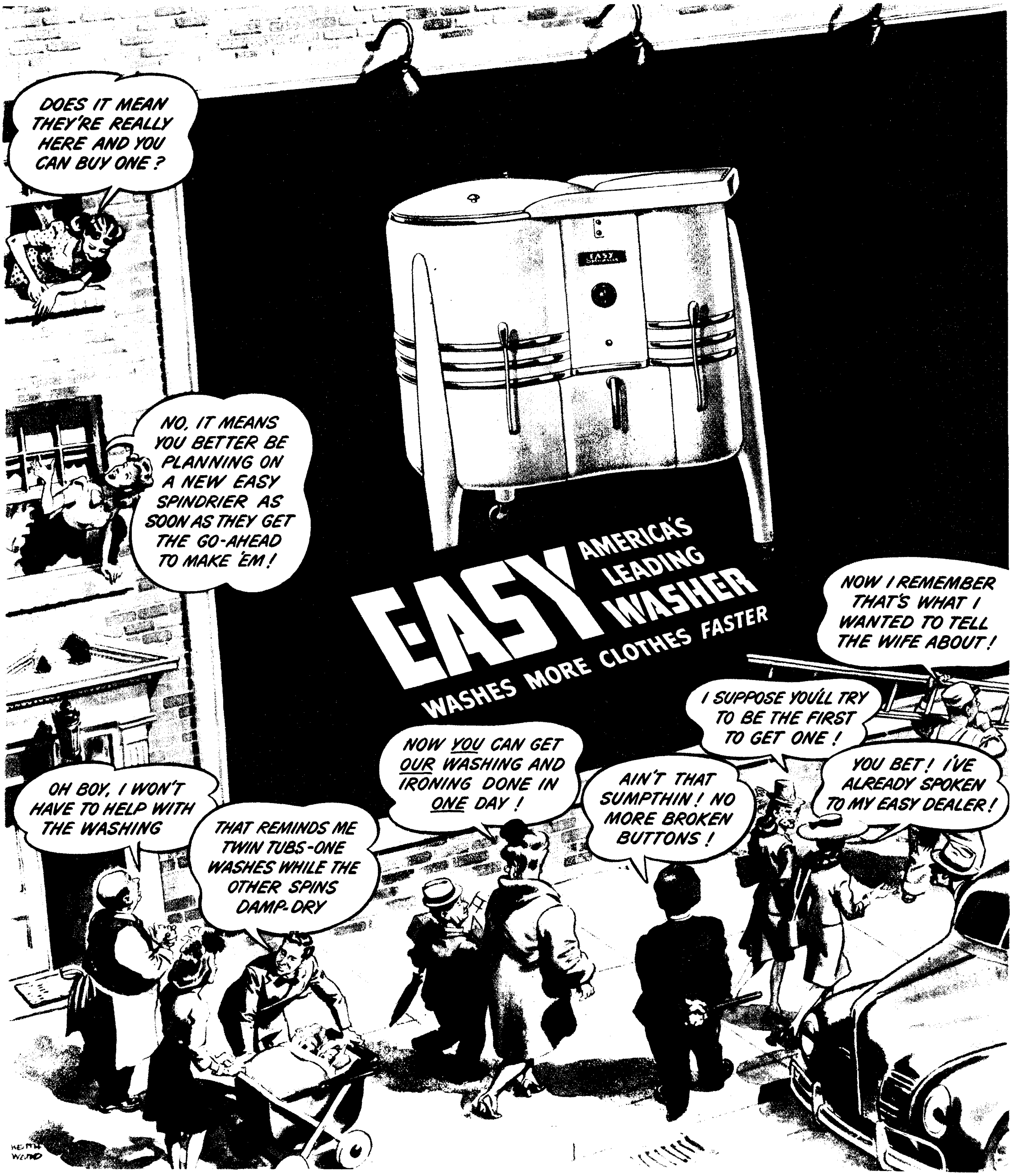
"Boy!" he said. "Thirty-one months since I seen ole New York! Yuh know what I'm gonna do when we hit that Penn Station? I'm gonna dive in that subway and head for Brooklyn, and I'll get off at Borough Hall, and I'll walk one block this way." His hands made a curve. "And then one block this way." He curved again. "And then I'll be *home*."

The word was loaded. The hungry yearning sound of it sped through the car, wiping off the frowns like a wet sponge going over a scribbled blackboard. Miss Grant felt it thud to a stop in her stomach. Over her red-hot cheeks she blinked at the boy who was nervously rubbing the fringe of his scarf between his fingers and smiling. The man across the aisle turned and smiled sheepishly at her.

Miss Grant blushed angrily. "A pack of old fools, just stuffy mossback old fools!" she snorted to herself.

She turned her head quickly and focused her eyes on the back of the redheaded girl, and she prayed. She didn't know the words, but in a deep, hot blush she prayed intently and fervently.

The redheaded girl put down her magazine and powdered her nose. Then she got up and slowly walked toward the water cooler. Miss Grant relaxed with an "Amen." She couldn't see the girl's face, but from the toss of her shining head, she knew she was smiling at the boy.


DOES IT MEAN THEY'RE REALLY HERE AND YOU CAN BUY ONE ?
NO, IT MEANS YOU BETTER BE PLANNING ON A NEW EASY SPINDRIER AS SOON AS THEY GET THE GO-AHEAD TO MAKE 'EM!
EASY
EASY AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER
WASHES MORE CLOTHES FASTER
NOW I REMEMBER THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL THE WIFE ABOUT!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL TRY TO BE THE FIRST TO GET ONE !
NOW YOU CAN GET OUR WASHING AND IRONING DONE IN ONE DAY !
OH BOY, I WON'T HAVE TO HELP WITH THE WASHING
THAT REMINDS ME TWIN TUBS-ONE WASHES WHILE THE OTHER SPINS DAMP-DRY
AIN'T THAT SUMPTHIN! NO MORE BROKEN BUTTONS !
YOU BET! I'VE ALREADY SPOKEN TO MY EASY DEALER!
KEITH WARD

WE wish we could say, "Here they are...come and get them!" We hope we'll be able to, soon. Meanwhile we promise one thing: the new Easy Spindrier, product of 68 years of specializing in home laundry equipment, is worth waiting for.

Its twin tubs walk through your wash with giant strides. One tub washes while the other rinses and damp-dries. The dirtiest dirt goes like magic. Your sheerest fabrics are safe. For the Spindrier can't hurt material or crack a button. An average week's wash is ready for the line in less than one hour!

Start saving for an Easy Spindrier now. Support the 7th War Loan Drive by buying Bonds and keeping 'em. Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, N. Y.

CANADA DRY
GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY
GINGER ALE

Spotlight on a Vital Service

She's a registered nurse, newly commissioned in the Army of the United States—leaving for duty. She's helping to fill the critical need for thousands of nurses in the armed forces, knowing that her nurse's training means life itself to Americans wounded in battle.

She, and countless other women with loyal hearts and trained hands are bringing the hope of life to the wounded and the hope of health to the ill. To them, Canada Dry the "Champagne of Ginger Ales"—an old family friend—says: "Keep up the good work".

Nurses Are Needed Now!
All Women Can Help!

There are eight different jobs open to qualified women in this crisis.—Army Nurse, Navy Nurse, Veterans' Nurse, Wac Hospital Technician, Cadet Nurse, Nurses' Aid, Red Cross Instructor, Home Nursing Student.

CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Please don't blame your dealer if occasionally he does not have all the Canada Dry Ginger Ale you need. There's a reason for it. Canada Dry believes it is fairer to distribute war-shortened supplies equitably throughout the country than to supply a few localities generously and others not at all.

SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE, SO REFRESHING . . . ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER

Audition

Continued from page 21

pleasure to inform them separately that Danny expected them at twelve. Sometimes the kids did show up and there was always a chance of a good time, unless Danny showed up too and got sore. This time it was no girl but Danny himself calling.

"You fellas still waiting?" he asked. He had his important, big-shot-on-Broadway manner so he must have been sure somebody was listening. "What about the revisions in that lighthouse scene? All set, eh? Fine. Did you catch that kid at Spivy's? No, no, not that one; she'll never see twenty-four again. I mean the one that just opened. Joan. They say she's terrific."

"Oh sure, sure, Danny," Eddie said soothingly. "We signed up Jessel, too. No contract. Just outa friendship for you. Who's supposed to be paying for this good time we're having around town?"

"The coast *did* call, then?" Danny asked urgently.

"Sure. Jeannette MacDonald telephoned up personally. Said she didn't want a lead, just a bit part for the honor of playing for you. She's on her way now on foot."

"I don't know whether we want MacDonald or not," Danny said crisply. "I'd sooner take a chance on Lake, even without a voice. We got a personality there we can build on. Look, Toots, punch up that lighthouse scene for me, will you, now? Get some gags, get Fats in on it. Remember this is four-forty not ten, twent and thirt."

Eddie made an insulting gesture toward the telephone and winked at Syd. Danny's voice was still going when Eddie spoke into the transmitter again.

"Listen, Buster, Syd and I have been waiting here four hours. Fats wants two bucks apiece for those gags he gave us or else he wants them back. No use calling him, again. Where the hell are you? Have we got a show or haven't we? Are you coming back here and confer or aren't you?"

"Go easy, Eddie," whispered Syd, though he was smiling with admiration at his friend. "After all he's all we've got."

"Listen, Eddie," now Danny's voice was lowered entreatingly. "Wait a minute, will you, fella? I'm onto something terrific. Will you take it easy now, till I get down?"

Syd was occupied with examining the correspondence in Danny's desk, and did not turn around until struck by his companion's silence. Eddie had hung up the receiver and was thoughtfully smoking a cigarette butt, selected with care from the ash tray.

"Crazy women do have money," he mused. "It just could be, you know. And if they'd go for anybody, they'd go for that George Raft type, like Danny. What's about that slick black hair, I wonder? It never fails."

Syd unconsciously began smoothing down his own sparse locks. He had taken vitamin pills for two weeks now to bring his hair back but so far nothing was happening. A song writer could always get a girl, but even so, if you didn't have hair you had to have money. A hundred dollar advance three months ago wasn't any nest egg.

"Let's call up the bar and charge some Scotch to Danny," he suggested. "If he's got the backer we owe ourselves a little celebration."

Eddie, for answer, silently dialed the telephone. After a while he gave up.

"Nothing happens," he said. "No outgoing calls."

"How we going to call up MacDonald and tell her we don't want her?" Syd acidly inquired. "She's probably got a hitch by this time. Shucks."

EDDIE now seemed struck by an inspiration of great charm for he began humming significantly. He tiptoed over to the fireplace and as if by magic drew out a bottle of whisky from beneath the logs. Syd shook his head again in awe of this mastermind.

"You did learn something in Hollywood," he sighed.

"You don't get kicked out of the best homes without learning something, Sonny," Eddie said complacently. He fished two discarded paper cups from the wastebasket.

It was always a pleasure to put something over on Danny, so the drinks, which turned out to be a rather fiery Bourbon, were sipped with solemn appreciation. The phone rang again and this time, as Syd sprang to answer it, it was Carr, the agent.

"Where's Danny?" he shouted. "I'm in there punching every minute and he's got time to fool around. Do I shave? Do I have time to sit down to a meal at home? No, I'm on the hop every minute for that little fly-brain. Sixty-cent telegrams to the Coast every minute, a cable to London even, and when do I get my money back, do you think? Does Danny care? Do you two care? Oh, no."

"Why, Carr, you're talking like a man with an office," Syd cut in innocently. "Where are you—the drugstore?"

"All right, I got to do business from a drugstore because I handle dopes like Danny and that pal of yours, Eddie Rosman!" Carr snapped back ferociously. "At least I'm trying to do a service. I'm trying to warn Danny against that dame that calls up all the time from the Plaza. She's a screwball. Institution case. Stan just had a run-in with her, and she's bad. No dice there, so tell that clunk to watch out, will you? Tell him—the hell with it, there goes my nickel."

Syd put down the receiver and silently poured another drink. Eddie looked at him questioningly.

"Show's off—no backer," said Syd. "Now we celebrate that."

There was a knock at the door. Syd and Eddie, accustomed as they had become to angry landlords, summons servers, and other public enemies, looked at each other and with one accord hid their drinks.

"Nuts, they can't throw us out of a place we don't even live in," Eddie muttered. "What we got to worry about? Come in."

A little dark-haired girl swathed in a long Persian lamb coat, stepped inside the door, and looked hopefully at Eddie. They always looked at Eddie first because he still had his Hollywood clothes and that big chest, but they ended up with Syd because Eddie was too smart with them.

"You said I was to call at eleven," she said hesitantly. "About the show, I mean. My name is Miss Mink. Maribel Mink."

"How do you do, Miss Mink," said Eddie courteously rising. "I hope you won't think this is a joke but my friend's name here is Fink."

"Hey!" said Syd, annoyed.

Eddie raised a conciliatory hand.

"Just the first name. Now, Miss Mink, Mr. Fink and I want you to tell us exactly and in so many words just what you can do for our show. You dance of course?"

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly. Syd could tell by looking at her legs that she was no dancer, but they always said they could, and hoped God would hand out the gift like a little rain shower.

"When was your last New York show, Miss Mink?" Eddie pursued attentively, following Danny's auditioning manner so perfectly that Syd almost burst out laughing.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Bender, I happen to have a prejudice against playing New York," the girl said earnestly, her large blue eyes moving from one to the other. "The way I feel is this, that a person gets a lot more experience in stock and on the road than they do in a New York show where a person is likely to get in a rut just playing one part night after night for a year or two, like a friend of mine in Oklahoma! I love the road, Mr. Bender, I really mean that. It seems crazy but I just never felt like playing in a New York show, I really never did."

Eddie stroked his chin. "Too bad," he said. "This is a New York show, you see, so you'd be out of luck."

THE girl bit her lip. "I mean that's the way I *used* to feel, Mr. Bender. I wanted to be sure that I had enough experience to really make good on Broadway, and now I feel I really have, so here I am. I got looks—of course you're seeing me at my worst because I just got out of the hospital. I've been in the hospital for the last six months, and I don't look the same."

"What was it?" Syd asked, interested.

"They couldn't seem to find out," she laughed self-consciously. "All that money and all those doctors couldn't find out."

"What hospital? Sounds familiar," pressed Syd.

The girl gestured vaguely. "It was private," she said impressively. "You get better care."

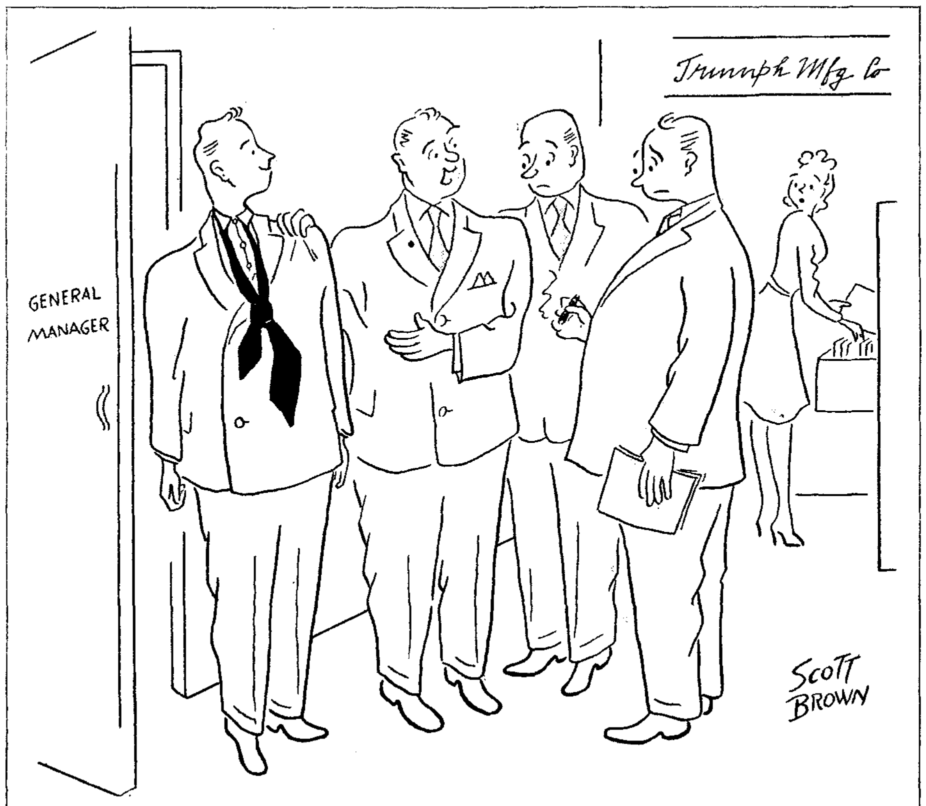
"Do you sing, Miss Mink? But of course," Eddie took up Danny's role again. "Perhaps you'd sing something, ballad type, I should say."

"I couldn't without my own accompanist," Miss Mink said regretfully. "He's a Russian. Studied all over the world. Of course, he wants me to go into concert work."

"Naturally," approved Eddie. "And why not?"

Miss Mink was a little confused. "Because I got too many ideals, Mr. Bender," she confessed after a moment's thought.

"I like that spirit," said Eddie. "It's easy to see you're an ambitious girl. By the way, Mr. Fink, will you look at Miss Mink's profile for screen possibilities? You see, Miss



"I'd like you gentlemen to meet Mr. Wicker, my new assistant. Mr. Wicker has been honorably discharged by the Navy"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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"MY LUCK . . . EET EES ALL BAD!" Thus spoke the Portuguese stranger as his opponent again and again swept the backgammon board of "men." ● ● ● But the peculiar shape of the "men" had given him a clue to the great diamond wealth of Brazil. ● ● ● Similarly, your clue to a wealth of drinking pleasure is William Penn Blended Whiskey, *Gem of the Blends!*

He lost the game . . .
and won a fortune!

"YOU HAVE WON my last escudo," said the Portuguese, ending the game. "But perhaps you would permit me to take a few of these backgammon 'men' as souvenirs of my misfortune . . . ?"

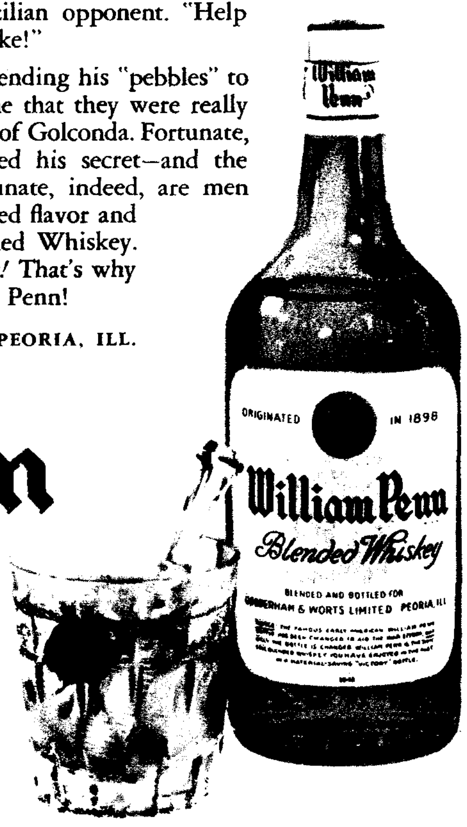
● ● "These? Why, they are but pebbles from the neighborhood," scoffed his Brazilian opponent. "Help yourself . . . take as many as you like!"

● ● The stranger lost no time in sending his "pebbles" to Europe for analysis. Soon, word came that they were really fabulous gems, rivaling the diamonds of Golconda. Fortunate, indeed, were the friends who shared his secret—and the wealth which followed. ● ● Fortunate, indeed, are men today who learn about the unsurpassed flavor and mellowness of William Penn Blended Whiskey. Here is *truly the Gem of the Blends!* That's why millions say "When" with William Penn!

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS



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ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
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BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Mink, we're thinking in terms of a package. We want to sell the cast along with the show to pictures."

"Oh, yes, a package," nodded Miss Mink, intelligently and looked hopefully at Syd. Syd shrugged. She wasn't his type. He liked those tall blond clothes horses from the model agencies. So did Eddie. So did everybody. That was the trouble.

"Nose a little broad," Syd said, offhand.

"It's my hair down," Miss Mink eagerly explained. "I can put it up. I wear it in a double pompadour created especially for me. I can't do it now, of course, because I don't have the pins."

"How old are you, dear? Nineteen?" asked Eddie.

"Almost," said Miss Mink. "Next Tuesday's my birthday."

She was probably twenty-three or four, or even older, Syd thought. That little dark kind fooled you.

"Fink, I think this is our girl," Eddie said, nodding wisely to Syd. Syd could tell he was kidding, and it didn't seem worth the trouble with this girl, so he gave Eddie an impatient signal. Sometimes Eddie made you sore, carrying things so far, but then Syd would remember that it was after all Eddie who once had the movie job and might get them both another one as a team, so it was better to string along with him.

"I'd like to know more about my part, please," Miss Mink said with dignity. "Naturally, I want to be sure it's right for me."

Syd watched Eddie go into a typical Danny routine.

"You're in and out of most of the show," said Eddie briskly. "Your biggest comedy scene is laid in a lighthouse. You're stranded there with a Mae West character, a Bert Lahr character, a Betty Hutton, and say, a straight man, Tony Martin type. They start some crossfire, you give it right back, it's a howl; the West character gives you a sock line, voom and out. Lahr has a typical Lahr line, voom and out. Then three fast cracks, one right after the other, from Hutton, voom and out. Your juvenile looks at you—audience still howling, see—he gives you one terrific line, voom, and blackout. What do you say?"

Miss Mink pondered. "It sounds cute all right. Would I have to wear tights?"

"Certainly," Syd answered. "Say, do you live at the Artists' Hotel?"

"How did you know?" Miss Mink countered, startled.

"The coat," said Syd. "We've auditioned that coat a hundred times."

"I let the other girls borrow it," said Miss Mink, flushing.

"I knew you'd say that," said Syd. He was sorry for her, now, and he hated Eddie with his Hollywood past, and Danny with his elegant plush and pink apartment. Just because Miss Mink wasn't pretty like the other auditions, Eddie was taking her over the jumps.

"Supposing you sing us the hit song from this road show you speak of, Miss Mink," Eddie suggested, smiling.

"I'd love to Mr. Bender, I really would, but I've got this cold," Miss Mink responded brightly. "As a matter of fact that was what I was in the hospital for. Besides I work with a male quartette, mostly. They sang while I danced."

"Could you oblige with one of your routines?" Eddie begged politely.

Miss Mink frowned. "It seems sort of silly dancing without the male quartette after I was so used to it," she demurred.

"What outfit was it?" Syd asked, because he knew Eddie was going to.

"Oh, they've broken up, now," regretted Miss Mink. "The war."

"See here, Miss Mink," Eddie said quietly. "Would you mind telling me if you were ever on the stage in your life? You say you can't sing, you can't dance, I suppose you can't even talk, without that male quartette. Who do you think you're fooling?"

Miss Mink sat down quickly, as if her legs had given way, and her too large coat fell open, showing the shabby summer dress beneath. She began to cry, not prettily at all, but with snuffles and odd choking noises.

"You've got to get experience," she sniffled.

EDDIE began to laugh, and this time Syd was really angry. He went over and stood beside her, talking very fast and very loud.

"Never mind, Miss Mink, you belong. Don't worry about that. You're no actress, but that's all right. Eddie Rosman isn't Danny Bender, I'm not Fink, the backer hasn't any money, the phone doesn't work, the rent isn't paid, the canary doesn't sing, there isn't any show, and if there was it wouldn't be going on, and if it was, Eddie and I wouldn't have anything to do with hiring talent, so what have you got to lose? Come on, now, I'll take you home."

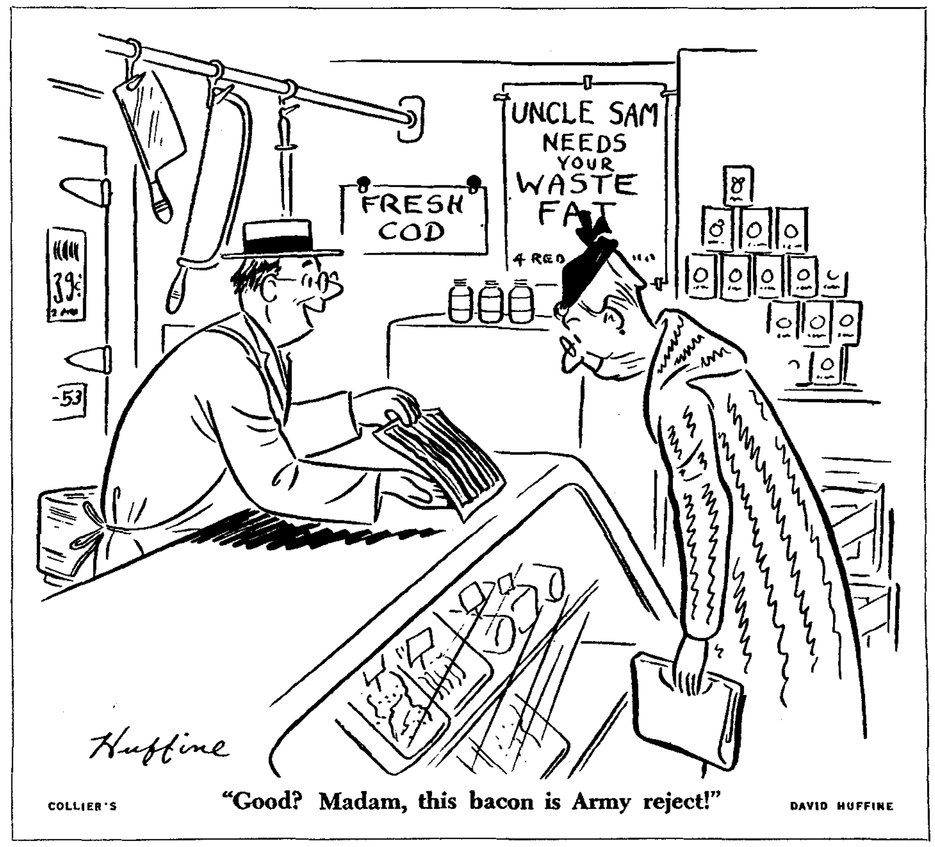
Miss Mink rose weakly to her feet. "Why, that's sweet of you—" she said, in a small tired voice. "Oh, that's awfully sweet."

Syd got his hat and coat, not looking at Eddie. Eddie sat very still, staring at the floor with a funny smile. He saw a whole cigarette under the fringe of the davenport and picked it up carefully.

"Come on," said Syd, gruffly.

As Syd ushered Miss Mink out the door, he thought he heard a faint "yip." Syd didn't know whether it came from Eddie or the canary.

THE END


UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOUR WASTE FAT
4 RED
FRESH COD
39¢
53
Huffine

COLLIER'S "Good? Madam, this bacon is Army reject!" DAVID HUFFINE

The Evolution of a Tyrant

Continued from page 19

The girl detached herself and ran to meet him. Her slim young arms flew around his neck, her warm lips caressed his cheek. When she released him, Micajah held her at arm's length, staring at her, feeling a sudden pride boom through him. She was lovely, this daughter of James', with her laughing brown eyes and her chestnut hair and the provocative dimple in her left cheek.

"Well?" she said. "You like me, Grandpa? You think I'll do?"

Micajah kissed her. "How's that daddy of yours?"

"Dad's in the Pacific. Didn't he ever write you? He joined the Seabees over two years ago." Her words began tumbling over themselves. "Guess I'll have to give you all the family history. Mother and I have been working in an airplane factory. My boss had to come to Washington and I had to come with him. When he was ready to go back to the Coast, I told him all about how I had an aunt and a couple of genu-wine grandparents down here in Virginia that I'd never seen. Oh, I laid it on thick! Result: Boss tells hard-working girl to take month off and visit relatives. So here I am, Grandpa."

SO HERE she was, and Micajah was glad of it. She tucked her hand inside his arm and walked with him into the house. She was bubbling over with enthusiasm, and her chatter made a man remember when he himself had been young. . . .

It was wonderful having Nancy with them. Micajah never got over marveling at how fine she was; so gay, so tender-hearted, so full of spirit. The third night she was there, Elvira and Cuzzy gave a party for her, and it was a grand party, reminiscent to Micajah of the parties they used to have over on Long Creek when he was courting Elvira.

The only sour note in the whole affair was the fact that young Beau Sawyer just seemed to appropriate Nancy for his own. Beau and his father and grandfather before him were three neighbors that Micajah could not abide.

"Stop frowning," Elvira cautioned him. "The boy's just dancing with her!"

"He could dance with some other girl once in a while. You don't know that branch of the Sawyer family like I do. I wouldn't trust a single durn one of them behind a split wheat straw. Why ain't that boy still in the Army?"

"You know good and well," Elvira told him coolly. "He got hurt bad in an airplane accident in Texas and they give him an honorable discharge. You know, too, that now he's well again, he's been trying to get back in and they won't take him yet. You know that he's been working like a dog on his granddaddy's farm."

"Anybody that worked on old Beauregard Sawyer's farm would have to work like a dog."

Elvira came then perilously close to breaking her vow of years before; she almost crossed him. She said: "You make me sick, Micajah. All right, go on and climb your old tree!"

But Micajah had no time to climb a tree. Breaking up the dancing, he substituted a series of parlor games; but in spite of all his adroit maneuvering to the contrary, Beau and Nancy wound up as partners in every game. It made him furious and his temper was not soothed by the suspicion that the tall, dark-haired Beau knew what he was doing and was laughing at him.

Next morning he slept quite late and was horrified upon arising to learn that Beau had come and taken Nancy over to old Beauregard's place for lunch. He ate a skimpy breakfast, went out to the newground, and climbed his tree. In the late afternoon he saw Beau and Nancy return. He climbed hastily down; but when he reached the house, Beau had gone.

"Did I see you coming down out of a tree, Grandpa?"

"What," he demanded, "what in the name of God is that?"

The dog she was petting growled. Nancy regarded her grandfather with amusement.

"Why, this is Eisenhower," she explained. "Beau's grandfather gave him to me."

"Any time Beauregard gives you something, there's something wrong with it. Take him back, child, take him back first thing in the morning."

"But I love Eisenhower. He's cute."

"Cute?" Micajah regarded the animal in horror. "Cute? That cur? You can see the Irish setter sticking out of him, and the hound, and the collie, and the Airedale. Besides, that dog's dangerous. He bit me once."

"You must have mistreated him, Grandpa."

Eisenhower made a sudden spring. His teeth went clicking through Micajah's breeches leg. Nancy wrestled with him and finally pried him loose and held him while he struggled to resume the attack.

"Young woman," thundered Micajah, the tyrant, "you tie that dog up and then get rid of him first thing in the morning!"

"Grandpa, I'm going to take him home with me. It was love at first sight with Eisenhower and me."

Without another word Micajah stalked past her. In the kitchen he stuffed cold biscuits into his pockets and cold fresh pork and half a dozen apples. Deigning not to look at his granddaughter, he marched past her, across the newground and up into his tree.

"What in the world!" Nancy ejaculated.

"Didn't—didn't James ever tell you?" Elvira quavered.

When Nancy shook her head, Elvira gently recited the history of Micajah and his tree. "For thirty-two years we've kept the secret," she said. "We tell folks that what Micajah calls his tower is just a little nest he built up where he could take a nap in the hot summertime."

" 'Nest' is right!" said Nancy. "A nest for a coocoo squirrel. And he won't come down until I go out and beg his pardon?" She hesitated a moment, then said: "I'll see him in—I'll see him sizzling first!"

"Nancy!" Elvira exclaimed.

"Why don't you let him spend the night up there?"

"It would be so cold on him," said Elvira.

"Okay," Nancy said. "I'll do whatever you say. But I don't like it. Boy, how I don't like it!"

MICAJAH was delighted when Cuzzy came across the newground to inform him that Nancy had taken the car and gone to return Eisenhower to Cousin Beauregard Sawyer. Nimbly he descended. Suddenly his aging limbs had a new spring to them.

But his victory was short-lived. Young Beau came and took Nancy off to town to see a movie that night. For a week thereafter Nancy and Beau spent practically every daylight minute together. When she came back at night, Nancy was gayer than ever, and she was very sweet to Micajah, apparently having forgotten their disagreement of the week before, but Micajah was determined that he must speak to her about Beau Sawyer, and finally he did.

"I'm glad you brought the subject up," Nancy told him. "You see, Grandpa, Beau and I are going to be married."

"Married! Have you gone clean out of your mind?"

"Just about," she nodded happily. "Now look, Grandpa, what under the sun have you got against Beau?"

"I just don't like him. Besides, his granddaddy, old Beauregard, used to cheat at pitching horseshoes."

"I thought that was about the size of your objection!"

"Let's settle this thing right now," Micajah fumed. "Your daddy's not here, so I'm responsible for you. You ain't going to marry Beau. And now let's not hear no more about it."

Rising nimbly, she came over and kissed him. "You're a bearcat, Grandpa, and you've done a good job of bluffing Grandma and Aunt Cuzzy down to a whisper. But you can't bluff me. You be good, Grandpa, and I'll

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let you give me away when Beau and I get married Friday."

With the dignity he had acquired through the years, Micajah rose to his feet. Straight he strode for his oak tree. Behind him Nancy stood with her hands clenched and her face burning. Timidly Elvira approached her.

"What are you going to do, honey?"

"Do? I'm going to strike a blow for freedom! I don't ask you and Aunt Cuzzy to help me. I just ask you not to interfere. May I use the car, please?"

Elvira watched her drive furiously away. Micajah watched, too, and a hopeful smile trickled across his leathery face. He could be wrong, but he would wager that she was on her way to tell Beau Sawyer there would be no wedding.

Still, he felt a tiny bit ashamed and he was honest enough to admit that it wasn't just Beau; he would have opposed any boy who wanted to marry Nancy. Waiting, he grew restless. Sitting in the tree was not the fun it once had been. It was chilly, and he was getting kind of oldish for this sort of business. Wrapping a thin cotton quilt about him, he sighed heavily, lay down on the couch and finally dropped off to sleep.

A pounding noise waked him. Peering out of the door of his tower, he saw Nancy at the foot of the tree. He gasped. She had that Thing with her again. That brindle Thing with the whiskery muzzle of an Airedale, the head of an Irish setter, the slim legs of a collie, and the hind end of a hound.

Stricken dumb for the moment, Micajah could only watch. Nancy swung the hammer in her hand and pounded a huge staple deeper and deeper into the trunk of the white oak. When it was deep enough to suit her, she tied one end of a forty-foot length of half-inch rope to it. The other end she fastened to Eisenhower's collar.

"What *in the name of time* you doing?" Micajah bellowed.

She looked up at him, and if ever he had seen devilishness in a woman's eyes he saw it now. But she made no reply. She just took her way to the house, her slim legs twinkling, her militant little shoulders swinging.

AT SUNDOWN Micajah attempted to descend. But Eisenhower rushed to the trunk of the tree with such fury and with such a blood-curdling roar that Micajah all but lost his balance. Next Micajah tried wriggling out toward the end of the lowest limb. From here he could perhaps jump and run for it. But Eisenhower followed and stayed directly beneath him. It wouldn't work; the rope was even longer than the limb. If he dropped to the ground, Eisenhower would be upon him before he could shake the jar out of his old bones.

Little globules of sweat appeared on Micajah Turpin's forehead. He wriggled back to the trunk and retreated to his tower. A brisk little wind blew in the open door and he was cold again.

"He'll freeze out there," Elvira wailed.

"He'll starve," Cuzzy sobbed.

"You promised not to interfere," Nancy reminded them. "On my word of honor, Grandma, I'll lock you and Aunt Cuzzy both up if you try to go to him. I'm doing this for you. I'm not doing it just to get his consent to my marriage."

"You don't know that man. He'll never—"

"Then he can just stay there!"

Micajah's next attempt was at making friends with Eisenhower. He lay flat on his belly on the lowest limb and whistled and clucked and cajoled and snapped his fingers and almost lost them when Eisenhower made a sudden, ferocious spring. Micajah went back to his tower. He shivered.

It had been a mistake—to indulge his tyranny so late in the season. He grumbled under his breath, and it seemed to him that any fool would have had sense enough to provide himself with some food and at least half a dozen blankets.

Micajah shivered the night through. In the morning a red sun peeped over Shingle Ridge and then retired behind a cloud for the rest of the day. Nancy came out and fed Eisenhower and preserved a stony silence when Micajah yelled at her.

The day wore itself out. At dusk Micajah was tempted to call on Elvira for help. If he shouted at the top of his lungs, she'd be bound to hear him and the years had softened her heart. But his pride wouldn't let him call.

The shadows deepened. Lights came on in the house, warm, cozy lights. He could smell ham frying and biscuits baking and coffee boiling. He was so empty that his belly button seemed bumping against the joints of his backbone.

"Damnation!" he said.

THAT night was the longest year Micajah ever spent. Toward dawn, he fell into an uneasy slumber; then awoke with a start. It was broad daylight and Nancy was feeding Eisenhower again. Micajah was cold. Oh, he was so cold!

"Nancy," he called. "Nancy, honey, you can marry that dratted boy."

"That isn't the question now, Grandpa. I'm going to marry him anyway."

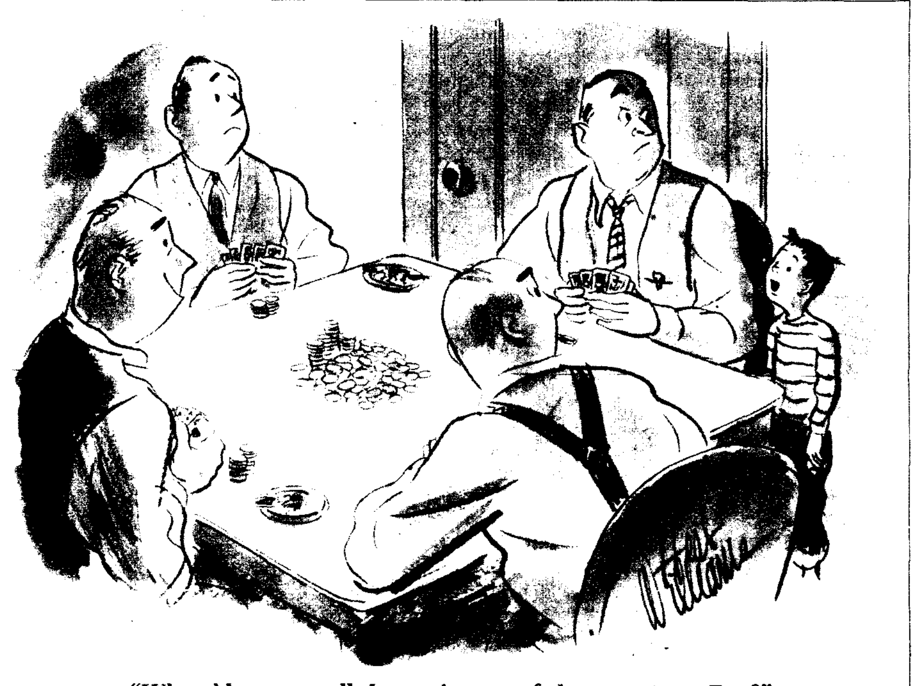
"And just l-l-leave me?" His teeth chattered like hail on a tin roof.

"Yes, Grandpa, unless—unless you give me your solemn promise that you'll never climb this tree again."

"I'll be damned if I do!" Micajah roared, with the last of his ebbing spirit.

"Then you can stay there—or else come down on your own and let Eisenhower give you a workout. He's still hungry."

Micajah looked at bloodthirsty Eisenhower, crouched just below him, and shuddered. Micajah was whipped and he knew it. He opened his mouth to launch his speech of capitulation, then closed it as suddenly and triumphantly as the jaws of a steel trap fly shut.



"Where'd you get all those pictures of the same guy, Pop?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

That girl down there! That slip of a girl thinking she could conquer Micajah Turpin! With quiet intensity he gazed at the lowest limbs of the tree. They grew out from the trunk like spokes from the hub of a wagon wheel. A man could step from one to the other until he had circled the trunk. Then he could keep on circling it.

"Are you accepting my proposition?" Nancy demanded.

It was Micajah's turn to preserve a stony silence. Nancy gave a sort of feminine snort and marched away. Micajah waited till she had disappeared inside the house. Then he descended to the lowest limb. Perched there, he hissed and swore at Eisenhower until the dog was frantic in his rage.

Timing himself perfectly, Micajah then stepped to the next more or less parallel limb and from there to the next. Eisenhower followed directly beneath him, growling furiously. Micajah circled the trunk and still Eisenhower followed. Micajah began the circuit again.

How many times he circled the trunk of Turpin's Tree he could never afterward remember. But at last Eisenhower's rope was wound round and round the trunk until his range of operation was limited to practically nothing. Not until then did Micajah scramble nimbly out the length of the longest limb and drop to the ground.

He lit running, but after a moment he slowed to a pace befitting his years and his dignity. Behind him Eisenhower yelped in frustration. Micajah was still chuckling when he entered the kitchen.

"Why ain't breakfast ready?" he demanded sternly.

His womenfolks simply stared at him. Finally Elvira fluttered toward him and Cuzzy put her hand involuntarily to her throat. Micajah gazed at Nancy, and suddenly, in spite of her bewilderment and her anger, she burst out laughing, and it was this that finished Micajah. He dropped his hand upon her shoulder.

"I'm an old fool," he said. "Fry me some eggs, girl, and fry me some ham. Quick!"

He spent that day and the next in his own warm, beautiful bed, but on Friday he felt well enough to go to the church and give his only granddaughter to young Beau Sawyer. After the ceremony, when the wedding party had repaired to his house, he even had a drink with old man Beauregard Sawyer and they made a date to go turkey hunting the next week.

Later he whispered to Nancy just before she and Beau went away: "I felt like a fool there in the church with that boy knowing all the time about me roosting in that tree."

"He doesn't know," Nancy whispered back. "I didn't tell him, and I never will."

Nancy kissed him then and ran down the stairs to her husband. Micajah walked to a window and stood staring at his tree. And so he was in a position to see what happened to it.

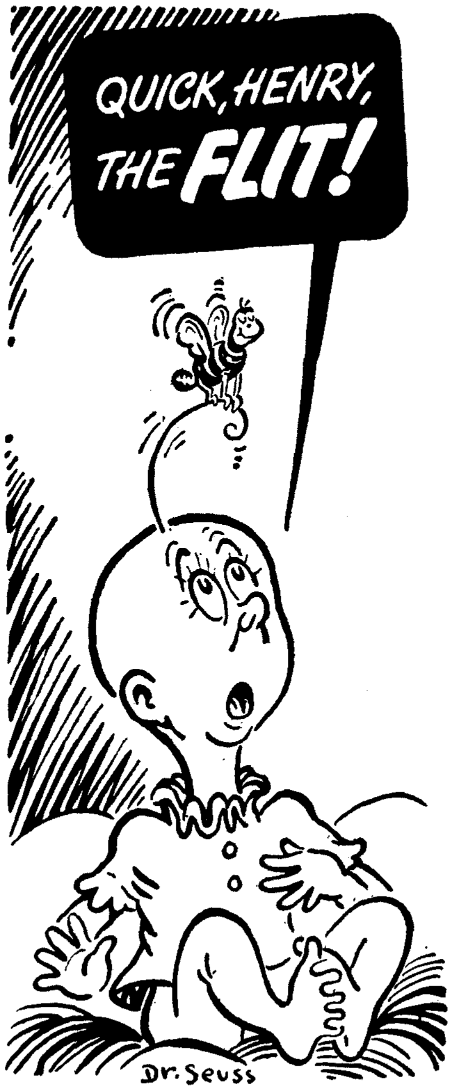
OUT of the lowering, angry skies of the past few days the storm broke with belated fury—one of those freakish thunderstorms that occasionally occur in late autumn. Thunder rolled and boomed, lightning raced across the sky. There came a blinding flash, then a report like that of a thousand cannon.

When Micajah recovered from his temporary blindness, he saw that lightning had got Turpin's Tree. The lightning had riven it from top to foot into a million stubs and splinters. Micajah swayed with the impact. Then suddenly a curious sense of relief and release rushed through him. He was glad. He hated that damned old tree. Next week he would work up what was left of it into firewood.

Elvira stole softly to his side. "It was a lovely tree," Elvira whispered.

She felt good there in the circle of his arm. He smiled at her. He chuckled. He said: "Lord, Lord, didn't I use to be something!"

THE END



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Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
Flint, Mich., R. D. Malcolm Music House
Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer
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Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
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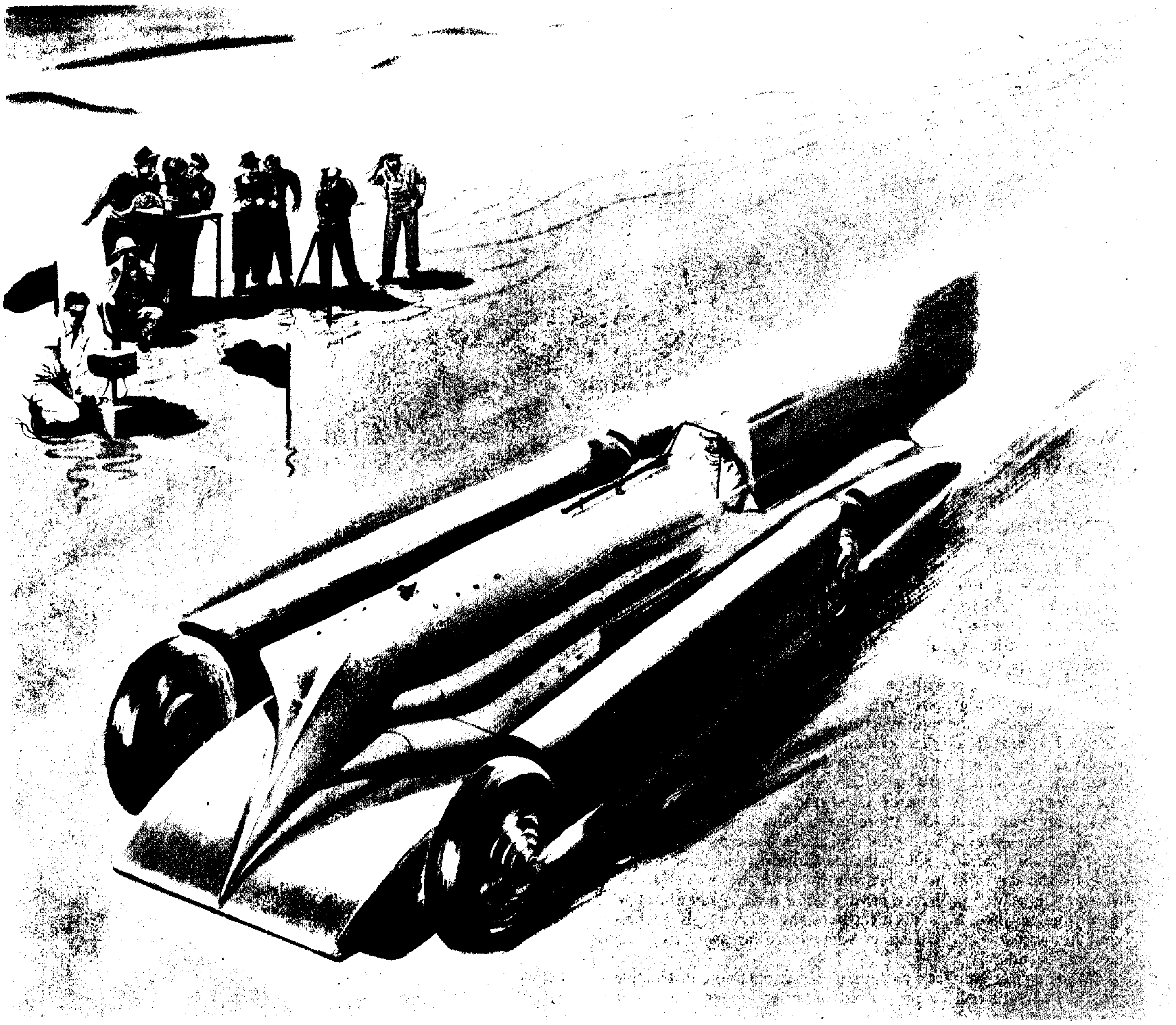

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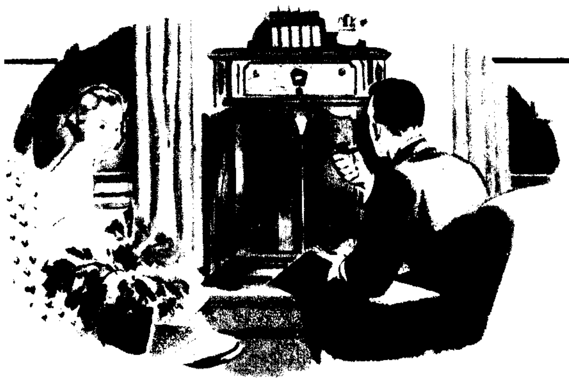

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How To Get Married

By ALEXANDRA S. POTTS

Need help? Here are a few tips from Invitations up to Honeymoon. After that you're on your own

GETTING married is a lot of hard work at any time. In wartime it's doubly difficult. Just when a couple feel least practical, innumerable little details crop up to plague them. However, few things are as important as a wedding to the girl, the boy, and the combined families, and the bride's planning may decide whether or not it becomes a cherished memory.

On the bride's shoulders fall the organizing, most of the expense, and the responsibility for making it a successful, romantic day. To help the girl with her plans, we offer a few suggestions—and some for the groom. While we can't, of course, guarantee complete success, the happy couple can be sure the affair will come off appropriately and correctly if they follow these instructions. On the other hand, if the couple have very little time for tradition, they can go down to City Hall and get married simply and quietly. It's just as appropriate—and as lasting.

If they want tradition, there are a few things to be decided jointly. You—the bride—with the groom's help, should decide what kind of wedding you want, can afford, and have time for. You fix the day and hour, bearing in mind the Army, Navy or Marine Corps will probably have a good deal to say about what little time he has. You decide where the marriage is to be—in your home town, at his base, or somewhere far away from families and friends.

We'd suggest you keep your plans as simple and constructive as possible, for a lavish display is out of order in wartime. Confine the guests to immediate families, close relatives and a few most intimate friends. If the wedding is away from home, try to arrange to have it in a small chapel. You'll probably want some sort of reception; if not in your own home, then a handful of guests in a boardinghouse or hotel near a barracks. It's an added attraction that the groom will appreciate.

But, to get down to particulars, some specific tips on what to do are offered below for your guidance.

FOR THE BRIDE

1. **Invitations.** Engraved if you have time. If it's short notice, you can invite guests by phone, wire, informal notes or word of mouth. Announcements to go to all your friends and his not invited to the wedding. Any good printer should be able to give you the proper wording for these and the invitations, if you're in doubt. You, some member of your family or friends should address and mail them. (Both are your expense.)

2. **Attendants.** How many you have, what kind and color of dress they wear and what flowers they carry are your problems. (The dresses are their expense; the flowers are the groom's.)

3. **Gifts for Bridesmaids.** Some sentimental token as a remembrance of the occasion, but compatible with your budget. Give it to them before the wedding or at the rehearsal.

4. **Wedding Dress.** If you're not going to have a formal wedding, we'd suggest a two-piece suit in a pastel color which will

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES SNYDER

ardest part

Stick at it, Sister! For the first part is often hardest — you have to thread that needle before you can sew a fine seam. It's like a job we had to do on an engine once. When we got it done, the engine helped lighten the world's work and fight the war — all at the same time.

SOME 25 years ago, General Motors engineers set out to make a better Diesel engine. They found they could — if an important part could be improved and made quickly in great quantities.

This part, which the engineers call an injector, works like an atomizer. It breaks up the fuel oil into a fine spray by forcing it through a hole many times smaller than the eye of Sister's needle. Injectors had always been made by hand — a slow, costly process.

It took a long time — years, in fact — but General Motors men finally worked out a way to make better injectors and produce them by ordinary production methods. And their research brought many other improvements.

Result: a Diesel engine that was more compact, lighter in weight, and so dependable that it was soon humming away at all sorts of tough jobs. Today it is at work in rail transportation, road building, heavy hauling, and many other important tasks.

When war came, GM Diesels proved a "natural" for many uses. Singly or teamed together as "Twins" and "Quads," they now power tanks, bulldozers, landing boats, submarines, subchasers, tugs, generators.

Engineering like this is giving us things needed in war just as it gave us useful things in peace. Today it is more active and creative than ever. It is a great energizing factor in our American system. And it is ready to help give us "more and better things for more people" when final victory has been won.

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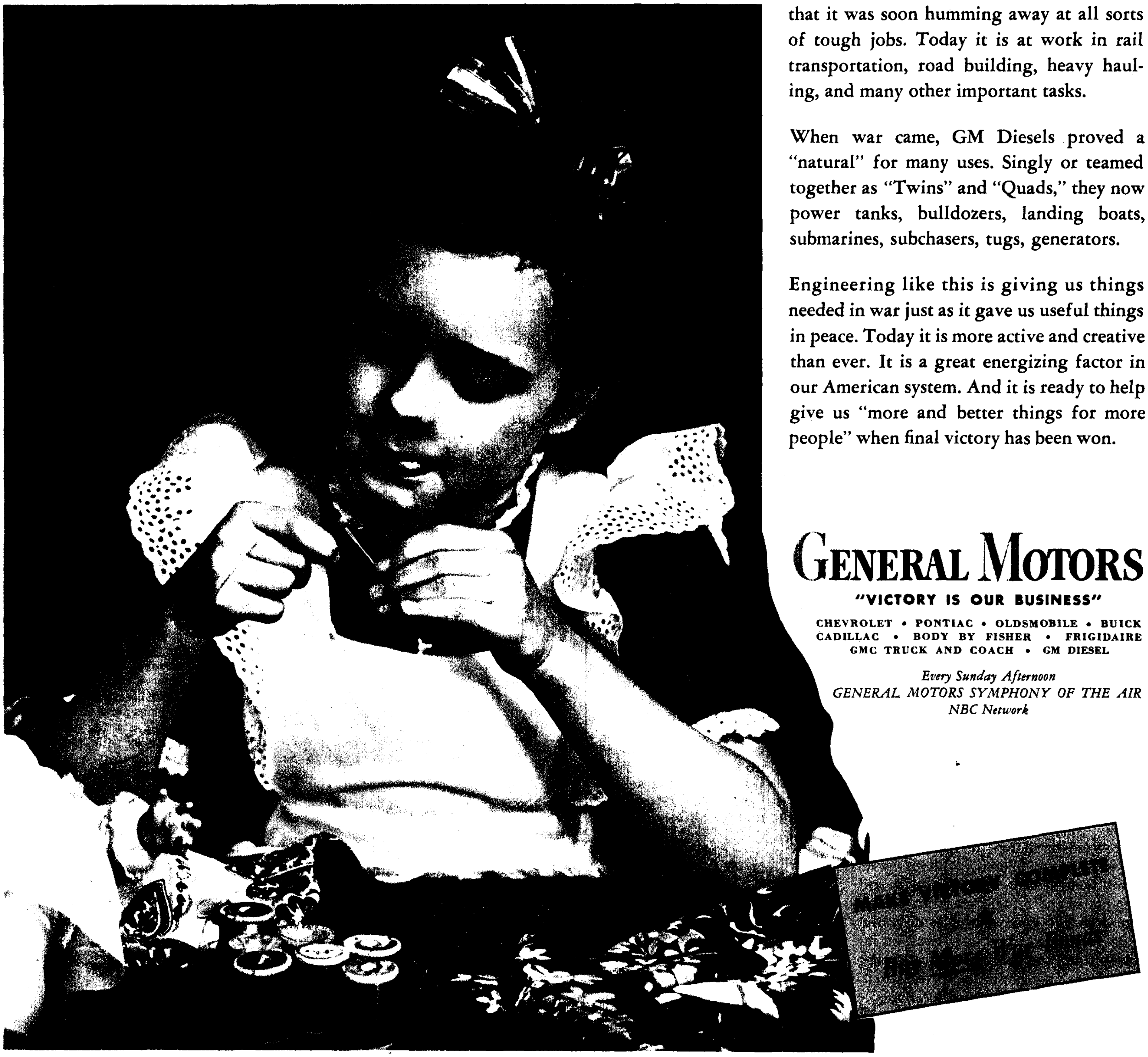

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PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate in Polident. Brushing it with ordinary cleansers may scratch plate material. Such scratches make food particles and film collect faster, cling tighter, causing Denture Breath. Besides, your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Brushing with ordinary dentifrices and soaps often wears down delicate fitting ridges, causing your plate to loosen. There's no brushing, no danger when you soak it in Polident. Millions have found Polident the new, easy way to keep plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge or plate, play safe. Soak it in Polident daily to help maintain its original natural appearance—for less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

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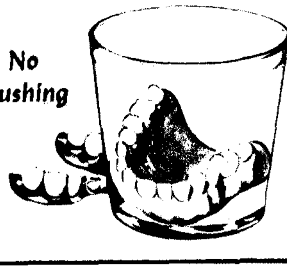
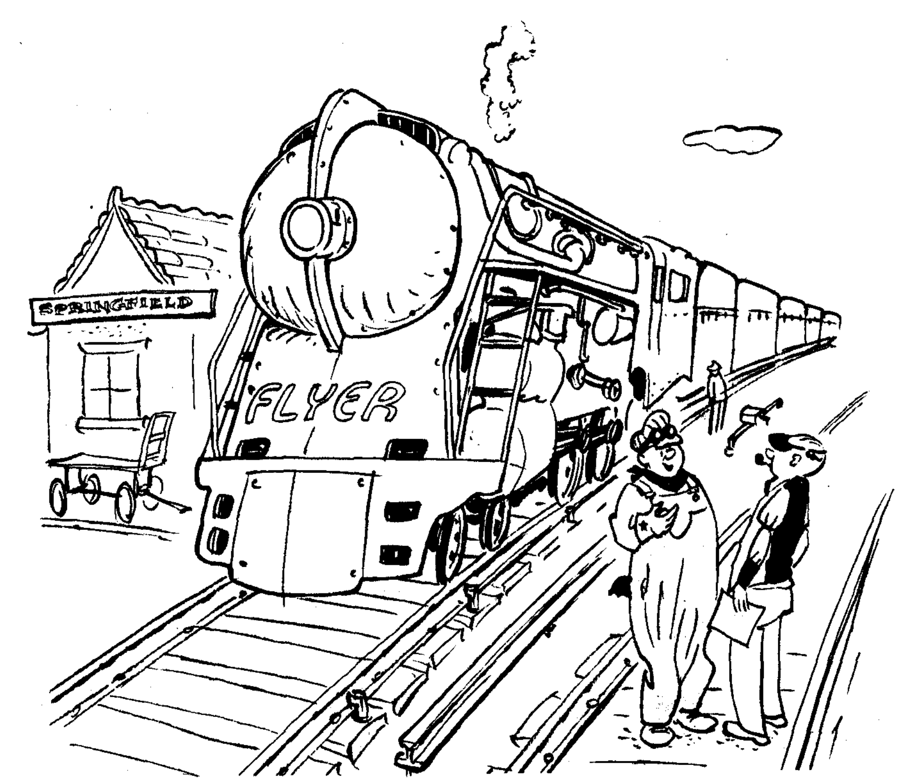
It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.



Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!



"Well, they're expecting us back in Chicago tonight. We'll have to hustle along"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

double later for parties and special occasions—of crush-resistant material if you're doing much traveling. The price range varies, and depends on your own budget. The girl in the illustration was lucky to get hers for as little as $29.95.

5. Wedding Ceremony. Any expense for the church, or music, is yours.

6. Reception. Arrange for the place as long beforehand as possible. A wedding cake is a necessity, whether a fancy, decorated job or a plain one from a local bakery. Champagne in some amount, if only to toast the bride. Even if it's a short-notice affair, away from home, dress it up with flowers and candles. If you have music, have the musicians play your and his favorites and songs you enjoyed together. (All your expense.)

7. Transportation. It's your responsibility to get yourself and your wedding party to and from the church and to the reception. (Your expense.)

8. Groom's Present. Some special present for him to have as a memento of the day; a seal ring, wrist watch or cigarette case are possibilities. On the other hand, if you want to be more practical than sentimental, a piece of luggage is very handy.

9. Groom's Ring. If it's a double-ring ceremony—about 80 per cent of them are nowadays—you buy his ring. Men want plain gold bands, which start at about $10.

10. Photographs. A "must" item, even if only snapshots of you, the groom and bridal party. After all, they'll be good for your husband's morale overseas. If you have a friend with a movie camera, and can get film, even better. Also, some cities have photographic services that take candid shots of the whole affair for a fairly reasonable amount. (Whatever method, your expense.)

11. Trousseau. If you're going to be traveling, make sure your wardrobe is practical. Have a going-away suit serviceable for all climates and able to take a beating. You'll need an all-around coat, packable hats and easily launderable lingerie; your dress-up clothes should be easy to keep clean. Get shoes that are stanch and serviceable. Your luggage should be sturdy but lightweight, clearly labeled, for you'll probably be lugging your own much of the time. (All, of course, your expense.)

FOR THE GROOM

1. Engagement and Wedding Ring. One of your biggest expenses. Buy them together, if possible. Nowadays gold is the favorite metal, rather than platinum or palladium. A diamond is usual for the engagement ring, but if the girl is partial to some other gem, it's perfectly permissible. Among servicemen, the most popular price range is from $100 to $250, but small diamonds can be had as low as $37.50. Matched sets are popular, too; they start around $70.

2. License. Plan in advance on this, for there may be a required waiting period. Also check in the community where you are to be married regarding blood tests. The license is usually $1 or $2, the blood test around $3 to $5.

3. Minister. Consult him on the hours and days available if you are at a Navy base or Army camp. Since some ministers (and justices of the peace) charge set fees, which vary in different parts of the country, better check with the license bureau or a close friend. If he doesn't have a set fee, $5 or $10 folded in an envelope can be slipped to him after the ceremony. Frankly, it should be in proportion to what you can afford.

4. Rehearsal. If you manage time for a rehearsal, you'll know exactly what are the paces you go through. If you don't, don't worry, because the ceremony's very simple. At one point, the minister will ask, "Do you, John, take this woman, etc.," and at this stage of the game you'd better answer "I do." He will also say, "Repeat after me, etc.," which you will do. If you get stuck, he'll prompt you.

5. Best Man and Ushers (if any). Ask them early, so they can make their plans.

6. Bride's Gift. Likewise a memento of the occasion. We suggest a wrist watch, bracelet, pearls, pin, etc. Price is up to you.

7. Gifts for Best Man and Ushers. Make these personal and useful, and give them at the rehearsal or before the wedding. Cuff links, cigarette case, identification bracelet are suggestions, as are a tie clasp or collar pin, in washed gold, starting at $1.50.

8. Flowers. Check with your bride about her flowers and those for her mother, your mother, and attendants. If in civilian clothes, you'll need boutonnieres for yourself, your best man, your father, her father and ushers. At some informal weddings, the girls may want corsages; these run from around $2 to $10 for roses, gardenias and orchids. For a formal wedding, with bride and attendants carrying bouquets, prices start around $5 to $10 and run as high as you want. If your bride changes to a going-away suit, don't forget a corsage for her. (All your expense.)

9. Honeymoon. Make your plans as far ahead as possible, even if it's just for a week end. Be sure your accommodations are definite; make them as special as your pocketbook can stand. If possible have a bottle of champagne on ice, and flowers in the room when you carry the bride across the threshold. It makes for a good beginning. (Your expense, but worth it.)

THE END

Why You Don't Get Meat

Continued from page 17

except disease and starvation. For six years, English civilians have been fed with bare adequacy, and that's all. I have watched them standing patiently in long queues in rain and cold to get, if lucky, their weekly allowance of about 25 cents worth of mutton or beef—less than one pound. Sausages, by regulation, contained no more than 8% of pork, the other 92% being oatmeal or flour, or, as the English say, "chopped rags and wood shavings." Now there is talk that their meat ration must be further reduced.

England can grow and provide only enough food for herself for about sixteen weeks. In war she depends upon the British Commonwealth, Argentina and the United States. It requires all these sources to maintain her thin wartime diet, which is less than ours by about 300 pounds of food per year per person. Also, our troops get better and more abundant rations than their British allies.

Canada—in the news recently because of an apparent plenitude of meat—actually has a civilian *per capita* ration less than ours; and sends her surplus meat to England under "Mutual Aid." At any rate, the reserve that England built up has been cut by shipments to Continental relief to little more than five million tons, or less than three months crisis supply for the United Kingdom. By summer it will be cut another million for the same purpose. Yet in the Middle West, I was told that England is using Lend-Lease to store huge amounts of American meat. That is untrue.

The average high-income level, or "sirloin pocketbook" area, of the United States used to be concentrated with few exceptions on the Eastern seaboard. In prewar days, the best outlet for prime beef was the Boston-New York zone, with Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington important. So, too, were places like Chicago, Kansas City, Detroit and San Francisco.

Then came the unexampled expansion of industry for war. It ensured victory; but it caused many headaches. Military space and labor requirements necessitated much of the growth being away from old established industrial zones. Huge factories, particularly aviation, mushroomed in Southern and Western regions hitherto largely nonindustrial. You know the upset this caused in housing and transportation. It likewise affected meat buying.

The eating habits of a nation are the hardest thing to revise downward and the easiest thing to revise upward. We are suffering from both processes. For health and society, this is an excellent thing. Two factors that shocked Army officers and doctors with regard to the draft will shake a lot of smug American complacency out of you when, after the war, it is permissible to reveal the whole story. One was the amount of illiteracy uncovered; the other was the definite proof that hundreds of thousands of American families must have been undernourished and poorly fed.

Statistics in food are even more meaningless than in other fields. When you are told that *per capita* meat consumption in the United States in the years 1935-39 was 125.6 pounds, it doesn't mean that every man, woman and child above infancy got 125.6 pounds of meat. Some poor could afford little meat; and that little consisted of cheaper pork cuts, and no beef at all. It is believed that 97% of Americans eat meat in normal times, but meat consumption is always subject to sectional, religious and seasonal variations. Moreover, pork, the poor man's meat, has always been more plentiful than beef, the rich man's meat. In 1935-39 the *per capita* figures were 56.1 pork to 54.8 beef.

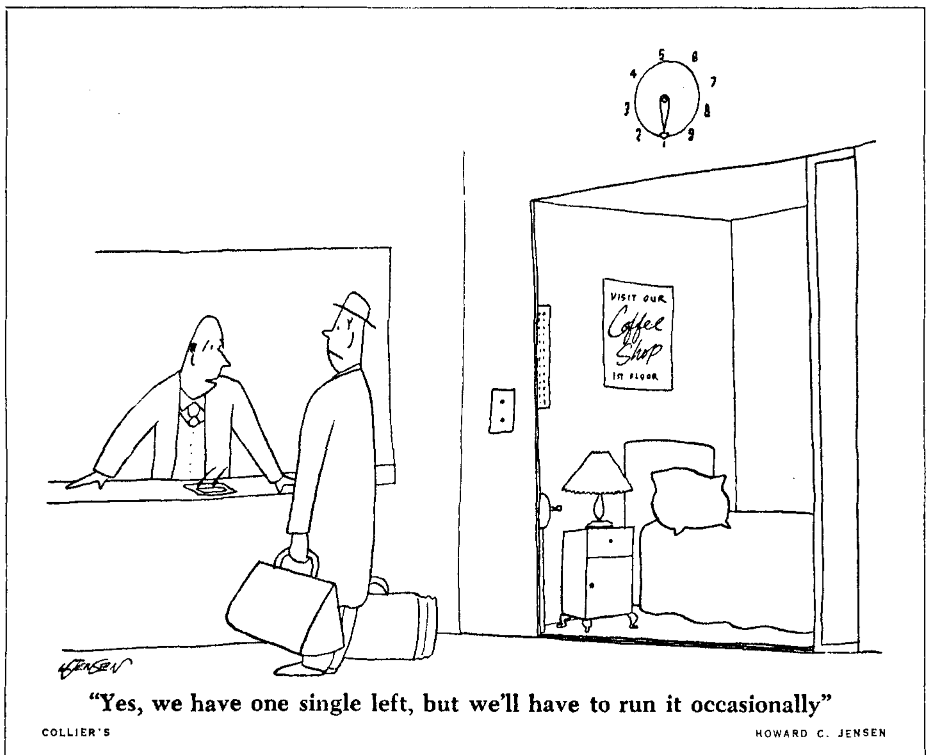
Everybody Wants Beef

With today's war-boom incomes, nearly everybody can afford, and wants, beef; and that's why you hear so much of the beef meat shortage and so little of the even greater pork shortage. That's why you hear groans about the comparatively small quantity of beef going to the United Kingdom and not a peep about the hundreds of millions of pounds of pork going to Russia.

The allotment to the armed forces, while a serious factor in civilian shortages, is one about which I expected to hear no criticism. I presumed that if the health, welfare and good spirits of the fighting men made it necessary for all our meat to go to them, that would be quite all right with stay-at-home Americans. I was mistaken.

Particularly, I remember a man in a diner coming into New Orleans. Bacon and ham, to go with eggs, had given out by the time he came in late for breakfast. He raised hob with everybody; and presently was explaining to me the stories of Army wastage he had heard. Why did the Army have to take all the choice beef, anyway? It all came out as stew. Any dope knew you couldn't broil steaks for all those thousands of men in foxholes.

Well, the G.I.s in foxholes don't even get stews. They eat the tinned processed meats of their K rations and seldom have a chance to warm those up. Things have to be pretty static before field kitchens can get hot prepared meals up to men in combat lines. As to choice grades, the Army takes them heavily because its requirements cannot be met solely by lower grades, and not because there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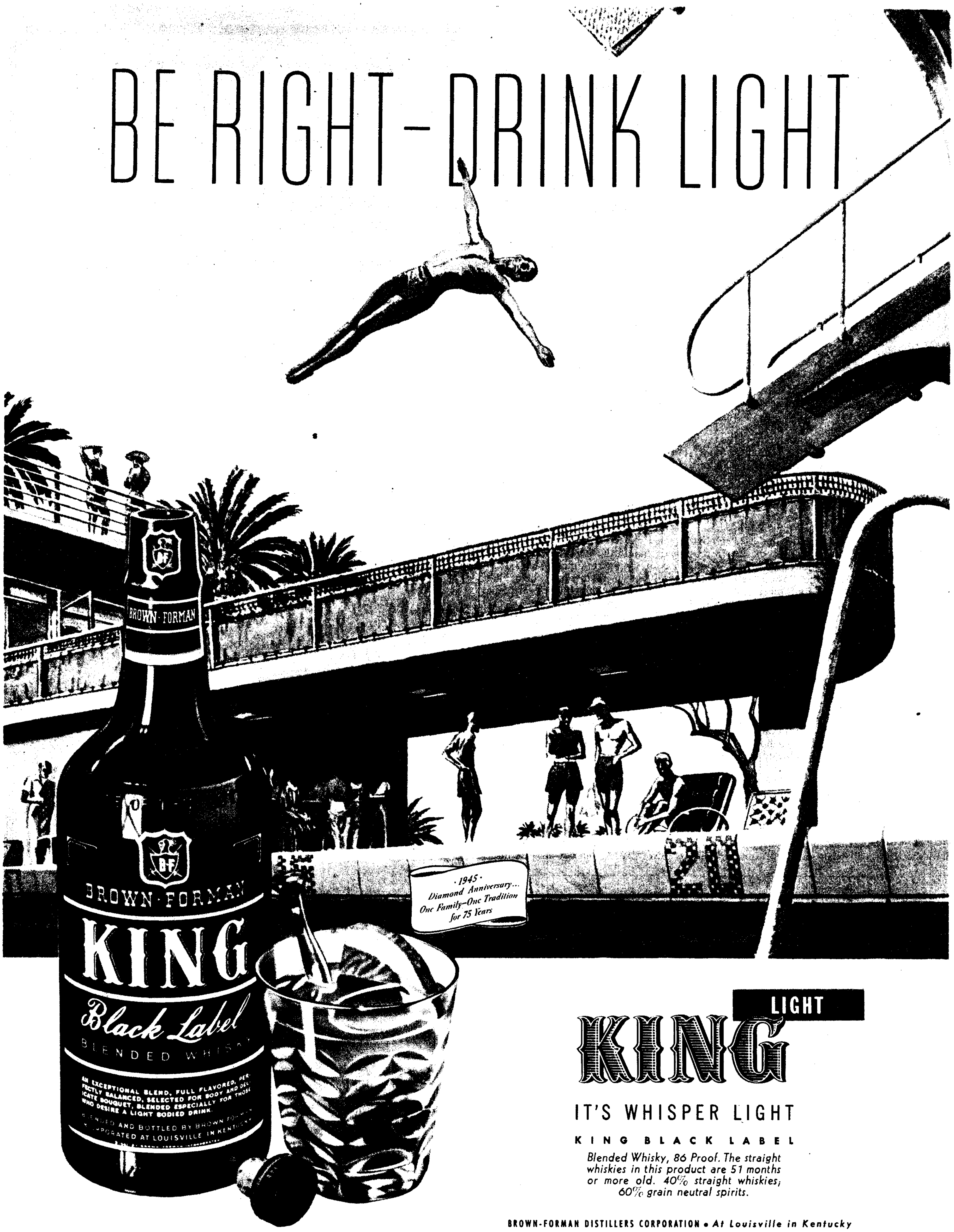
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is any nutritional difference. As of now, the Army is probably taking 60 per cent of top grades of federally inspected beef, 70 per cent of the common and 80 per cent of the lowest. These percentages are bound to increase.

Besides their own enormous numbers, our armed forces have others to feed. Every time General Patton captured a German, your meat supply was hurt. Wholesale surrenderings of the German army were bad news—on the home food front. By summer, the Yank Army may be responsible for feeding half the beaten Germany army. The adjustment of prisoner-of-war diets to meat substitutes won't help much. For in addition to prisoners of war, our Army must feed many thousands of foreign civilians working for it overseas; scores of thousands of released "slave laborers"; the Filipinos, the French army and the co-belligerent Italian army, plus thousands of American civilian members of the Red Cross, OWI, OSS and numerous other agencies working abroad. This year the Army probably will be feeding, as extras, four million persons—equal to more than three times the population of metropolitan San Francisco.

As to wastage, there is some. This is partly because no enterprise so huge, varied, far-scattered and fast-moving could possibly operate with last-ounce efficiency. It is partly because of Army and Navy carelessness about taxpayers' money. But it is chiefly due to ingrained wastefulness in the Yank character. Ours is a luxury Army by comparison with any other. Despite efforts of area commanders to discipline against it, we still leave, give away, lose and throw away at our camps and stations and from ships each day, enough food to provide at least one good meal for that day to the whole of the British army. War is a synonym for waste.

The Problems of Geography

The sheer geography of the meat industry is another factor that stands between steaks—and your plate. It has two problems, because of its extent, that are unique. Dealing in a product that, living or dead, is perishable, only the speed of transportation and the modern science of refrigeration keep the distance of its customers from the sources of production from being an insurmountable obstacle. Even more awkward, in wartime, is the fact that the essential component parts of the "production line" within the industry itself are so far apart. The whole continent is its factory.

Roughly, the Southwest and West are the ranching areas. The Middle West is the fattening zone, and while Chicago immediately comes to mind as the greatest packing center in the world, nevertheless, slaughtering and processing go on in many other corners of the nation. The Mississippi is the great boundary line of the meat industry; about two thirds of our commercial supply of meat is produced west of it, while two thirds is consumed east of it.

12,000,000 OPPORTUNITIES

12,000,000 opportunities will be coming back to the home towns of America when our servicemen and servicewomen are demobilized. The maturity, experience and training of World War II's veterans will make them one of this country's most important postwar assets. If you are interested in what your community can do to develop these opportunities by helping the veteran to help himself, write for our free booklet Twelve Million Opportunities, Collier's, Extension Bureau, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

This far and loosely flung organization is thus exposed to the wartime uncertainties of the abnormally overburdened national transportation system, on which it must lean heavily. A feedlot operator in Ohio, who for years has been shipping to a slaughterer in the New York district, told me that in peacetime he was sure of his cattle reaching their destination in two or three days, so that he could figure with accuracy his transportation costs, feeding, watering and bedding en route, and shrinkage. Now they take seven to ten days, with double or more shrinkage, and with higher and unpredictable expenses for the other items.

Such transportation experiences being general, a tendency is created throughout the raising and feeding areas to market close to home. Hundreds of small local slaughterers have sprung up, handy to the ranches and feedlots, from which they draw off cattle that normally would travel the long regular channels to market. And the situation is made to order for the ubiquitous claws of the black marketeer.

Subsidies—which have been in the news a good deal—have little actual bearing on the civilian meat shortage. Subsidies are paid at the wrong end of the meat production line, according to an executive of one of the largest packers. They are paid to slaughterers, processors and packers, instead of to the real producers. About 600 million dollars in subsidies has been handed out, but there is not a shred of evidence that this has brought one extra pound of meat to an American family.

In theory, subsidies are supposed to be reflected down from the packer to the producer by enabling the packer to pay top ceiling prices in grade for cattle, which he could not otherwise do except at a loss. In practice, the packers candidly admit, it doesn't touch the problem of the feeder at all, and simply protects the packers from operating losses. Its effect is to draw more cattle, but not more poundage in meat to slaughter.

Fresh meat is not profitable nowadays for big packers. For them it is something like the famous example of book sections in large department stores—usually run at a loss, but valuable for drawing in customers who will then patronize other sections. The costs of handling and distributing fresh meats on a national scale are too great for a profit margin. The packers' source of gain lies in the other things got from each carcass; the processed meats and the numerous by-products, such as lard, fertilizer, leather and rare pharmaceuticals.

Why, then, aren't the subsidies paid to the feeders? Psychology is involved. Packers are industrialists, and used to such things. Ranchers and feeders are farmers at heart, in temperament and in habits of thought. Farmers, as a class, are the backbone of the storied American "rugged individualism."

This fierce independence is most noted in Westerners. Ranchers especially, many of them sons of actual frontiersmen, still possess most of the characteristics of that clan. They argue that outright subsidies are unnecessary and un-American; that under fair prices, they can take care of themselves; that one control always leads to another; that once "Washington" gets its hands in, it never lets go; that the farmer is the one class of worker the government has not yet been able to control, though not for want of trying; and finally, that subsidies would be a long step on the road to collectivization.

Despite manpower shortage, and higher labor and equipment expenses, the cattleman is producing and selling more cattle than ever before, at prices that still keep him in the clear. Asked, early in the war, to increase the cattle population, he did so; from 71 millions in 1941 to more than 82 millions in 1944, an unprecedented achievement when you consider that two of the features he has to contend with, biology and weather, are not amenable to controls. Nevertheless, he says, when shortage warnings suggest that "meat is not being produced," all public wrath descends upon him.

In answer, he points out that he does not produce "meat." He raises cattle. He produces "numbers." Poundage is produced in the Corn Belt. That is the historic relationship in the meat industry; but it is now gravely upset, and the cattleman argues that the poundage reaching market does not fairly represent the work he has done.

More Calves to the Slaughter

For proof that numbers do not count as much as weight, he quotes government statistics indicating that 3½ million more cattle were slaughtered, federally inspected, in 1944 than in the decade average of 1934-43, yet they weighed only 1½ billion pounds more than the ten-year average. The per-head dressed weight (roughly, about half the live weight) for 1934-43 was 502.2 pounds. For 1944, it was 484.7—a decline of 17½ pounds on each animal. If the 1944 slaughter had been equal in per-head weight to the 1934-43 average, it would have meant a quarter of a billion more pounds of meat last year.

Furthermore, the cattleman fears that emphasis on numbers will presently liquidate his herds, for pressure is forcing a wide selling-off now of calves, greatly reducing the proportion he would usually save for replenishment of his herd breeding stock. In 1944 the federally inspected calf slaughter was the highest on record—50 per cent above 1943, and 37 per cent over the previous ten-year average.

Next, the cattleman is sensitive to implied charges that he is holding back his cattle from the market in order to force up prices. Again he refers to government figures, which show a federally inspected slaughter in 1944 of nearly 22 million cattle and calves out of a population of 82,192,000 compared with a 13½ million kill in 1933 out of a 70,280,000 population; a herd reduction of about one quarter in 1944, against less than one fifth in 1933.

Live cattle, he explains, are not like stocks and bonds, which can be boxed away, or like inanimate industrial objects that can be placed in dead storage. Cattle are living

PAUL CARRUTH

"My wife's with the Wacs in France. Look at the souvenirs she sent me"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

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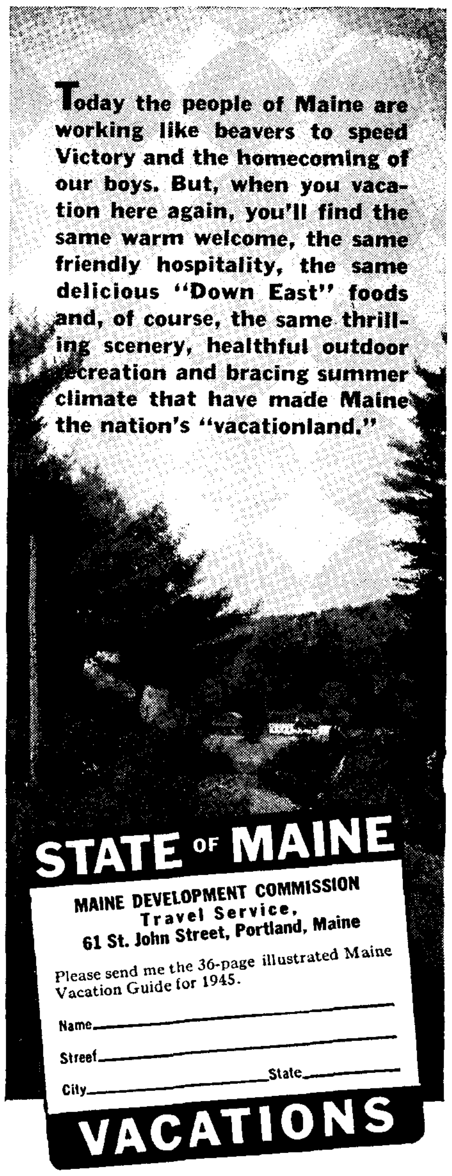
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things. The balance line in ranching has always been to sell them off to feeders or slaughterers as soon as they reach a weight and age at which they represent a profit to him.

If he retains them beyond that time, his possibilities of profit dwindle, because he has the expense of grazing, watering and tending them.

The feeder, in his turn, is at the heart of the "cattle are not beef" theme, which constantly recurs in the meat industry. Beef has to be built. It takes about ten months of intensive scientific care and feeding to add 400 more pounds to the weight of a good steer calf. Two or three years grazing, plus about eight months of corn "finishing," are required to produce a good heavy steer. Corn is the greatest known producer of both quantity and quality in beef. A feeding program in which corn is the main component builds beef quickest, gives it flavor and appearance, and increases its protein content, of value in human diet. This, of course, is the reason the Corn Belt is the Feed Belt.

The High Price of Corn

Cattle feeders who do not raise their own corn have to compete in its purchase against buyers for the many other purposes to which this useful grain is put—breakfast-food makers, brewers, and, notably in wartime, alcohol manufacturers, as well as hog fatteners. The ceiling price on corn went up, in the past two years, from 72¢ a bushel to $1.16. And the great host of Middle Western farmers, who raise their own corn, and side-line-feed a few head of cattle annually on their surplus, now find it more profitable to sell off all their corn, if they can.

It costs about 30 cents worth of corn to put a pound of beef on a steer. For the steer, the feeder may get 16 cents a pound. So he would rather sell his corn as corn. He sometimes drops feeding altogether. Or he holds cattle a much shorter time before sending them to the slaughterer and, to pare away down the amount of corn in their feed, he uses more grasses and other items which are cheaper but do not add as much poundage or quality.

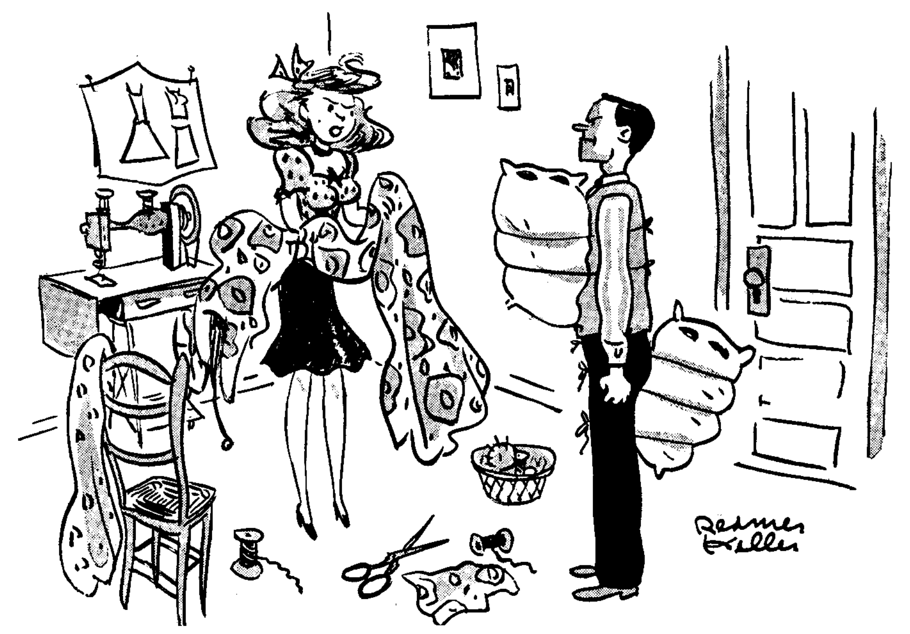
Therefore, when statistics indicated half a million more cattle in feedlots in January this year than during the ten-year 1935-44 average, it did not mean more meat for you. Liquidation of the feedlots is generally feared; and this is one of the main factors upon which predictions of meat famine are based.

The feeder's margin of profit lies entirely in the *poundage* he adds to the cattle, and the *time* he holds them, between rancher and slaughterer. He says that when prices were stable, he could hold them a long time and put on a lot of weight; but that now the outlook is so uncertain, he cannot predicate a long-term feeding program on it. So he lessens his gamble by feeding a short term. He listens to the daily radio market reports and hurries his cattle to market at the first favorable trend.

Still another discouragement to him is the fact that formerly when he went to a rancher in search of feeder stock, he could bargain for price; but now he finds himself competing there, not only against packers, who more than ever want numbers in a hurry, but against black-market buyers.

So you'd better take the advice of both government and food experts and pull in your belt a notch. Reducing the circumference of your belt—in the interests of those not as well off as you are—will increase the girth of your soul. In any case, you will remain the best-fed civilian in a sorry world.

THE END



"My goodness, is it too much for you to try on a dress for Mother?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

managed to put it in his window right side up and closed the place for two weeks. According to Mrs. Hawkins, he had a fierce time getting his customers back.

NOTHING but grief. Mr. John Colt reports from Kansas City, Missouri, that a band of gypsies showed up at the Jackson County courthouse and offered to clean the heat and air-conditioning vents. They had a gang of monkeys, they told the court, that were specially trained to use brushes and vacuum sweepers. All work in the courthouse stopped while employees waited to see the monkeys. After several days of stalling, the gypsies produced one named Peter. It was a she. Peter refused to do any work. The gypsies finally cleaned the ducts themselves, then they demanded overtime pay because of delay caused by the crowds, didn't get it, and departed.

YES, and that correspondence glamor school we mentioned a few weeks ago continues to hear from the dames. "I'm worried about the shape of my legs," wrote one the other day. "The calves turn outward."

ISN'T there a ray of sunshine anywhere? Hollywood maybe. From an unusually unreliable source comes the item about one of our better studios deciding its employees might quit work and go home when the war in Europe ended. A memo was sent around to this effect. It concluded: "Employees will not assume V-E Day to have arrived until officially notified by the general manager."

G. W.

Merle Oberon

says: "To keep fresh and alluring, I prize my Serta

PERFECT SLEEPER Tuftless

MATTRESS AND BOX SPRING."

Lovely Merle Oberon portrays Madame George Sand in Columbia's technicolor production "*A Song To Remember*"

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Available now—The luxurious Serta 4A tuftless mattress; Perfect Sleeper upholstered box spring to match, each $39.50; West Coast and Canada $42.50.

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MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE—BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

These Are Americans

Continued from page 13

stripped the clothes from her back and the lash screamed twenty-five times through the air to cut jagged bits of flesh from her. But she never whimpered.

She was even denied the mercy of oblivion which such pain usually induces. She stood erect, five feet one inch and 100 pounds of her, until the blows forced her to her knees, but her spirit did not bend. Even when she lay there in a pool of her own blood, she raised her head defiantly and laughed at the beasts who thought they could break her.

Agueda Johnston is the uncontested First Lady of Guam. Born here, she is typical of the gracious laughing-eyed people of the island. She began teaching in the native schools when she was sixteen and she has never stopped. The people call her *Maestra;* not "a teacher" but merely "Teacher," as though she were the only one.

Her life really began in 1911 when she married William Gautier Johnston of Franklin, Tennessee. He was a six-foot-two Marine stationed on Guam. He had graduated from Peabody College and, because of his background, was detached from the Marine service and assigned to teach English to native teachers who in turn would teach the children. His most promising pupil was Agueda Igleses. Her soft dark eyes, her rippling laughter and her fragile beauty completely won the big Marine, and in 1911 they were married. They raised seven children.

Mrs. Johnston never lost her love of teaching and she served as principal of the school, which soon grew to five hundred pupils. They were a happy family. Bill Johnston prospered, owned property and built Agaña's only motion-picture theater. Washington made him administrator of the department of public works. When he found that the rich oils of the coconut tree made fine soap, he began manufacturing it. And then the Japs arrived.

They sent Bill Johnston to a concentration camp in Japan. Some months later his wife received word that he had died. She couldn't break down: she had four children at home. More and more the Japs encroached into her home life. They took her furniture, her silver, her glassware, and finally her beautiful 75-year-old stone house was commandeered, and she and her children moved back into the hills to live the primitive life of their forefathers, to subsist on breadfruit, coconut meat and bananas.

A Mother's Subterfuge

She worried about vivacious beautiful Marian, 22, for the Japs had their own uses for native beauty. If she couldn't protect her loved ones with her strength, she would do it with her brain. She circulated a rumor that Marian (as healthy a girl as ever lived) had tuberculosis. The Japs heard it. They have a horror of the disease, and Marian was never molested.

Today, at officers' parties here, Marian dances the hula, and no native of Hawaii ever danced it more beautifully. When she dances, her mother looks on proudly. Yes, you would meet gentle, courageous Mrs. Johnston outside the primitive church by the graveyards.

You'd meet a great many more, as your sons are meeting them now. You'd meet Baltasar Jerome Bordallo, who is called "B.J." by everyone in Agaña. They still remember the work he did on December 8th when the world they had always known on Guam came to an end. B.J. was a very substantial citizen who had gone to Washington, D. C., as head of the Guam Citizenship Delegation.

Bordallo owned ten taxicabs, an automobile-accessory store and two meat markets. He owned a 400-acre ranch in the hills, and a large stone house in Agaña, with a beautiful hibiscus-and-bougainvillaea-framed patio. He sat comfortably in there that evening (when it is December 8th in Guam, it is December 7th in Pearl Harbor, 3,400 miles away across the international date line). His daughter Irene had just brought him a cold drink and had asked permission to go to the Gaiety Theater that night to see the moving picture, Convoy.

The ringing of the phone broke through their good-natured argument. The call was from the naval governor of Guam, Captain George McMillan.

"B.J., the Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor," the calm voice of the captain said. "They'll be here next. All civilians must evacuate Agaña. You and your taxi company will be needed."

The next morning, B.J. and his drivers began their work, and it ended only when all civilians had been carted far back to the safety of the hills. Then the Jap planes, the Rising Sun emblem gleaming on the green wings, came and bombed the Marine barracks at Sumay. B.J. moved his family and three others to his ranch. The Japs landed, and he was ordered before the Jap commander. His intelligence was good. He knew B.J. to be perhaps the leading citizen.

"You own three hundred and forty-one head of cattle," the Jap said. "You will deliver them tomorrow."

B.J. went out of the office, and a Jap sentry slapped him smartly across the face. "You shall bow when you meet us," he told B.J.

Propaganda Job for a Patriot

They took his cattle and his cars and his three stores and his supply of meat. Because he was so prominent and so well trusted by the people they made him head of the *Kyowakai,* a "co-operative association." The job of *Kyowakai* was to spread the story of Japan's expanding glory in the Orient and the Axis conquest of the world, and to increase the productivity of the people in the fields and defense plants.

By now the Jap army had, for the most part, left, and a Japanese civil government was in control of everything. All men were forced to labor in the rice fields and help build air strips. Their pay? One *go* of rice per day. A *go* is a handful. All children over twelve labored as adults. Only occasionally could B.J. alleviate the misery of his countrymen. Humiliation caused more pain than the beatings. All natives had to bow when they passed Japs on the street and they were not allowed to wear shoes.

Finally B.J. incurred the wrath of the Japs. He knew where the escaped Americans were hiding. That's what they thought and they brought him for questioning. It was the same old story. A little worse this time because they brought his wife and his six children along. The baby was sixteen days old.

"None of them cried," B.J. says proudly when he tells you of that night. "Not one cried."

The questioning began. B.J. had often rehearsed this in his mind and he knew what to say. He parried questions. He knew nothing. Waiting in a corner of the room was a squat, fleshy Saipan native called the Lash Man. He had strong arms and could hit harder than the small Japs. The officer was getting angry now and he motioned to the man from Saipan. The first blow fell across B.J.'s neck. The Lash Man had discarded his usual whip and was using a square club, a two-by-two. The next blow, across the kidneys, broke through the flesh.

Soon B.J. could no longer count the blows. They fell everywhere, and he went to his knees. When he lost consciousness, they threw him into a cell. They beat him three times a day for the next six days, and then all consciousness left him.

Four days later, he awoke at home swathed in linen bandages. The escaped Americans played solitaire in the caves behind the hills. B.J. had said no word. Somehow he recovered. Somehow he continued to live, and time passed heavily and only hope remained. And then prayers were answered. The Americans came. And today each Sunday you'll meet B.J. and his family at church chatting with Father Calvo after Mass.

At the church, too, you'll meet Harriet Gutierez and her husband Frederico. They both teach for Mrs. Johnston and they live

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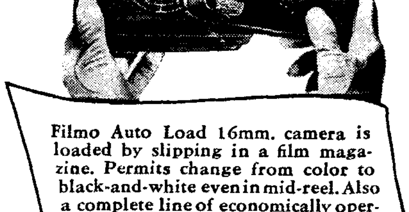

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in what was once a nice house in back of the hill above the town. If you visit their home, they'll give you delicious small bananas, and if they have any flour, they'll give you a slice of light golden cake. And perhaps they'll tell you of Hannah, for whom they still mourn.

There were three sisters, Hannah, Harriet, and Rosa. Hannah was the tomboy of the family, always laughing, playing games. Hannah married Felix Torres, who kept a store in Agaña. Felix was beaten twice very badly during the occupation for no other reason than that he was known to be very pro-American. They left Hannah alone. And then the news came that the Americans were coming. The Japs ordered all the natives to march inland to a concentration camp. They would throw the Americans back and the incarceration would only be temporary, they said.

It was a sixteen-mile march through the jungle and it was all on foot, with Jap soldiers urging them on. Hannah and Harriet and Rosa and their aged mother were among the 8,000 who marched that night. So were Felix and Frederico, but in the pitch black of the night they became separated.

"Mother was with Hannah, though," Harriet said. "She saw Hannah stumble because Hannah wasn't very strong and was to have another child. A Jap soldier hit her on the back with the flat of his sword. Then he hit her again. She kept stumbling and moaning that her back was hurting, but they made her keep up with the rest. At the concentration camp, the rest of us found Hannah. She was unconscious now, and the left side of her neck was dark blue. When the soldier beat her with his sword, perhaps he smashed her spine and somehow that affected her throat and her heart. She lived only an hour."

There was silence now in the immaculately clean living room. Fred and Rosa sat there, but Harriet ran into her bedroom. She would not cry before strangers.

Grief-Born Hate of the Japs

Fred got up and said uncertainly, "Harriet misses her sister very much. She was always laughing—Hannah was. We all miss her. You will forgive us, sir," he added, "if we hate the Japanese. We cannot help it."

It was a Marine sergeant who introduced me to pretty Dolores, known as the Little Mother of Guam. Dolores is twelve. Her father is a prisoner of war somewhere in Japan, which is why we don't mention Dolores' last name. Her mother was very pretty and hated the Japs very much and she used to sneer at them and refuse to bow to them or to go barefooted.

"My mother always told them that she liked Americans," little Dolores said proudly, "and they would beat her. And one day they took her away. I wish my mother would come back. She was so pretty."

But Dolores' mother never came back. They killed her and left Dolores and Lorraine (aged 9) and Meding (aged 5) and Lulu (aged 3) and Joseph (aged 2) in the house where they had lived in the hills. It was up to Dolores to care for this flock. She would scour the countryside for coconuts and breadfruit and bananas, and she'd dress them and find streams where they could bathe. And they lived through it somehow.

"They're so young," she said soberly, looking at them as they tugged shyly at her dress. "And Joseph especially."

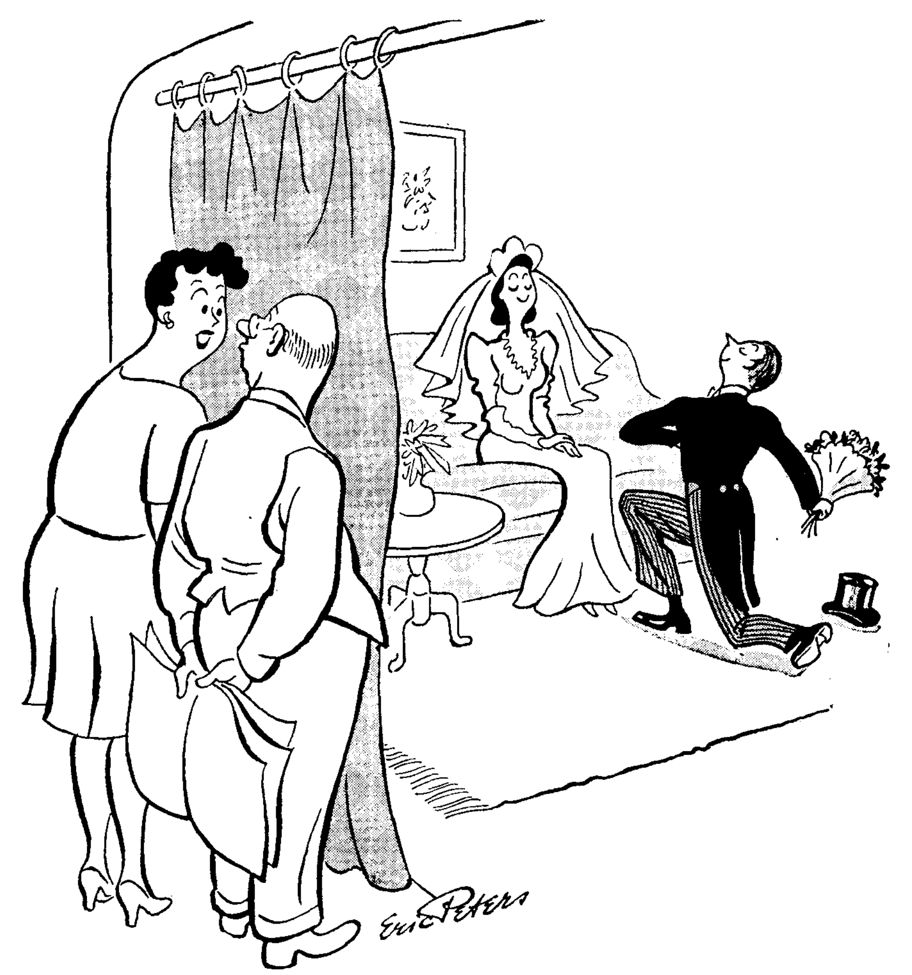
You meet kids like that in the church here in Agaña—the church that divides the two cemeteries. And you meet wonderful older men like Judge José Manibuson, who always takes up the collection for Father Calvo. He is the senior jurist on the island.

"You get used to almost anything," he says in his soft voice. "When we came back and saw the result of the naval bombardment, we were saddened a bit at first. We said, 'Now we have nothing under us and nothing over us.' But we found that we had the soft earth under us and the glowing stars above us, and we are happy. And the Marines are fine. So are the Civil Affairs people, who are trying to rebuild our cities."

The Japs showed a lamentable lack of knowledge of woman psychology. For many years Guam girls had adopted the mainland customs of American girls. They thought American, acted American, spoke American and, when they could, dressed American. The Japs using the old Doctor Goebbels methods of "We are delivering you from conquerors" tried for a time to win the people of Guam to their side. Hopeless in any case, the task was made ludicrous by the method they used especially on Guam womanhood: All American habits must be dropped. The Emperor frowned on loud American colors and style.

The local girls immediately wrapped up their American-style clothes, their silk stockings, their cosmetics and their soft undergarments. They dressed in rags and worked all day in them and occasionally gathered at the home of one of them and donned the forbidden lipstick and clothes. It did things for their morale. Today they appear in brightly colored muslins and ginghams, and they use cosmetics intelligently and skillfully.

I have mentioned only a few of these gentle people who love their country so much. When they held a Sixth War Bond drive in Guam, it was hardly reasonable to expect much. For 32 months, the people had been getting less than two yen (about five cents) a day from the Japanese for their labor. Either that or a *go* of rice.



COLLIER'S "I guess they were pretty sure of each other" ERIC PETERS

But to the surprise of everyone when the drive ended, $211,955 had been subscribed, a per capita subscription of $15 per adult. Some of the money was dug up from hiding places in the jungle. One young man rode into Agaña in his bull cart, his fortune of $95 in long-buried nickels, dimes and quarters wrapped in a pillow case. But everyone who had any money bought bonds.

The Marines stationed on Guam get along very well with the natives. In fact they have been completely captivated by the honesty, the decency and the Americanism of the people of Guam. Whenever a shipment of candy arrives at the Post Exchange on Guam, it goes very quickly, and an hour later you'll see bright-eyed youngsters munching happily on chocolate or nut bars.

When our Marines landed on Guam, they had a few very bad days, because the Japs had guns on high ground back from the beaches. The civilians took all sorts of risks to sift through the Jap lines and join up with us. A Marine major stumbled over a very sick woman holding a half-starved child. This was on D-Day plus 3, when civilians had no right to be around.

The Marine major dropped his gun and got a medic to take care of the woman. He took the child and got it some milk—powdered milk, to be sure—but milk. He sort of adopted this baby and took care of it and asked the Seabees to make some clothes for the month-old youngster (Seabees, believe me, can even produce diapers and rubber nipples in a jungle). The half-starved child began to improve, and the major's men fixed up a crib in a foxhole, and they worried more about that kid than about bullets.

More than once the major was obliged reluctantly to put down his rubber-nippled, milk-filled canteen to pick up a grenade or tommy gun, but no one thought it out of the ordinary.

His men now had even more respect for the major. They always knew he was a good soldier. He'd shown them that at Bougainville where he'd been wounded and he'd shown it at Guam, but they never knew he was an expert on babies.

"I got one of these at home," he explained. "Taking care of babies is routine to me."

The baby completely recovered, and one Sunday morning after Mass, the now-healthy mother held it in her arms while Father Calvo baptized it. The grinning young major (I knew him as a kid in my neighborhood only a couple of years ago), of course, was the godfather.

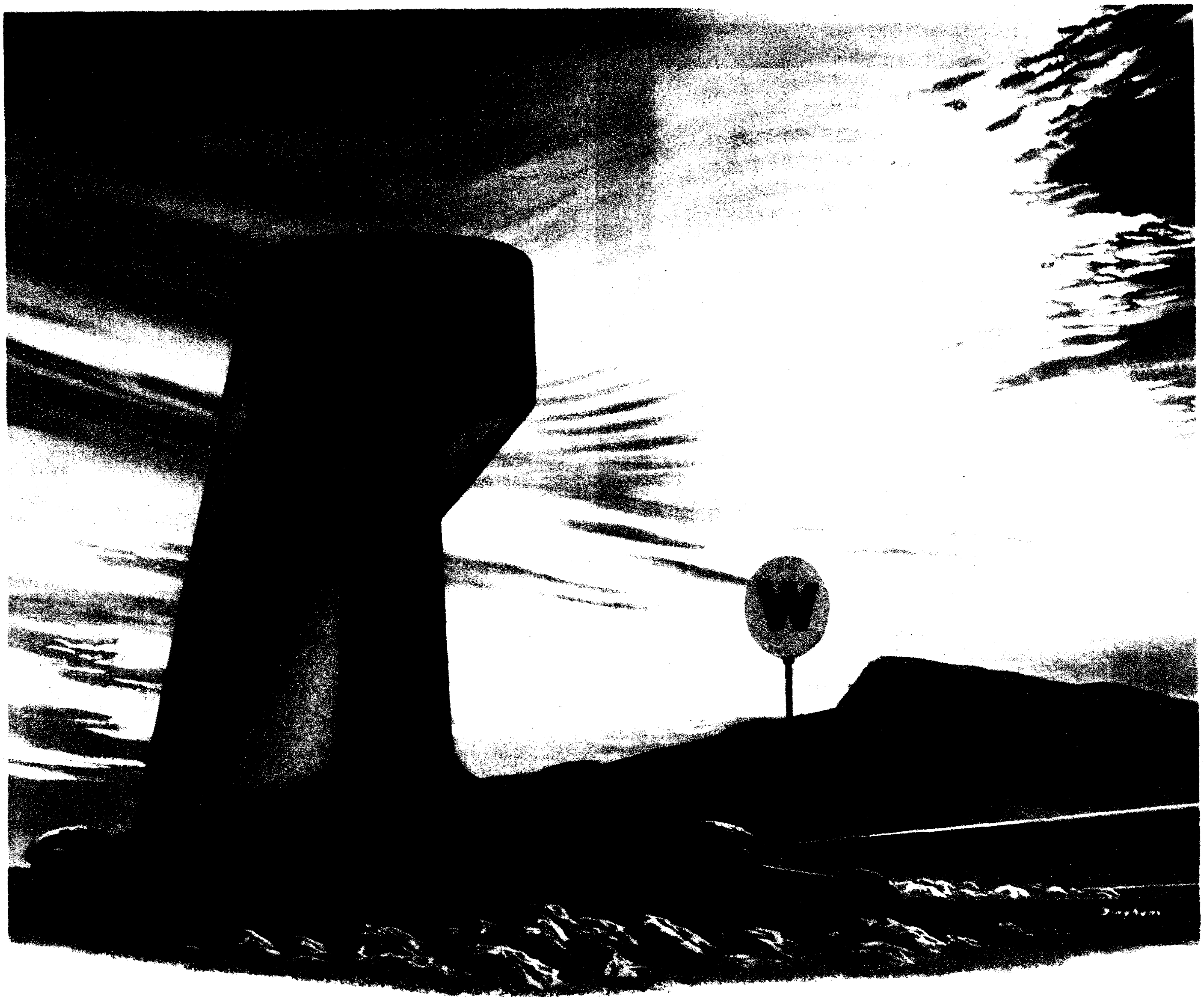
"And now I baptize you Jesus Bob Kriendler Montrez," Father Calvo said solemnly, while Major Robert Kriendler of the United States Marines beamed happily.

These Marines of ours can fight like hell, but when they aren't fighting they make very fine ambassadors of good will. I'd like to add one more bit of evidence to show the relationship existing between the people of Guam and the Marines. I was visiting a native family in a village we had hastily constructed to house them; after all, we had completely destroyed their six cities. It was a nice little house. It had everything but a key to the door. I commented on this.

"A key?" The man of the house burst out laughing. "We don't need to lock our doors. We have several thousand Marines on our island taking care of us. We don't need locks on our doors."

These are real Americans. There never were any quislings on Guam.

THE END



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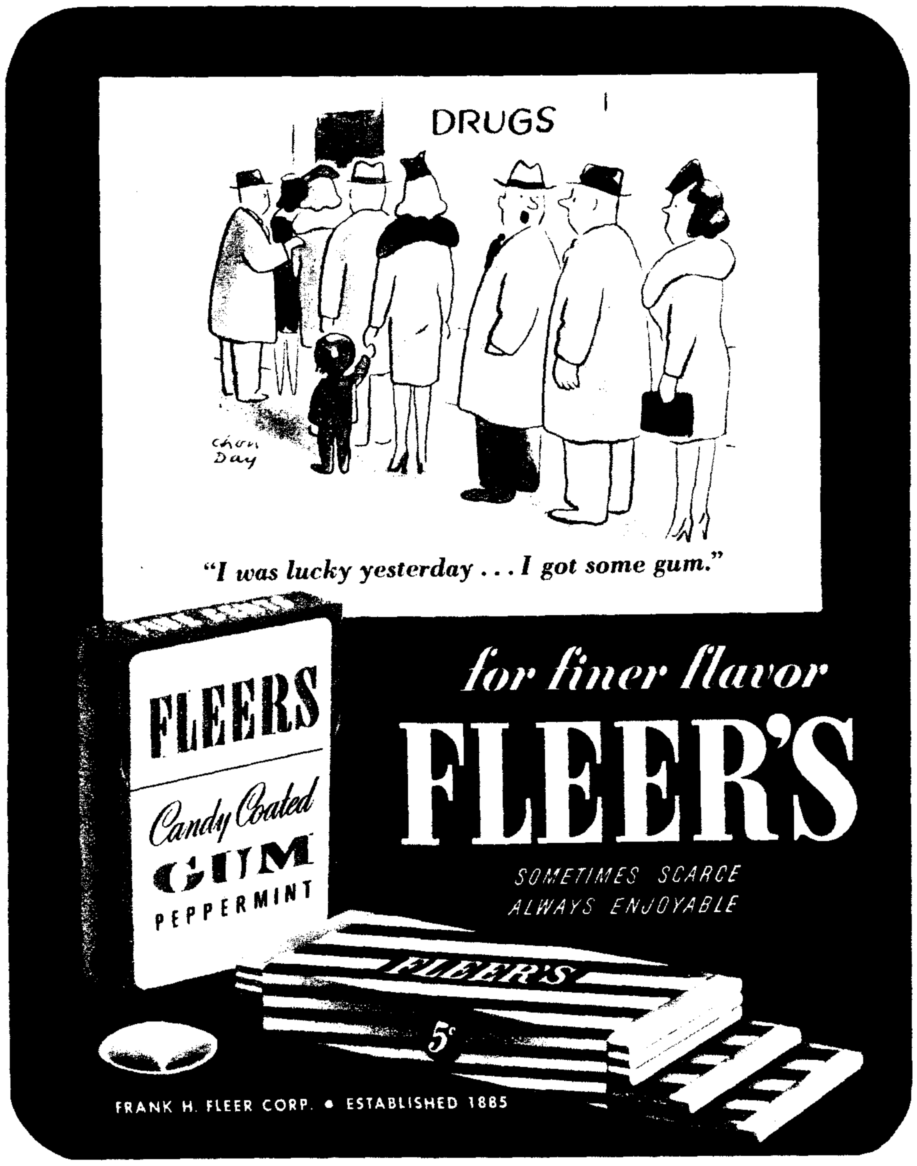

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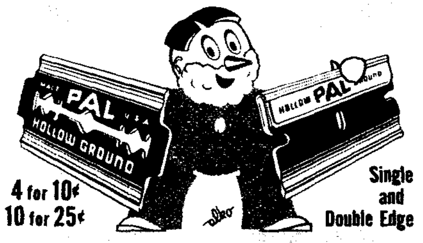

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Dinner for Two

Continued from page 15

excitement temporarily enough for politeness and went across the kitchen and stooped to the labels on the boxes of herbs. She said, her hair swinging, so that it hid her face like a curtain, "I didn't even know some of these existed." And then, as she pulled down the sea-green folds of her sweater, "But I just planned on fixing the canapés and that then Jim and I would go out."

Miss Mott said, "I despise restaurants. I think the smell of a tasty casserole dish cooking in the oven of one's own home is a grand welcome of an evening." And then she said, "I have planned on this particular evening for a long time. My friend," she said, "has given me a certain number of red points and those, together with mine, will make a rare treat."

She took the plate across to the sink and washed it, her long fingers moving with precision. Aline sat on the folding steps and swung her legs. She said, "Tonight will be the first time I have seen Jim for ten months —he's been in the Pacific. Don't you see how special everything must be?" She sat back a moment and the smile curved up her lips. "With all these victories coming and coming so wonderfully, we can begin to think of the future. We can begin now—" and she laughed out loud. And she didn't look so flighty, only young and very much in love.

Miss Mott asked, "Are you engaged to Jim?"

Aline shook her head. She said, "In my heart—but not actually. But," she said, "he'll ask me tonight. I know it." And she held the glass plate—but none too carefully, thought Miss Mott—as she went to the door.

Miss Mott said, "I hope all goes well," and although she looked at the plate, yet her wish had a wider scope.

Aline smiled, "I hope your party goes well, too. Your friend is lucky to have you go to so much trouble for her." And she went across the landing and the door closed.

But, thought Miss Mott, my friend isn't a "her": my friend is a "him."

Slowly she began to tie her apron. Already the living room was regaining its accustomed quality. The tornado of love had passed. This is better, thought Miss Mott, much better. And surely it was unnecessary for another thought to rise. But is it?

At the end of the morning she folded her apron neatly and let the day pass until the time came for her to unfold it again and complete her evening plans.

A WARM and delicious odor drifted around the kitchen (and through the whole apartment) tickling the nose with temptation. Miss Mott smiled. Already she could see Thomas Bingle's face wrinkling with anticipation. "Agnes," he would say, "Agnes, I believe I did wisely to entrust those points to you, after all." and he'd laugh, rubbing his hands together and moving into the living room—all among the neat furniture, moving carefully, like some big ship in a small harbor. And she'd say, "Of course you did, Thomas. Of course you did." Home cooking, she would think, is what Thomas needs.

Now, as she went back and forth, laying the little gate-legged table—lace doilies, candles—the extras that flicked the table into party perfection, she found that she was listening all the time for Aline Marsh's Jim. It was as if, somehow, she had become involved with Aline Marsh's affairs along with that good glass plate of hers.

And after the firm footsteps had come up the stairs, and the opening click of the opposite door, the mingled voices, and the noisier click of the closing door had all died away, she found herself imagining just what would be taking place.

She moved across the kitchen and began on the biscuit mixture and wished she had known the actual arrangement of Aline's living room, so that she could see things in her imagination with even greater accuracy. About now, she supposed, the glass plate would come out and stay invitingly on a little table, being special, just as Aline had intended for it, with the canapés, appealing to the eye and savory to the tongue—or whatever the peculiar virtue of canapés might be—and Miss Mott had to admit to herself that other foods were more virtuous in her own opinion. Warm soups. A sizzling grill. Ham with sharp sauce. She mixed the butter into the flour with strong enthusiastic fingers. Maybe one day Aline would come to them. How beautiful to think of the coming victorious years, for Aline and her Jim, stretching into the future, unrationed and delectable.

About now, Jim, impetuous, would be bending over, asking for the great honor of Aline's hand in marriage—or using the equivalent modern phrase, whatever that might be. Because, obviously, one couldn't resist Aline, not with that glow back of her eyes. It was strange that, until this morning, Miss Mott had looked on her as a flighty type—just that and nothing more: but now she had graduated into another class—right away from flightiness.

POSSIBLY, she felt, they might like the glass plate for a wedding present—it would remind them of the evening of the betrothal—or whatever word they used these days. She carried the tray of biscuits to the stove and pushed them into the oven and closed the door.

Sharply through the wall, she heard another door closing and down the stairs went footsteps. One set of footsteps. A man's. She thought: Jim's gone to get something—rushed out to buy a ring, perhaps. Only the footsteps didn't rush.

She slipped off her apron—scarcely anything now remained to be done—and, still considering, she went into the bedroom to settle her hair. But, as she sat herself at the looking-glass, clearly through the wall of the corresponding apartment, she heard sounds —faint at first, but growing in uncontrolled intensity.

Miss Mott paused, comb in hand, a slow horror creeping over her; only one thing made such sounds—grief. Her hand shook, she put the comb down quietly lest it fall—for the sounds that came to her through the wall, muffled, but nevertheless distinct, were made by sobs.

Sobs—on this special night! Aline in tears!

Miss Mott was horrified. Aline with the glow of life snuffed from her—her radiance quenched. Dull, insipid. Like Miss Mott's living room. Like Miss Mott herself. She leaned suddenly forward, peering into the mirror, and behind her austere reflection, over behind her shoulder, somewhere imagined, but nevertheless real, she saw the empty years, reaching out, one behind the other, in perpetual sequence. And through them, the faint echo of her own sobs.

No, she thought, no. Not for Aline.

She pushed back her chair and, swift with decision, crossed the room, went out and opened her own door and rang Aline's bell.

Immediately she could hear the scurry of quick movements, a chair pushed against the wall, scraping on the polish, and the door was opened.

"Oh," cried Aline. "Oh, Jim—" And then, the delight seeping away. "Oh," she said, "it isn't Jim, is it?" Her eyes blinked back the tears. Her fair hair, a little unslicked, gleamed in the lamplight. "Oh, Miss Mott—"

Miss Mott said, "I can't leave my biscuits. Come with me," and then, over her shoulder, "this is no time for crying."

Aline didn't answer, she followed Miss Mott, flatly, across the hall and into the kitchen. She leaned against the dresser, wan and pale, in a slinky little black dress that rustled as she moved. She put up a hand and felt the tumbled hair, she said, "I'm sorry I look like this—but when the bell rang, I just rushed out. I didn't wait to prink. I thought Jim had come back."

Miss Mott asked, "Is that what you wanted?"

Aline nodded. "Of course," she said.

"Then why did he go?"

Aline replied, "He said he *had* to—"

"Oh," said Miss Mott. "Why?"

"Because he loves me," said Aline.

Miss Mott persisted. "Tell me," she said, "how he worded it?"

Aline shook back her hair, her eyes were wide open now and fixed, seemingly, on Miss

Mott's face, but remote, following their own remembrance. "He just said that he loved me too much to ask me to marry him. The future, he said, is too full of uncertainty—material uncertainty—money, work, things like that. So he thought he'd better get out quick, before it was too late. Because if he saw more of me, he said, he'd never be able to do it."

Miss Mott nodded deeply.

Aline said, "So he's gone. Gone. Gone. After years and years, he said, we might be friends again. Imagine it," she said. "Friends—"

Miss Mott looked at the clock. "And you?" she asked Aline.

"I didn't feel like that," Aline replied. "I wanted to face up to things with him. I didn't feel uncertainty mattered if we loved each other. . . . I think love matters more than money and work and things that are called material."

"Did you explain to him?"

Aline shook her head. "No," she said, "how could I? It would have been telling him to marry me."

"Well," said Miss Mott, "and why not? It's what you want, isn't it?"

Aline looked numbed. She said, "Miss Mott, you don't understand—how could you?" And she looked around the ordered kitchen and beyond the door, to the party-laid table and the little azalea, falsely bright. And in her eyes was the recognition of their drabness and their insipidity. She looked at Miss Mott and the look was barren of all subterfuge: she looked directly into Miss Mott's eyes. "How could you understand?"

Miss Mott drew a sharp breath.

She said, "I have just about ten minutes before my guest is due—" She hesitated a fraction of a second and then said, "I have a letter to post. I will just run down to the corner. I should be extremely grateful if you would take the biscuits out of the oven in exactly four minutes time."

Aline nodded.

MISS MOTT dressed hurriedly—coat, hat, scarf, purse—as she left, she called out: "Open the door when you hear the bell—" And she let herself out of the apartment.

She went quickly down the stairs and into the street. She had no letter in her hand.

Without hesitating, she crossed the road. Beneath a lamppost a man was standing, dejection in his every line. Twilight was fast closing in around them, so that she peered up into his face. Dark eyes he had, and dark hair, beneath the olive-drab of his cap.

Miss Mott set her feet firmly. "Young man," she said, "are you Aline Marsh's Jim?"

"Yes," he said, and then, "at least, I was."

Miss Mott said, "You are still."

"Heaven help me, lady," he said. "You are right."

Miss Mott nodded. "Then," she said, "what are you doing here?" He didn't answer. She said, "You come with me. I'm going to let you into the house again. You go all the way up the stairs, only ring the opposite doorbell this time—that's my apartment—Aline's in there. And when she comes to the door you go right in. Sit at the table and eat the food. And while you are eating, look around at the furniture, at the neatness and everything—at all the things of which I am so very proud. Look at them carefully and maybe they'll talk to you—maybe they'll say, 'We are the security you set too much store by. We try to make do—but we can't. We are dull and dim and dreary. Love is what counts.' "

And her voice seemed to well with more vitality than her thin body understood.

"Come on, young man," she said. "Come on." And she walked quickly in front of him across the road. Instead of pressing the buzzer, she turned her key in the lock. "Now, then," she said, "remember what I told you: I'll not be back until around ten-thirty—"

For a moment he hesitated, standing there in the hall, and she could see there was indecision back of the dark eyes. He said, "Are you sure this is all right? Am I being fair to Aline?"

She looked up at him and nodded. Words weren't quite so easy now.

But he looked straight at her and she saw the indecision fade. At last, he said, "I trust you," and then, through the narrowing slit of the door, as he turned to close it, "How did you know I'd be there—across the road?"

But she didn't answer. "Hurry," she said, instead. "Hurry," and she pulled the door tight closed.

Then she turned and waited on the step. Mr. Secker had called the dinner romantic. Well, she thought, this time it will be. She was a little out of breath now, as if she had shared in a great excitement. Down the street, coming toward her, was Thomas Bingle—coming toward her and the good dinner.

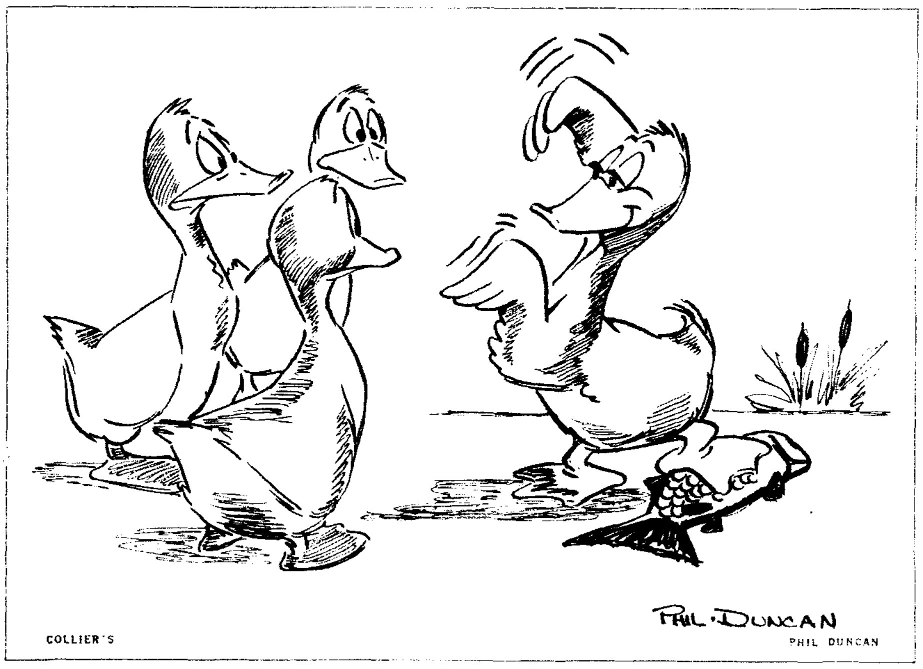
She drew herself up to all her height, because Thomas Bingle wasn't going to get his good dinner—at least not in her apartment. She'd have to explain how she'd given it all away: the beautiful dinner, prepared so carefully out of her ration points and Thomas Bingle's ration points.

And it would take a delicate piece of explanation, because there were some things she couldn't say—not to Thomas Bingle, who had come back from that other war and said, "Agnes, I daren't take you into this insecurity. I daren't ask you to marry me. It wouldn't be fair." She still remembered how she had thrown herself on the bed and cried all the night long.

And afterward, long years afterward, when she had met Thomas again, he'd said: "That was a bad night, Agnes. I spent it just across the road—leaning against a lamppost, watching your window. Yes, Agnes," he'd said, "that was touch and go." And he'd laughed. And in the laughter, at the end of so many years, was friendship.

So she'd laughed, too. "Yes," she'd said. "Touch and go, indeed, Thomas." She never told him of her tears or of the emptiness of all the days. But she just took the friendship as a beggar takes crumbs of bread.

THE END



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Wanna Pick a Lock?

Continued from page 14

worn, the tumblers fall into place with just a tap. I doubt if even locksmiths know this method for picking pin tumblers and I am quite sure a description of it has never appeared in print. Knute spent years developing this technique and it would be too bad to have his researches lost to humanity.

My first job with Knute was to go around and ruin the acts of other escape artists. Knute couldn't do it himself because the escapists were getting to recognize him, so he needed an innocent-looking young fellow for the job. There was an escape artist playing in a town not far from us who was doing a challenge handcuff-escape act; that is, the theater was paying $100 to anyone who could handcuff him so he couldn't escape. Knute decided to play a joke on him.

Well do I remember how he did it. We got an old pair of Bean Giant handcuffs and filed out the works, so that once they were closed, nothing (including the key) would ever open them again. With these cuffs in my pocket I went to take in the escape artist's act.

When the escapist gave his challenge, I paraded up on the stage with some other people and waited my turn. Generally a magician will insist that a pair of cuffs be locked and unlocked in front of him before he puts them on. But this man was doing a vaudeville turn and didn't have the time. I snapped one cuff around his wrist and the other to a bar running around the footlights. Then I ran.

Usually the theater will try to get out of paying the money in a challenge act, but Knute figured they couldn't very well this time, because the man was chained there in plain view all through the rest of the show.

Finally a mechanic with a blowtorch got him loose. Knute went around to collect from the escapist's manager. When he came out he was so mad his face was white. We walked for a couple of blocks without saying a word and finally Knute opened his hand and showed me a ten spot.

"The dirty skunk!" said Knute between *his teeth. "Just plain dishonest."*

Publicity for the Undertaker

Knute's specialty was escaping from coffins. He told me that in his younger days he used to let them bury the coffin, but I never saw him do that. When we opened in a new town, Knute would go to an undertaking parlor and offer them a lot of free publicity in exchange for escaping from one of their coffins. The parlor would exhibit the coffin in their window with a sign we provided, saying there was only enough air in a coffin to keep a man alive five minutes, so if Knute didn't escape in that time, he might as well stay where he was.

The afternoon before the show, Knute would ask to have the coffin brought to the theater so the stagehands could build a platform for it. As soon as it was delivered, Knute would take the bolts out of one side and put in some faked ones that opened in the middle. After that, the coffin never left the theater, but Knute always insisted that the undertaker have six pallbearers carry it up the aisle to the stage to give the impression that it had just arrived. Knute made his escape from behind a screen and then he'd sit on the coffin and read The Billboard while the audience was counting off the seconds waiting for him to suffocate.

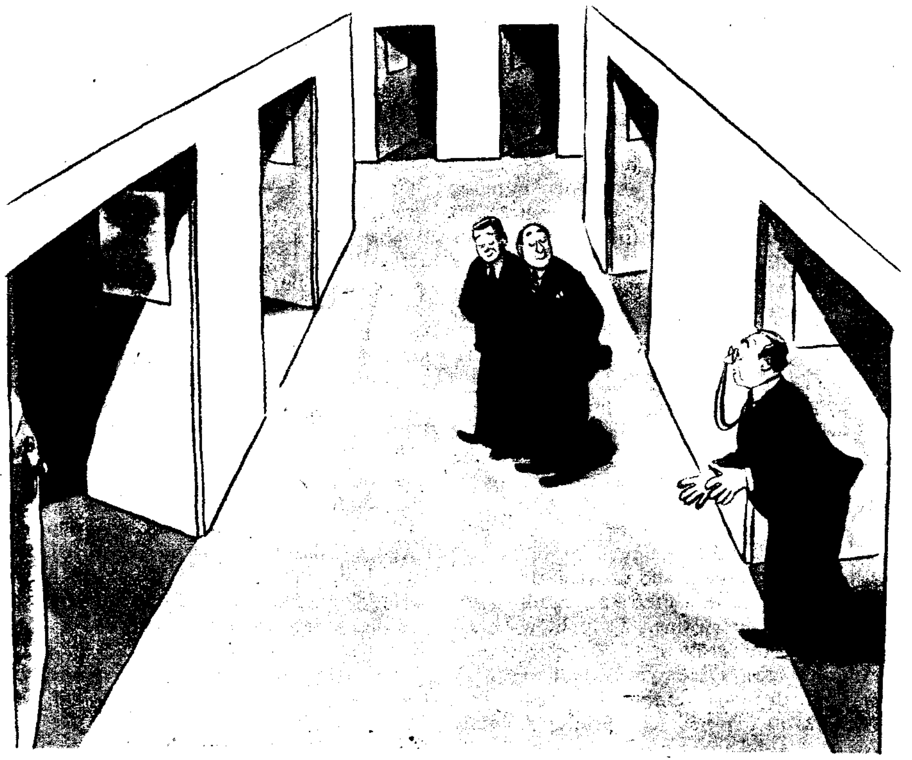
Knute was getting pretty old to jackknife *himself in and out of coffins.* "It's a good effect, but the effect is mainly on me," he'd gasp, as I helped him off stage. "Next time you take it, son." But when next time came, and he heard the people gasping as the coffin was carried to the stage, Knute would come rushing out and push me aside. "Thanks, son, I'll take it from here," he'd mutter, and I'd find myself standing in front of the screen as usual, impressively calling off the seconds and trying to do it loud enough to cover the sound of Knute turning the pages of The Billboard.

This sort of thing began to get on my nerves, but every time I had a row with Knute, I always seemed to end up in jail. One rainy afternoon, Knute and I were sitting in our tent amusing ourselves picking locks. I was fooling with a big padlock and just about had it open, when Knute snatched it out of my hands and picked it himself. He *tossed it toward me in a contemptuous sort* of way and I grabbed the lock and threw it across the floor. Then I flung out of the tent and went for a walk down the main street of the little town where we were playing, mentally telling Knute every step of the way that he might be a great lock man but he didn't need to treat me like that.

I hadn't gone more than a few blocks when I noticed the most beautiful, brand-new lock on the night deposit box of the local bank. I stopped to examine it, and the bank manager, being naturally interested in what I was doing, came out to watch me. I asked permission to pick it open, and the manager, amused at my boyish ignorance, told me to go ahead.

The laughter died on his lips, however, when I had the luck to get the pins lined up and the lock open in less than a minute. I thanked him and innocently went across the street for a soda. The manager phoned the police, and the amount of explaining I had to do was simply unbelievable.

Many people refuse to admit that locks can be picked, even when they see it done.



The principal's face was really something to see—we had opened every door in the corridor, and had picked the lock of the cash drawer in the main office

We had a curious experience while picking lever locks during the graduation exercises at a girls' school. The school gave a party for the younger children the night before graduation, and Knute and I were called in to do magic tricks. Naturally, we didn't show the kiddies any lock-picking, so no one knew our talents along those lines. After the show, the principal remarked casually that it was a pity he had forgotten his keys, as he wanted to make a phone call from his office. Knute said, "I'll show you a little trick that may surprise you," and we went over to the door.

The lock was a lever, which meant that instead of tumblers it had a series of little plates or levers that fitted into grooves in the bolt to keep it from sliding. Each of these levers had a notch in the end, and the notches *in the key corresponded to these lever notches.* When the key was turned, it would lift all these levers together the right height, so the bolt could be pulled back. Levers are pretty good locks, so I was astonished when Knute opened it first crack.

The principal stared from the open door to Knute for a moment and then said briskly, "Ah, someone must have left the door unlocked," and went in to make his call.

Knute turned to me and said, "Son, this lock was made for master keying. The last lever is a master lever. Lift that and it lifts all the other levers with it. The regular keys won't go in far enough to reach it, but the master key must be made extra long with just a single notch on the end. Probably al the doors along the corridor have locks mad the same way."

We decided we'd give the principal a thril and by the time he'd finished his phoning w had opened every door in the hall, an Knute had even picked open the cash drawe in the main office. When the principal walke out, his face was really a study. Then h gave a little cough and said irritably, "Enoug of this foolishness, boys. Help me lock up. We helped him close all the doors and, a we left, he rubbed his hands together proudl and said, "Ah, at last everything is safe!" H would have made a wonderful bank manage

The only time I ever saw Knute use a master key was on warded locks. These are th commonest of all locks, and you find then *on kitchen doors, cellar steps and closets* They are opened by the regular L-shaped ke with the head or "bit" at right angles to th shaft. The bit is carved into a special design and the outline of this design is cut out of plate inside the lock. For the key to turn the head must be able to pass through th pattern in this plate.

If you think for a minute, you will se that by taking any bit key and filing off al the tricky cuts and curlicues, you will hav a narrow piece of steel that can pass righ through the middle of the most elaborate pattern made and open the lock. Sometimes i the lock was especially tricky, Knute woul take a key blank and smoke up the bit wit a match and then turn the key back and fort in the lock until he got an impression of th pattern in the soot on the side of the key Then he would file the key down to fit th impression.

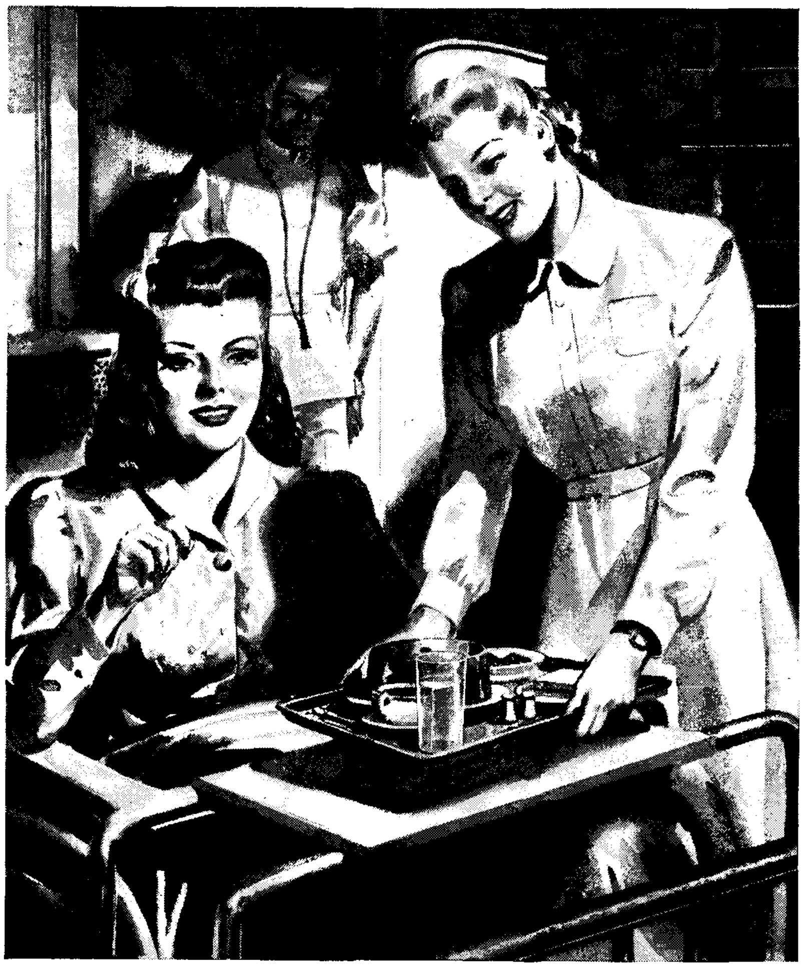
The most remarkable piece of lock-pickin I ever saw Knute perform was opening a unpickable lock with a wooden tongue depressor at two in the morning after abou seven drinks. Knute and I were in a bar having a few nightcaps when a man came i looking very flustered and asked the bartender if he could use the phone. "I just ha a new lock put on my garage door and no I've lost the key," he complained.

Touched by the poor guy's obvious distress Knute asked, "What kind of a lock is it?"

The man told him, adding, "I'm afraid it' have to be filed off because it's pickproof."

Knute smiled and said, "We will see wha we will see."

The man took us to the garage, and w found that the lock was a padlock with th keyhole in the bottom. The key for this typ has notches in the tip instead of along th sides, and when you shove it in, the loc jumps open. Knute pulled a flat, woode *tongue depressor out of his kit and whittle* it down to fit the keyhole. Then he stuck i in as though it were the key and juggled th



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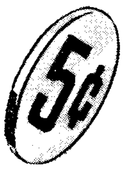

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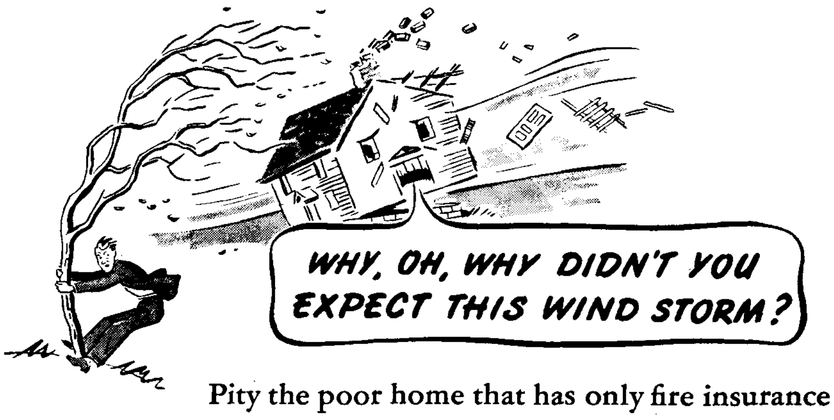
It's a booklet. Concise, interesting, readable, illustrated. It's packed with helpful hints on prevention of accidents in your home. It's authentic—a publication of the National Safety Council. And "this one's on us"—just write for your free copy.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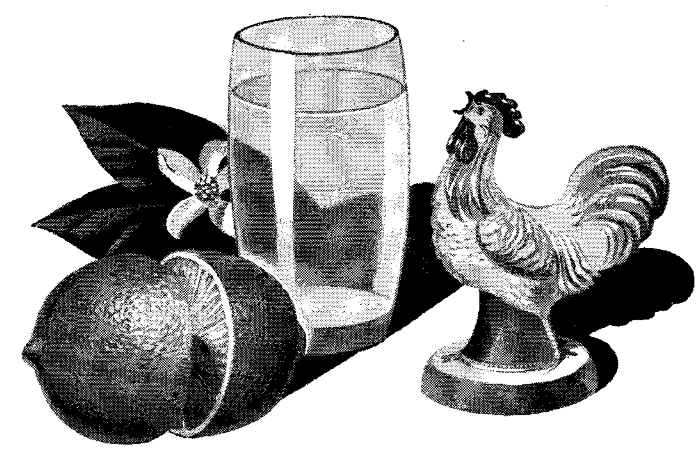

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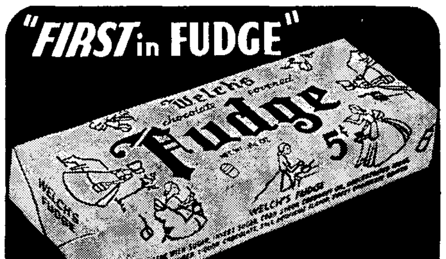

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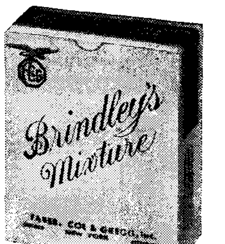

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stick in and out. The notches inside the lock carved the soft wood into the shape of the key and then, of course, the stick became the key and the lock sprang open. Knute offered to pick the ignition lock of the man's car, but the owner said no, he had his car keys.

Knute was very clever at escaping from jails as long as his cell had a toilet. Most of the big jails lock their cell blocks with a single bar that is operated from the end of the corridor. Naturally, no one has ever worked out a system for beating that. But while we were playing out West, Knute used to escape regularly from small local jails that had a single cell lock. He always asked permission to look the cell over before the escape and took me with him. While he and the guard were chatting, I'd ask to use the individual toilet that most of the cells had. I had a set of picks tied around a six-inch pipe and I'd stick this pipe up the toilet bowl. Not many people look there, so Knute was sure to find it the next day when he made his escape. Knute had once owned an aluminum pick that would float; he'd drop it into the bowl on his way out. He was terribly proud of that pick, but once somebody used the cell after he left, and he lost it.

Knute told me that in the old days he used to tape a pick to the sole of his foot and then cover it with collodion or "new skin." After walking around barefoot, the soles of his feet were so dirty they looked completely natural. The prison doctor would strip and search him but never thought to look on the soles of his feet.

Most prison locks were simple warded locks, though occasionally we would hit a disk-type wafer lock. The disks in this lock operate like pin tumblers, but the key goes through a hole in the center of the disks, and they rest on the notches in the key and are lined up that way. Knute would keep a tension on the lock with his tension tool and then rake the discs with his raking pick until they happened to fall into the right order for an instant, and the tension tool would open the lock. Several times we found lever locks which had been repaired by some bellhanger mechanic who simply soldered all the levers except one to the top of the lock. This saved him a lot of trouble when cutting a new key, but it was nothing to the trouble it saved us.

With My Neck in a Noose

I knew I could never be the lock man that Knute was, and my ambitions to be any kind of an escape artist got quite a setback when a quiet, Middle Western family we were staying with tried to hang and mutilate me at the same time. I was giving an exhibition of rope escapes at the time, and this family had a Cousin Willie who was supposed to be an expert at all sports such as shooting rabbits, mixing drinks, sailing boats and tying knots. So they asked him over for the evening to amuse himself tying me up.

Knute told me it would be good publicity for us, so I foolishly consented. Cousin Willie turned up with about twenty friends and they had dreamed up a rope tie that was a honey. They were to hang me by the neck from the third floor down the well of the staircase. The knot was so adjusted that if I remained perfectly still, I could barely breathe but the slightest motion would cause it to tighten and strangle me. Then with fishline they were to tie my head back and fasten it to other parts of my anatomy, so that if I struggled at all I would be seriously injured—and I mean seriously.

It never seemed to occur to any of this merry crew that there was no reason why I should risk death or mutilation simply to amuse them. Had they been willing to pay me a thousand dollars if I escaped from their tie, there might be some reason for me to attempt it. But Knute seemed to be on their side. He congratulated them on their cleverness, and before I could protest I was hauled out into the hall and strung up.

I wasn't scared. I was petrified. Knute gave my ties a quick inspection, clucking with admiration at Cousin Willie's ingenuity. When he turned away, I had in my hand a razor blade and a skein of the fishline left over from the tying. It was as simple as that. I cut myself free, stuck the cut line in my pocket and came out with the other length of line all carefully knotted and tangled. The best part of the trick was listening to the explanations Cousin Willie and his friends had for my escape.

To open safes, Knute used a little device called a safe micrometer that fits over the combination knob and records the fall of the tumblers. Knute made it out of an old dollar watch. That man was certainly mechanically inclined. Knute also had a book of factory combinations. Safes would be quite hard to open if they all had different combinations, but fortunately this isn't the case. When a safe leaves a factory, it carries one of several factory combinations, and you can buy a book listing these combinations. This book is simply invaluable. A book of old combinations sells for about $50, and a list of the new combinations runs as high as $75. Old combinations are just as useful as the new ones, because most of the safes you meet are twenty or thirty years old.

The Escape from a Safe

Knute had figured out a new kind of escape. He would be handcuffed and escape after being locked inside a safe. The handcuffs were no problem. There are only about 35 types of cuffs in use today, and 165 types known. You can get master keys for all these, but they have such simple locks it is hardly worth while. However, getting out of the safe was something different. As this act is still being put on, I don't think it would be fair to say how Knute did it, but he did need a certain tool to open the bolts. Sometimes he would smuggle the tool in himself, and sometimes I could come up on the stage as part of the audience committee to examine the safe and leave it inside for him.

Knute was much too old for stunts like this and, if the audience only knew it, the mechanical marvels he was performing in that tiny, airless box were much more amazing than the escape. Knute got more and more nervous about the effect, and if I asked him how he wanted the tool smuggled in to him that evening, he would frequently go into a rage. He and I each had a tool and he usually hung his on the screen that was pulled in front of the safe during the escape. After he and the safe had been searched, Knute would steal the tool from the screen.

One evening I understood him to say he would load the fake himself. I went up with the committee as usual and watched them put Knute into the safe. Just before they slammed the door, I saw him feeling around the safe desperately and then look despairingly at me.

The chairman of the committee spun the combination before I could move. Then I stole over to the screen and ran my hand down the seam. There was Knute's tool, and the other was in my pocket.

Most tricks can be covered up if something goes wrong, but I couldn't think of any way in the world to cover up this. I didn't need to do any thinking. Knute began to pound on the safe door and shout to have it opened. The chairman who knew the combination opened it, and Knute leaped out, sweating.

"I heard this gentleman pass the remark that there was something wrong with the screen I use in this act," shouted Knute, pointing to the astonished chairman. "I demand that the screen be put in front of the safe, just as it will be when I escape, and the committee come back one by one to make a final check!"

The audience actually applauded, and when I came back of the screen, Knute grabbed me by the coat and hissed, "Give me that tool!" I gave him his own, which I had taken from the seam, and the escape went off even better than usual because of the build-up.

I have always believed that Knute was as great a technician as Houdini, although he completely lacked Houdini's gift for showmanship. While writing this, I ran into a magician friend who told me that Knute Krinko was dead. "I happened to be playing in a town not far from his home, so I attended the funeral," my friend told me. "I saw him lowered into the grave." He added soberly, "That's one coffin he won't escape from."

"Well, I don't know," I said thoughtfully. "I worked with Knute a long time. And I wouldn't be too sure."

THE END

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

The Week's Work

The Penningtons

F YOU met and talked with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pennington—who are responsible for the photographs illustrating W. B. ourtney's article, Why You Don't Get Meat . 16)—they would within a short time have ou half persuaded to move down to their wn, San Antonio, Texas. San Antonio, ey insist, has plenty of everything—steak, imate, space, oil—anything you want.

Of these, oil has been the big thing in their ves, for Harry, besides being a photog- pher, is a petroleum engineer. He was al- ost in honor bound to follow this career, ice his father, Harry, Sr., practically in- nted it. The elder Pennington was a fa- ous figure in Texas in the early exciting ars after the discovery of oil. When he was ly fifteen years old, he invented a filter to reen the sand from oil as it was pumped it of wells. At age sixteen, he sold his in- ntion for $60,000 and set to work inventing ore things. Eventually he owned 110 pat- its on oil-field equipment he devised.

When he tried to find a university which uld teach him more about how to get oil it of the ground, he discovered that the ofessors apparently knew very little about So he took such related engineering urses as he could find at the University of ichigan and went back home to set up the nd of course he thought there ought to be. 1929, Texas A and M College offered a troleum production engineering course— e first of its kind in the country.

Harry, the son, likes the oil business— it he likes a change from it, too; which is hy he developed his photographic hobby to e professional point. He is able to do about ie photographic job a week—always with e help of his wife, who is, he says, a skilled irkroom technician.

The Penningtons have three children, Bar- ira Ann, Mary Martha, and Harry III, who , of course, expected to go into the oil busi- ess.

F THIRTY-SIX publishing firms one after another rejected a novel of yours, wouldn't ou begin to suspect it was time to chuck the ing in the wastebasket and start all over gain?

That is not, however, the way Dawn Powell lt about it. Miss Powell retyped her tat- red and torn 36-times-rejected novel, now ree years old, wrapped it up tenderly and ailed it off to still another publisher. P.S. was accepted. And P.P.S. It sold hand- mely, going into three printings. This urageous novel, Miss Powell's first, was ie Walks in Beauty. Since then, she has ritten nine more novels, the last one being ly Home Is Far Away, published by Scrib- er's last fall.

It was only natural for such a resolute ithor to invade the even more difficult field playwriting. (Her short story, Audition, 21, is theatrical.) The Group Theater ought her first play, Big Night, in 1933. It hearsed for eight months and lasted five iys. "But it gave me a sense of power," ie says, "as it broke up the Group for al- ost half a year. Notices said 'Too brutal, o realistic.' I myself considered it a light omedy of manners."

The Theater Guild did her next play, Jig-Saw, in 1934. "Since then," she says, "I have knocked off from novels to do plays, one usually being under production somewhere. Writing a play is a hundred times easier and pleasanter than writing a novel, but the conferences, options, rewriting, etc., make it eventually a hundred times harder."

Miss Powell's literary career antedates the durable novel. She edited her high-school paper, edited the college paper at Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, and co-edited an anonymous rival publication, The Sheet, distributed, she says, in the dead of night.

On the personal side, Miss Powell concludes, after a careful scrutiny of her inner self, that "the only interesting thing about me is that I have had one maid for twenty-one years and another (part-time) for seventeen. (They haven't spoken to each other for five.)"

OTTO SOGLOW (who has a cartoon on p. 49) has been a dishwasher, shipping clerk, truck driver. He intended to be a fine artist, either landscape or portrait, he wasn't sure which. But what he actually did, in that in-between-times period about 20 years ago, was paint forget-me-nots on baby rattles. He painted forget-me-nots every day during the years he attended night session at the Art Students League, until the baby-rattle diet brought out the cynic in him, and inspired him to do his first cartoon. He sold the cartoon to a pulp magazine, and so began a career which brought him many good things, but never a chance to be a fine-arts artist.

For the New Yorker, he created the character which was to become his trade-mark—The Little King. The childish, pompous, innocent little king, with his ermine and his crown, got to be a character around town and a syndicated newspaper feature. Soglow still thinks wistfully about working in oils, instead of pen and ink, but so long as editors keep wanting his cartoons, the fine arts will have to wait. . . .

A. P.

Dawn Powell

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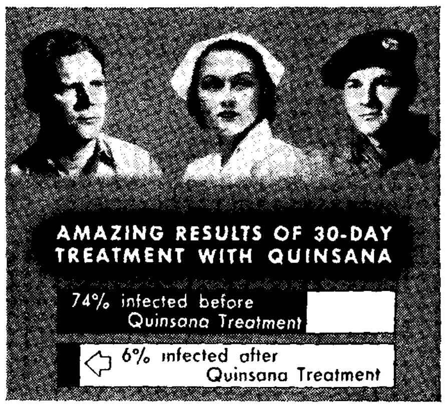
EASY 2-WAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA POWDER-(1) ON FEET AND (2) IN SHOES

NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT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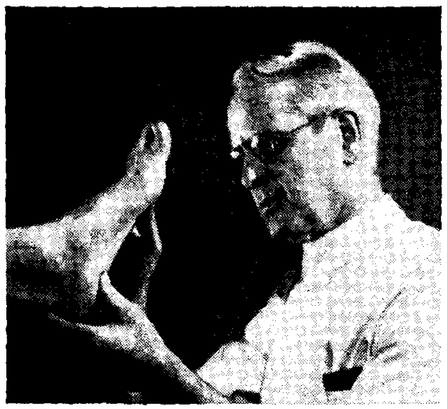

MOST CHIROPODISTS, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana for Athlete's Foot—over all other products! Today, Quinsana is used by all branches of the armed forces. To help keep your feet in *perfect* condition, be sure to use Quinsana powder *daily*...see a Chiropodist regularly.

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USE QUINSANA 2 WAYS: (1) On feet and (2) in shoes (to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings). Being a soothing *powder*, Quinsana is pleasant and easy to use—not like messy salves and liquids. For the whole family.

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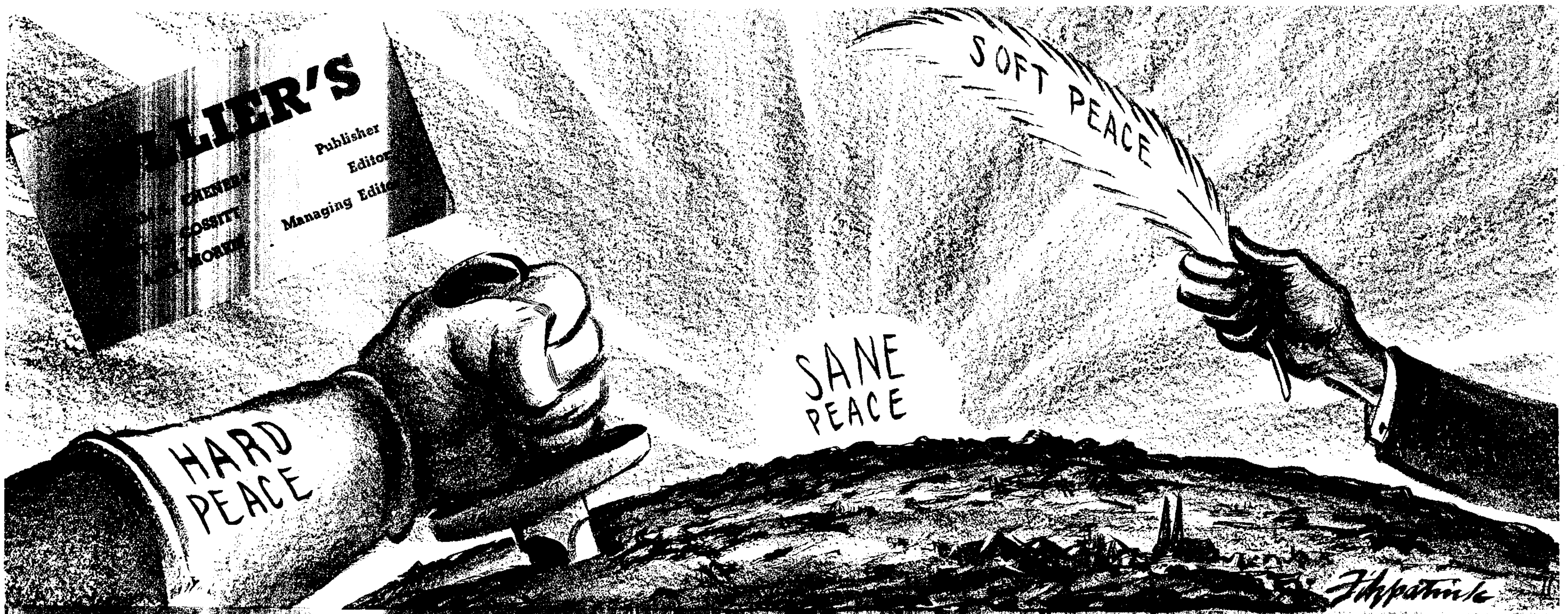

PEACE WITHOUT PASSION

AS THE day approaches for passing sentence on Germany and Japan, a plague of amateur peace experts appears to be spreading through the Allied world. We note with concern the persistent effort of more or less organized factions to influence ignorant opinion in favor of irresponsible proposals. These proposals differ in detail but all are characterized by hysteria. They represent the inflamed opinions of two factions, one of which exhorts us to demand a "hard peace," while the other pleads for a "soft peace." As if these were the only alternatives!

Beware passionate or sentimental peace slogans. We cannot afford to misdirect our political representatives by our attitude toward the making of peace. We, the public, are ultimately the responsible makers of peace. Our expressed opinion will create the political atmosphere in which treaties will be written, and from which the peace will take its character. What we say about the treatment of our enemies will, as it is foolish or reasonable, be reflected in a bad or a good peace settlement.

The right kind of peace will be both hard and soft. It will punish the aggressors, not for the sake of retaliation, but in order to discourage repetitions of their crime. It will be generous, not because we have learned to love our enemies, but because generosity will, in the long run, transform our enemies into friends. No sensible American will support peace factions that base their appeal on either hatred or sentiment. Sensible Americans know that the cause of peace can be served only by sobriety, courage and wisdom. The purpose of the peace settlement should be the organization of a world that will be—forever, if possible—safe from tyranny, safe from poverty and safe from war. Any peace settlement that offers reasonable hope of fostering and safeguarding that kind of world will satisfy the average American, no matter how hard or how soft its conditions may be. And to that end, all Americans who realize their obligation to their own country and to the rest of the world will express their views so loudly and continuously that all other voices will be overwhelmed, shamed and silenced.

LEND-LEASING LABOR

FROM Detroit, Michigan, and Kansas City, Kansas, comes news of some plans which we hope may develop into a method for cutting down labor troubles in war plants all over the United States.

As most of us know, sudden war-contract changes or cancellations often cut down the need for men in Factory A, while Factory B, near by, either has long been short of labor or develops a sudden shortage because some war order blows into it unexpectedly. The obvious thing to do would be to shift enough surplus labor from Factory A to fill the gaps in B's pay roll.

At this point, however, the obvious thing often is not done because of union rules, seniorities and human nature. No more than anybody else do war-plant workers like to lose seniorities and accumulated benefits or privileges in one job to start from scratch in a new job. It is not hard to understand their feelings in the matter, or the feelings of their unions.

Recommendations for remedying this situation were brought forward at the recent Detroit hearings of the Senate War Investigating Committee—the old Truman Committee, now headed by Senator James M. Mead (Dem., N. Y.). It was urged that war industries and unions all over the country enter into agreements whereby a war worker can shift from a plant where he is surplus labor to one where his particular skill is needed, without losing any seniority or other rights.

In the Kansas City area, negotiations are already on foot at this writing to put such a plan for "lend leasing" war-plant labor into effect. It may be that the scheme is slated for rapid and widespread adoption.

All this strikes us as labor-management statesmanship and employment engineering of top rank, and as rating some loud applause.

The main thing is to get out the war goods, of all kinds, on time and in ample quantity. To do that, we have got to have reasonably contented and confident labor, plus fluidity of labor supply to points of labor demand. This looks like a way to get both—and to eliminate a lot of friction, uneasiness, strikes and lockouts into the bargain.

Special notice, we think, should be taken of the fact that the idea was originally suggested by the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.). This outfit's management often exhibits vision and broadmindedness, despite the wild men who sometimes sound off in its name.

For our part, we hope these moves mean even more than solution of a troublesome wartime labor problem. We hope they also mean that the foundation is being laid for constructive postwar co-operation between labor and management, in the spirit of the joint declaration of labor-management principles recently issued by the heads of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. Without such co-operation, the worst of the pessimists' postwar nightmares could come true. With it, we can almost surely realize many if not all the hopes of the optimists.

THOSE SIX "BRITISH" VOTES

HERE we go again, as in the League of Nations fight after the first World War, into an argument over the six seats expected to be allotted to the British Empire on the proposed United Nations General Assembly. There would be one seat each for the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India and New Zealand; and a number of Americans are seriously alarmed, whether we eventually get three seats or one. There doesn't seem to us to be much cause for this alarm.

In the first place, the General Assembly is the secondary body in the planned world security organization—the lower house, so to speak—to be composed of representatives of all nations. It will not make important decisions. Those will be handled by the upper house, the World Security Council, which is planned to be run by Britain, China, France, Russia and the United States, with one vote apiece.

In the second place, England does not dominate the British Empire these days in such fashion as to be able to count on a British bloc of six votes in the General Assembly. The big Empire units are really independent of England and in most ways that matter.

These nations do not have to draft men to fight outside their territories in Empire wars. Their parliaments are virtually autonomous. There are strong anti-British elements in Australia and New Zealand. The South Africa government was hard put to it in 1939 to bring that nation into the war against Germany at all. India is governed from London, but it is well known that London has to be very wary about irritating the big Gandhi and Jinnah factions in India.

All this makes it seem unlikely that the six "British" votes would function as a tight bloc, or be always cast together. It seems more probable that they would be cast in the interests of their respective home countries in most situations—and that they would be as open to logrolling, horse-trading, etc., as the votes of other nations.

And after all, speaking of possible bloc domination of the General Assembly's not vitally important doings, the United States has twenty Western Hemisphere republic friends, each of which is slated to have one General Assembly vote.

This looks like the common sense of the "six British votes" matter, this time as last time. Wouldn't it be wise to concentrate more on common-sense matters this time than last time?

Paul Jones
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Jones

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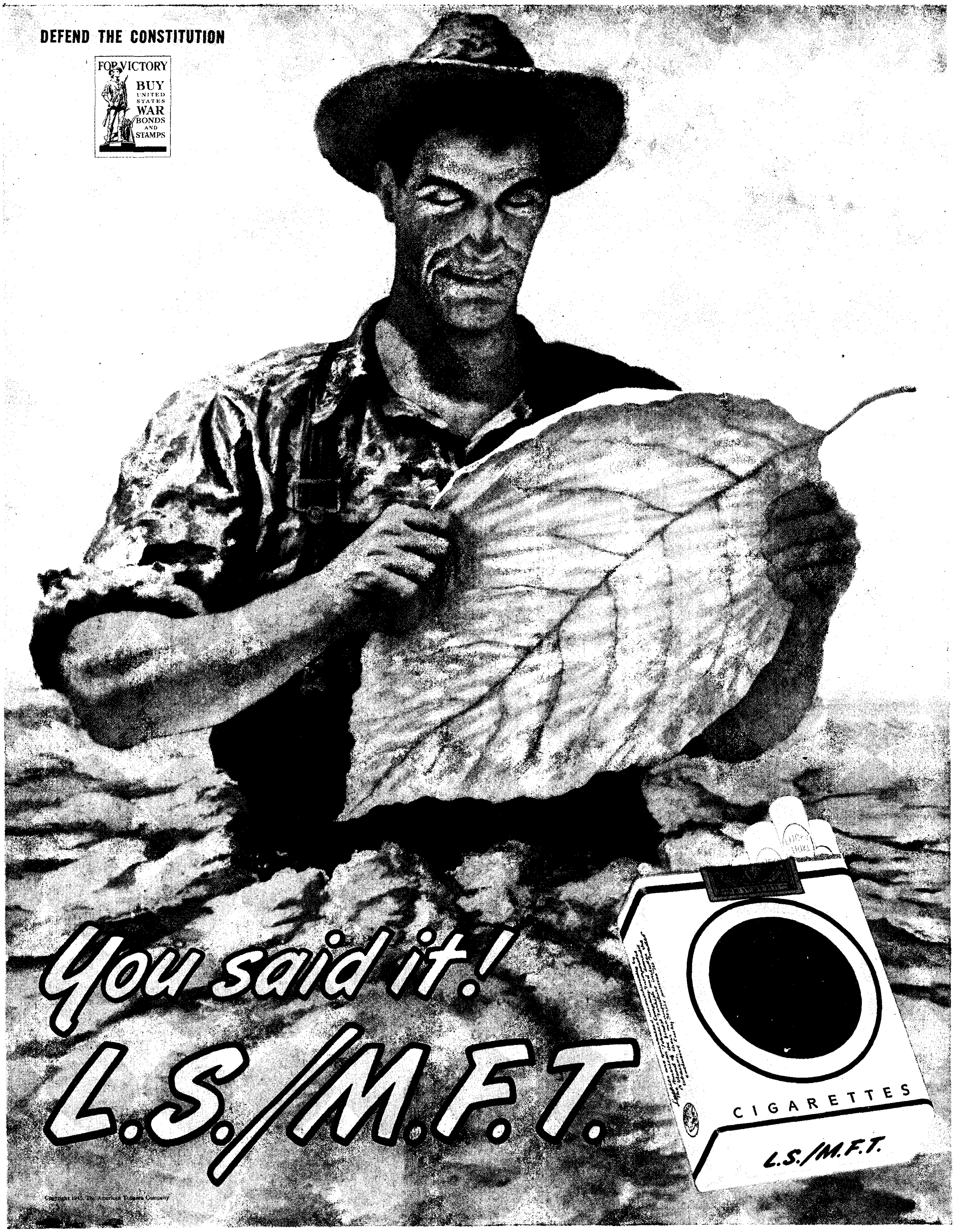
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